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THE TRADE OF THE COUNTRY.

Reader, be not appalled at this ominous title! You are not about to be irritated or *composed* by a tedious disquisition upon the decrease or increase of exports and imports,—upon the superiority of a free or a protected commerce,—upon the comparative growth or decline in cotton and woollen manufactures,—upon processes shortened by machinery to the destruction of hand-labour, and the propriety of multiplying the difficulties of production in order to employ a population running fast towards the destruction of property by a too facile power of raising and preparing all sorts of necessaries and luxuries;—of all these high topics you will find very little; and what little you do find will rather be intended for your amusement than your instruction, for our essay, like the arrangements and articles of the trade we are about to speak of, will be light and ornamental, made quite as much for delight as for profit. We have thought it right to premise thus much for both our sakes, lest you should lose the entertainment we hope to afford you, and we the chance of being permitted to entertain you.

But, nevertheless, the trade of England is a great matter, and when we see women and children employed in directing almost invisible threads which inanimate wood and iron set into a motion almost as rapid as the passage of light by a subtle mist, and when we reflect that by this is created an almost equally incalculable number of millions per annum, that nations are clothed by these processes, and so vast a portion of the people maintained,—when, taking this for the most important example, we glance through all the employments of labour, and think that wealth, in some shape or other, is created to the amount of hundreds of millions: observe, reader,—the hands of man and the minutes of time employed to this intent accumulate hundreds of millions of pounds, which by circulation give the means of life and luxury to millions of our fellow-creatures,—it is a curious speculation to gather up, as it were, these atoms intellectually till we obtain something like a Pisgah sight of that vast aggregation of men and moveables which we call society, —the civilized society of our empire, which has been thus raised and continues to be sustained and enlarged by the same means. Truly it is a marvellous fabric!

In 1812, Dr. Colquhoun estimated the existing property accumulated by the labours of the population of the British empire, and with a probable approximation to the truth, at no less an amount than 2,736,640,000*l.*, the annual income of the country at 430,521,372*l.* It is curious to compare these computations with those of former dates, and made by the most accurate calculators. In 1664, the national property was computed at 250,000,000*l.* In 1688, the national annual income at no more than 43,491,800*l.* What the increase since 1812

has been, both of property and income, we are unable to state, but both must have been enormous. For, although the money price is greatly reduced, the value of the commodities as such, as ministering to the wants and pleasures of life, is the same. The increase of the numbers of the people was, from 1811 to 1831–3, 746,570. And as the increase of production must have some, though it is impossible to ascertain what, exact relation to the increase of numbers, it must yet be prodigious. Take a single instance:—The number of houses in England and Wales were—

	Inhabited.	Uninhabited.
In 1801	1,467,870	53,965
In 1811	1,678,106	47,925
In 1821	1,951,973	66,055
In 1831	2,326,022	113,385

Of the occupations of the people a much clearer knowledge than heretofore has been obtained by returns to Parliament, and the following summary is as nearly accurate as possible,—they are even divided into the three kingdoms, but we need not follow this more minute classification. Thus it stands:—

Occupiers employing labourers	187,075
Occupiers not employing labourers	168,815
Agricultural labourers	887,167
Manufacturers, or makers of machines	404,317
In retail trade as masters	1,159,867
Capitalists, professional, and other educated persons	214,390
Labourers not agricultural	608,712
Other trades	285,499
Male servants	113,224
Female servants	670,491

The counties of Yorkshire and Lancashire are distinguished by the greatest numbers employed in manufactures, but the county of Warwick seems to entertain by far the greatest diversity, Birmingham being the seat of the production of a countless variety of articles in paper, wood, and hardware. The technical enumeration is indeed singularly curious.

If we simply take the smallest possible amount indispensable to support the existence of all these people, it will rise to at least one hundred millions: the real sum of their earnings is probably much larger.

But these calculations are not the objects of our essay. It is the manner, the method of trade more than the total with which we would amuse the reader, and especially of retail trade, for it forms an era, a point in the national progression.

The principle is the accumulated capital (or credit acting the part of capital), which concentrates power so astonishingly. In the production of commodities it shows itself through the vast aggregation of tools, which all machines are to be esteemed. A cotton-mill which enables the proprietor to employ two thousand persons carries with it also this peculiarity,—that half the profit upon the labour of each of the two thousand will give him just as great an income as double the same amount per head will give to the employer of one thousand. Thus it appears that the cheapness of articles arises from this power, and price assumes a middle place between the extent of demand and the nature of supply,—that is, whether the greatest factories can furnish enough, or whether the least must also be called in aid. When the competition lies only between the former, the article sinks to the lowest possible rate

of production; when the latter must assist, the great are disposed to take advantage of an insufficient supply, and ask a higher rate of profit than they could obtain if pushed by traders of their own degree. But the ultimate tendency is to swallow all little men. The price of the very article we now write upon—paper—has thus been reduced. It is not only that the invention of the machine has broken up the conspiracies of the men, which for some years perpetually went on to increase the price of the commodity,—it is not alone that the superior facility has made it cheaper,—but it is that power can be concentrated in one hand. There are manufactories in England, the property of single firms, that produce quadruple, quintuple, sextuple, what the largest establishments by hand used to prepare. The consequences are those which apply to all such concentrations of men, money, and machinery. Capital beats down mere labour, and drives the small maker from the field. But machinery has also had another effect in this branch: it draws the trade around and near to the metropolis. As thus,—when the air alone was employed to dry the goods, the average of time necessary to bring a ream of paper from the rag to the string, as the technical phrase goes,—that is, from the raw material to the perfect article in a marketable state,—was from two to three months. *Now*, it is dried by steam *upon the machine*, and a week will execute a large order. How does this affect the distant mill? Why thus:—The London stationer, the middle man, no longer holds the large stock he used to do. If a bookseller applies to him for one hundred reams of a certain paper, he knows where he can to a certainty have it made and delivered in six or eight days on an emergency. When the distant manufacturer comes into the market, the stationer is willing to purchase on speculation only at a very low price. He is therefore driven to a country trade in his own vicinity. The same facts apply to the material of the staff of life,—to flour. The moment there is a rise in the market, the steam miller in the immediate neighbourhood of Mark-lane sets on all his power and fills the market. The country manufacturer is ousted by mere propinquity. While his commodity is on the water, the dealer near London has reaped the advantage, and he leaves the depressed market to the countryman. An immense depreciation of the value of distant mill-property, no less than an almost total decline of that branch of commerce, has followed this improvement, if such it may be esteemed, in the conduct of mills.

Our illustration of the paper-trade introduces another, and perhaps the most remarkable, *possibility* attending mechanical processes. Every body has heard of the bet laid and won some years ago by a gentleman of Yorkshire, that he would dine in a coat made of wool which should have been growing on the sheep's back in the morning of the same day. He did so. The sheep was shorn, the wool combed, spun, and woven, the cloth was dressed, and the coat made before six o'clock. He wore it, but it was wet, and having achieved his promise and won his wager, he begged to be permitted to escape the chance of dying by a cold caught from sitting in his damp garment. He took off his coat, and finished an hilarious evening in his capacity of president of a large agricultural meeting. This was considered to be one of the greatest triumphs of accelerated manufacturing processes. But our proposition goes to this:—*It is possible to produce a printed book which one single minute only before was one of the vilest of all substances—rag—and*

without being touched by human hands. This we may say is the most wonderful of all the wonders of machinery: but it may be done. It must be admitted that the terms of the problem are stretched to the utmost, but if the printing-machine were placed for the purpose at the end of the paper-machine, both set to work, and the paper conducted from the last named to the first, the second impression would be thus produced without the human touch. The word *rag* must also be taken to mean the rag reduced to pulp, or paper stuff, by the previous processes of washing and trituration. Still, however the filaments are rag, and nothing but rag, and the transformation is performed with the rapidity, beauty, and effect of crystallization.

It is to the force of the stimulus, which the power of capital applies to the ingenuity of man, that these vast accumulations of labour and its substitute machinery are attributable. But of what is this capital composed? "The capital of the country," says Mr. Macculloch, "may be defined to be that portion of the produce of the industry existing in it, which can be made *directly* available, either to the support of human existence or to the facilitating of production." This definition, which enlarges that of Dr. Adam Smith, is, in itself, capable of extension. For capital, as the commerce of England is now conducted, is composed not only of the properties themselves, but of the representation of those properties, multiplied, too, by a system we shall presently describe, to an extent incalculable. Some of the laughing philosophers of old would have found inexhaustible food for their mirth in the endless discussions upon paper and gold, all of which are so curiously and upon the whole so happily contradicted by facts. "Credit," says the great authority we have quoted above, "is the term used to express the trust or confidence placed by one individual in another, when he assigns his property in loan, or without stipulating for the immediate payment of its price." And again, "This is most commonly represented as a very effective agent in the production of wealth; and though its influence has been in this respect a good deal exaggerated, it is, notwithstanding, of very considerable importance. Now it is in the effects resulting from this transference of capital from those who are willing to lend to those who are desirous to borrow, that we must seek for the advantages derivable from credit. The immediate and direct effect of all the operations carried on by its agency, how extensive and complicated soever they may appear, *is merely to occasion a change in the actual holders or employers of stock.* Nothing, indeed, is more common than to hear it stated that commodities are produced, and the most expensive operations carried on, by means of credit or confidence, *but this is an obvious mistake, wealth cannot be produced*, nor can any sort of industrious undertaking be entered upon or completed without the aid of labour or capital; and all that credit does or can do, is by facilitating the transfer of capital from one individual to another, to bring it into the possession of those who, it is most probable, will employ it to the greatest advantage.

It is plain, that to whatever extent the power of the borrower of a quantity of produce, or a sum of money to extend his business may be increased, *that of the lender must be equally diminished. The same portion of capital cannot be employed by two individuals at the same time. If A. transfers his capital to B., he necessarily, by so doing, deprives himself of a power or capacity of production which B. acquires.*

It is most probable, indeed, that this capital will be more productively employed in the hands of B. than of A.; for the fact of A. having lent it, shows that he either had no means of employing it advantageously, or was disinclined to take the trouble; while the fact of B. having borrowed it shows that he conceives he can advantageously employ it, or that he can invest it so as to make it yield an interest to the lender and a profit to himself. It is obvious, however, that except in so far as credit has the effect of thus bringing capital into the possession of those who, it may be fairly presumed, will employ it most beneficially, it can contribute nothing to the increase of wealth." Thus pronounces Mr. Macculloch. But if credit will enable a man to set another man at work to build a house, or a ship, or a mill, or to call into being by labour any other commodity not previously existing, does not credit create wealth in the sense that any final cause is the origin of its consequence? And again, is not capital itself created by the use of credit? We are not anxious about words; our concern is with facts. This is one subject for the living Democritus. Another is in the maxim that a bill, to be valid, should always represent real property, because then its foundation is secure. Now mark you? We will take Mr. Macculloch's own instance—that of a bill drawn by a paper-maker. Let us go through the whole process. First, the rag-merchant sells one hundred pounds worth of rags to the paper-maker;—the paper-maker sells *a part* of these rags manufactured into paper to the stationer;—the stationer sells to the bookseller;—the bookseller sends the paper to the printer, the printer completes the work, and the bookseller sells the book to various other booksellers. Here there are six stages of the transaction, for which it is probable as many bills are drawn—but certainly four:—

Rag-merchant on Paper-maker for .	100
Paper-maker on Stationer . . .	100
Stationer on Bookseller	115
Bookseller on Bookseller . . .	140
	£455

The representation of one hundred pounds worth of rags is thus multiplied into 455*l.*; for what the paper-maker charges for his manufacture is compensated by his using only a portion of his rags. The stationer adds his profit for time and interest; the bookseller the same; but the existing commodity is no more than the rag. Thus the representation exceeds the commodity in value, by the fact of passing through many hands to the amount of four times and a half; yet these are all real transactions, as they are called, in business. The commodity can only be produced once—the bills are four. And what becomes of Mr. Macculloch's statement about the transfer of capital? We shall soon see, if we investigate the whole of the transaction. A. (the paper-maker) gets his bill—what does he do with it?—places it in his banker's or discounter's hands, and gets more pieces of paper. What becomes of these?—he pays them to his workmen and others. What do they do with them?—pay them to other traders for food, beer, clothes, &c. Where do they then go?—they circulate until they again find their way to the banker, who notes the amount in somebody's account; and here end these multiplied transactions as they begin—in credit;—yet this

credit has performed all the operations which the property these pieces of paper are taken to represent, and much more would have performed. They have *created* the paper and the book, whatever its real value, and with no other transfer of property (for the bill is property), replaces rag, and paper, and book, to the transferrer. The same process obtains, in regard to the other three bills, which all perform the same office and the same round.

Laugh again, Democritus! "Gold! gold!" says Mr. Cobbett; "none of your filthy rags!" Gold! gold! said the bullionists. Gold! gold! said the opposition! Gold! gold! said the minister in 1822, and accordingly the bank was made to "resume cash payments." All is now secure! exultingly exclaimed your bullion men.

In 1812 Mr. Roscoe circulated a pamphlet amongst his friends, in which he proved, by the stamp duties, that the average bill currency—the currency, *par eminence*, of the country—was TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE MILLIONS every day in the week. It is not now probably decreased but enlarged. Where is the gold, the bullion, to answer this demand? Why the bank holds sometimes six and sometimes ten millions of gold, and the total of the precious metals in the country has been estimated at from thirty-three to forty-three millions!! Laugh louder still, old Philosopher!—forty millions to secure 250. But though you laugh at our nonsense, we will, nevertheless, rejoice at its results. For it is the foundation of our entire commercial power. By this means every man can coin his property and even his very name into its full value and more than its value. Nor will we cavil about it with our economists. Credit shall either be the transfer or the creation of capital as they shall see fit to demonstrate. If one piece of paper gives rise to another piece of paper in an indefinite succession, and those pieces of paper ensure the employment of the millions engaged in manufacture (such being the naked fact), it matters not how many of these pieces of paper are issued before the transaction closes in the entry of certain figures in a book which makes A. debtor and B. creditor; for this, in the nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of the thousand, is the be-all and the end-all of the transaction, *quoad*, these pieces of paper named bills of exchange. Falstaff, when called to a reckoning on a sudden, desires Bardolph "to coin his nose." Our merchant coins his countenance under similar exigencies.

How many times has the country been ruined in the apprehension of politicians and economists! It was said at one period that if ever the national debt reached one hundred millions, England would be *ruined*. When Pitt took the helm the nation *was* ruined. When the Bank restriction took place we were again *ruined*. The national debt is now eight hundred millions; and long before and ever since the conclusion of the war we have been pronounced to be *ruined*. When the bank note fell to a discount, or in other words, when gold rose to a premium, we were once more *ruined;* and ever since the bank has been made to pay in cash, the country, so say Mr. Attwood and the landlords and the farmers, has been *ruined*. My father used to preach that the surest way to ruin the nation was to persuade every body to drink water; and now we have temperance societies lending their endeavours to effect this very purpose. Nothing is so likely to do it; and as it bears upon our subject—trade—let us just look at its consequences if successful.

All the land now under cultivation for barley thrown out of tillage, and all the husbandmen employed in ploughing, sowing, harrowing, harvesting, and threshing the barley, thrown out of employment.

All the hop lands in the same condition; all the maltsters annihilated; all the distilleries shut up, the capital sunk, and the people turned off.

All the ships engaged in the importation and exportation of wine, brandies, rum, porter, &c., useless, and all their seamen idle. All the capital and people employed in the manufactures exchanged for these commodities, and all those engaged in growing, procuring, or transmitting them reduced to vacant idleness.

All the public-houses closed, and the inmates turned adrift. All the merchants' clerks, warehouses, cellars, &c., in the same state. All the coopers out of demand; all the officers of excise, and all the revenue gone.

All the rents circulated and employment arising from the consumption of fermented liquors, not specially enumerated above, at an end!

Could all these things be accomplished forthwith the nation might probably be ruined. Who would imagine that the simple act of confining our beverage to water would strike off at least one-fourth of the commerce and employment of the whole kingdom! Yet such would be the effect of the abstinence inculcated by the societies in the name of temperance.

But let us return to the uses of capital and credit. We have seen what the last can do in the way of substitution for the former; let us now look at what the former is doing to displace the latter.

One of the main principles of trade in days of yore is now, it is to be feared, much avoided, if not absolutely abandoned. Once upon a time, an article to be considered cheap must also be known to be good; *now*, an article in order to be esteemed good, must, as the first of requisites, be cheap. Well, then, how has this affected the fabric of our manufactures, and indeed commodities in general? The essence of the morning and evening exhortation of the old Presbyterian dealer, "Boy, when you have watered the currants and sanded the sugar, come in to prayers!" will be found to have made its way into more shops than the grocers'. An article of any sort obtains distinction. Silk, cloth, linen, ribbon, paper, no matter which. What happens? The rival tradesmen instantly dispatch samples to some manufacturer with whom they are in correspondence, and ask whether he can produce anything *like* it at a reduced price? The manufacturer sets his wits to work, and by some evasion, some almost imperceptible deterioration—less material, or less labour, he "meets the market," as the phrase is. By this mode of deception, the cheap substitute is eagerly bought, till its defects are discovered; it is decried almost as instantly as it was exalted into celebrity, and the commodity, nay, even the place whence it comes, falls into decline. This was some years ago the case with one of the best and most generally worn fabrics of female costume ever invented. An ingenious rogue so constructed his goods that the first and last few yards of the piece were excellent, all the middle greatly inferior. It was some time before the trick was found out; but, the moment it became known, not only the thing itself, but the town where this fraud was practised, was degraded, and a great and valuable portion of its commerce was destroyed by this one man's artifice.* Yet to the same

* Mr. Babbage has cited other instances of fraud in lace, stockings, watches, &c., which have ruined the manufactories where they were practised.

desire of cheapness the world is indebted for some of the most useful substitutions. Writing paper was formerly confined to thick and thin post. Paper is sold by the maker to the stationer by weight at per lb. Thick post had its standard weight, and thin also. Accident or design produced an intermediate article, which was probably at first sold by the stationer to the retail consumer as thick. But what was in the first beginnings casual and private, soon became public and common; and now there is writing post of all prices, from a few pence to shillings per quire. The same facts apply to papers of all descriptions, and it is not a little curious, that taking all sorts, sizes, qualities, and weights, from tissue to ordnance cartridge, from a ream containing 472 sheets, and weighing from 6 to more than 250 lbs., there are not less than from two to three hundred different fabrics, constructed of the simple and vile elements—old ropes and rags—with the beauty, rapidity, and cohesion of natural crystallization.*

But we have again wandered from the operation of capital against credit. How does it so act? Why thus:—wholesale houses are now opened which deal in many, perhaps most articles of general wear, but only for ready money. They buy for money, and they sell for money. Their transactions are immense, because they command the market both ways, both in buying and selling, both by payment and quantity. Go into the manufacturing districts, from Glasgow to Norwich, and you will find the firms of two metropolitan houses more rife than all the rest put together. Why? They buy more and pay prompt; they know the necessitous manufacturer, and they press upon him. The prosperous maker rejoices not less in such a customer. They sell as they buy, and the consequence is, they silence and beat down all competition: each of these houses is said to return from 10,000*l.* to 20,000*l.* *a day*, in cash or bank notes. It is no wonder that a small per centage enriches them. This is the verification of the old trading maxim—"a small profit and a quick return," (adding, however, a larger one also) carried to its perfection. Such vast concerns almost realize the old rider's boast of the firm he travelled for saving 1000*l.* a year in ink, by not making dots to the *i* and strokes to the *t* in their letters. The bill stamps are certainly a great object, the discounts a far greater. *Hæ nugæ in seria ducunt*—BONA!—In plain English, little savings become large profits.

Nor is this plan confined to the metropolis, it is widely adopted in the great provincial cities and towns. Houses of this description, in all branches, send out offsets from London in this manner:—they take a youth with a large premium, say 1000*l.*, upon these conditions; if he turn out clever and trustworthy, they hire a house and shop in some country place, Liverpool or Brighton for example, and send him down to try his fortune. If, at the end of two or more years, as the case may be, he thinks well enough of the business, it becomes his own upon the condition of paying for the outfit by instalments, and a further covenant to purchase all his goods for a given number of years of the parent firm. This system is imitated in the lesser circles of the country towns, and the instances are not a few, where the traders of the provincial metropolis thus colonize their young people to the advantage of both, and the diffusion of goods at the cheapest possible rate. Shops of this descrip-

* A rope of paper, it is averred, will lift more weight than an iron wire of the same diameter. Certain it is that cylinders are made of paper stuff for the purposes of extreme pressure.

tion become general bazaars. Some could be named where woollen cloths, linens of every description, laces, silks, haberdashery, hats, shoes, gloves, perfumery, trinkets, and even plate are offered for sale at not more than from two to five per cent., according to circumstances, above the manufacturers' prices. Nor is it confined to these trades. The secret is capital, that is, money paid and received—not an hour's credit, not an hour's interest upon accounts—no book-keeping, bill-making, or collecting, and no bad debts. The good is the propagation of the cheapest possible mode of doing business—the evil, the absorption in one house of all that used to constitute the employments and profits of many. It is the perfection of a commercial system, but it is also a centralization which gives wealth to the few to the ruin probably of numbers. But it is the natural tendency and inevitable result of accumulated capital, while the economical principle, that cheapness increases consumption and general employment, obtains in the end.

"One half of the world does not know how the other half lives," is a maxim even more true than trite. There are traders, and to no small extent, who have neither capital nor goods—their stock is knowledge; not indeed in the modern sense—not the knowledge of penny magazines, newspapers, or diffusion society tractates—but a knowledge of the articles of the price current, and where and how they are to be most cheaply had. A trader of this sort will sell you anything; that is, he will take an order for anything, and execute it very often as well as the first houses. How does he manage this? Simply because he deals on commission for or with those very houses, and thus a knowledge of the best method of trading is brought to the very counting-house of the countryman, whose whole life, passed in the study of his own concerns, would not have afforded him a like opportunity or advantage.

Some forty years or more ago, a gardener, a fellow of as much vulgarity and ignorance as you could meet on a summer's day, took it into his noddle, (for it had no pretensions to be called a head, if in heads brains form a necessary ingredient,) that a Bible published in numbers at a very cheap rate in themselves, though not on the whole, would be a most saleable commodity; and he thought that by soliciting at every door in the country an immense circulation might be commanded. He imparted his project to several small country printers in the district where he lived, but so unpromising was his manner and appearance, and he had not a shilling in the world, that no one could be found to join in the speculation. At last he ferretted out a country schoolmaster, who was as clever, steady, and respectable, as his coadjutor seemed the contrary. He saw the whole force of the design; he bought a few types, and by the aid of his daughter, he got ready a number, with which the gardener set forth. The scheme succeeded; and the modern system of *canvassing*, alias of soliciting from door to door, by foot hawkers, was permanently established. It began in bibles, was extended to popular books in general, and is now carried into a variety of departments of business;—stationery, hardware, china and earthenware, tea, linen, haberdashery, shoes, umbrellas, ropes, baskets, mats, &c. &c., to the infinite advantage of the peasantry.

An irksome drudgery seems it to plod on,
Through dusty ways, in storm, from door to door,
A vagrant merchant bent beneath his load!

Yet do such travellers find their own delight;
And their hard service, deemed debasing now,
Gained merited respect in simpler times;
When squire and priest, and they who round them dwelt
In rustic sequestration, all dependant
Upon the PEDLAR's toil, supplied their wants,
Or pleased their fancies with the wares he brought.
WORDSWORTH's EXCURSION.

Formerly, "riders" were what "commercial travellers" are; now almost every trade has its canvassers. In vending many of the lighter wares, as well as in those which are the express work of females, women are very much engaged. Scarcely a day passes without our observing a traveller of this sex, with her large trunk-like basket lined with oil-silk, seeking custom from door to door, and displaying her little stock of finery, caps, habit-shirts, collars, and even worked dresses, to the cottagers and to the servants of the middle classes.* Religion itself has its itinerant apostles, and is hawked from town to town by male and female preachers at per week.

The competition, not less than the desire, for cheapness has originated the system so universal in the shops of London, and in most great towns also, of exposing all sorts of goods with tickets of the prices attached. The plan is certainly efficacious, for who has not been allured to buy articles of which, perhaps, he does not actually stand in need, by the prodigiously small prices? And even admitting that the purchaser is not sufficiently wary to insist upon having the identical article exposed at the window, but can be brought to believe the goods within the shop to be equally excellent with the show pattern, and to accept a similar for the same, these commodities are, notwithstanding, marvellously cheap. The remark especially applies to all sorts of apparel. How they are constructed at all for the money must not be inquired. Like Peter Pindar's razors, many are made, not to shave but to sell. But there is one most lamentable consequence of this severe competition,—multitudes of young women are driven to prostitution or to death by the unendurable curse and privation of passing the best part of the twenty-four hours in the vain labour of endeavouring to earn enough to sustain existence by the needle. There is reason to believe the waste of human life in these half-paid employments† is only exceeded by the destruction of the grinders in Sheffield.

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* A female servant can be well clothed from head to foot, agreeably to her situation, including every article of her apparel to her pocket handkerchief, for thirty-eight shillings—a young female of the middle class for about four guineas.

† This applies also but too frequently to the houses of first-rate dress-makers, nor can we better illustrate this branch of business than by a quotation from No. XCV. of the "Quarterly Review:"—"Many is the Milliner's apprentice whom every London season sends to her grave, because the dresses of fine ladies must be completed with a degree of celerity which nothing but night labour can accomplish. To the question—'When must it be done?' 'Immediately,' is the readiest answer, though it is an answer which would perhaps be less inconsiderately and indiscriminately given, if it were known how many young creatures have come to premature death in consequence of it, and how many hearts have been hardened by the oppression which it necessitates: nor does the evil stop there. The dress-maker's apprentices in a great city have another alternative; and it is quite as much to escape from the intolerable labours which are imposed upon them in the London season, as from any sexual frailty, that such multitudes of them adopt a vocation which

There is another species of attraction, but practised chiefly in the country, namely, to allure by one article to the purchase of others. We have known fine calico sold during the first opening of a new linen warehouse, for a given number of days, at a penny a yard; pocket handkerchiefs, at a penny apiece; and an advertisement now lies before us offering to give to the purchaser of a six-shilling hat a cap into the bargain. The price of sugars has been greatly reduced to all purchasers of a certain weight of tea. One trader, not long ago, put up a notice to sell a pair of breeches with two shillings in the pockets! Whatever degree of delusion may be thus practised, the difference in price between the ticket-shop and the steady dealer is however hardly to be compensated by any conceivable difference of quality not instantly and strongly perceptible to the purchaser; and in many instances *it is* fairly to be accounted for by quantities made and sold. Shoes are one example. But of all things, the most striking, because the most familiar and im-

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affords some immediate relief, whilst it ensures a doubly fatal termination of their career. The temptations by which these girls are beset might be deemed all-sufficient without the compulsion by which they are thus, as it were, driven out into the street. Upon them 'the fatal gift of beauty' has been more lavishly bestowed than upon any other class—perhaps not excepting even the aristocracy. They are many of them, probably, the spurious offspring of aristocratical fathers, and inherit beauty for the same reason as the legitimate daughters of aristocrats, because the wealth of these persons enables them to select the most beautiful women either for wives or concubines. Nor are they wanting in the grace and simplicity of manner which distinguish the aristocracy, while constant manual occupation produces in them more vacuity of mind than even that which dissipation causes in their sisters of the superior class. They are thus possessed of exterior attractions which will at any moment place them in a condition of comparative affluence, and keep them in it so long as those attractions last—a period beyond which their portion of thought and foresight can scarcely be expected to extend—whilst, on the other hand, they have before them a most bitter and arduous servitude, constant confinement, probably a severe task-mistress, (whose mind is harassed and exacerbated by the exigent and thoughtless demands of her employers,) and a destruction of health and bloom which the alternative course of life can scarcely make more certain or more speedy. Goethe was well aware how much light he threw upon the seduction of Margaret when he made her let fall a hint of discontent at domestic hardships.

"Our humble household is but small,
And I, alas! must look to all.
We have no maid, and I may scarce avail
To wake so early and to sleep so late;
And then my mother is in each detail
So accurate!"

If people of fashion knew at what cost some of their imaginary wants are gratified, it is possible that they might be disposed to forego the gratification; it is possible also that they might not. On the one hand, they are not wanting in benevolence to the young and beautiful, the juster charge against them being, that their benevolence extends no farther; on the other hand, unless there be a visual perception of the youth and beauty which is to suffer, or in some way a distinct image of it presented, dissipation will not allow them a moment for the feelings which reflection might suggest.

"Than vanity there's nothing harder-hearted;
For thoughtless of all sufferings unseen,
Of all save those whose touch upon the round
Of the day's palpable doings, the vain man,
And oftener still the volatile woman vain,
Is busiest at heart with restless cares,
Poor pains, and paltry joys, that make within
Petty yet turbulent vicissitude."

portant, yet perhaps the least attended to, is the depression of the staff of life—wheat and flour. In 1812, the average price of wheat was 140*s.*; it now does not probably exceed 43*s.* If a trader in any department were asked what would be the consequence to his circumstances of a decline of 200 per cent. *upon the profit* of his trade, he would answer, total ruin; but here we have a fall of not less than 200 per cent. upon the entire price of the commodity; yet farming continues to be a trade by which multitudes are at least maintained! Flour was, in 1800, 7*s.* 6*d.* per stone; it is now 1*s.* 5*d.* retail.

Were we to course through the whole price list of consumable articles since that date (1812), we should find an astonishing reduction, amounting probably to far more than fifty per cent. upon every article of necessity or luxury, taking the average. To this must be added the facility to the purchasers at second-hand of comparatively imperishable commodities—houses, furniture, mirrors, pictures, carriages, musical instruments, &c., occasioned by the supply exceeding the demand, by changes of habitation, failures and death, by continually improved methods of manufacture, and lastly by the fastidious caprices of fashion, which throw out of use such vast stores of scarcely-damaged moveables. These are to be purchased at auctions and repositories for not the tithe of their original cost. Since 1816, the taxation of the country has been reduced nearly to the same amount. Yet complaint is more general than ever. Cheapness then, it should seem, is not prosperity. We are governed, lodged, furnished, apparelled, and fed at an infinitely lower rate; and yet we grumble as much as ever. The truth is, every man's income follows low price but that of one class; and which is that? the class of fixed annuitants.

Thus, "the competitive system" is in full force and operation. All who can pay down upon the nail, as the saying is, seek for the cheapest purchase; and even the nobility of the land, so all-pervading is the genuine spirit of commerce in this *nation boutiquiere*, have no hesitation in purchasing quantities of goods from the manufacturer, or from wholesale houses, at wholesale prices, if they can hunt out these sources. Women of rank, who pique themselves on their talent for management, will demand a discount for prompt payment with all the acuteness of a trader and all the pride of aristocracy.

The use of the phrase "competitive system" brings to our recollection its antagonist, "the co-operative," of which so much and so little has been heard within the last few years. Nothing can be more plausible than its theory—nothing more delusive in its practice. The theory is this, "Employment and a fair compensation for labour is all that the artizan requires. As he is the framer of all the articles of use and of luxury which sustain and adorn the world, it is only necessary for this class to establish among themselves fair barter, to enable them to enjoy in their own persons all that they create for others. To this end, and in this view, time and labour are the only articles of value: for example, if it take a shoemaker four hours to make a pair of shoes, and a tailor eight to make a coat, there must exist some term of value common to the time of both, and according to this term, let the exchange of their productions be fixed. Every man would thus enjoy the full worth of his time and labour, and the do-nothings of the world be left to shift for themselves." So says the theory, and this they call co-operation.

But this leaves out of sight a vast number of rather important parti-

culars—capital, credit, and all the combinations of manufacturing ingenuity aggregated by these concomitants, and still more the relations of demand and supply. The competitive system, on the contrary, gives full scope and play to all these natural and necessary agents and their inevitable results, and in its practical consequences sets the exact value upon every man's labour: the bank-note then becomes a far better standard than the labour-note—the public a far more equitable judge than the valuators at the repository in Gray's Inn-lane; society at large a more general, a better, and a more certain customer than the co-operatives themselves. For these reasons, the scheme has not, and it may safely be predicated will not, make its way. It has only been successful where it has been limited to a number of joint-stock proprietors determining to deal at their own shop, which is in fact a contrivance to sell at a small profit upon the prime cost, and to divide that profit afterwards amongst the company, who not being able individually to purchase at the best hand, by this system arrive at the means of so doing, and save the profits of the retail trader. This is but another of the competitions of capital against credit: it has, however, been done with effect in many of the provinces; and if it also embrace the employment of the proprietors in their several branches, its benefits may be still further extended. To enjoy the most extensive advantages of which it is capable, it should be founded on an agricultural basis—that is, land should be bought or hired, and cultivated for the company, and its produce form the first element of the exchange; for in this, as in the building of society by Nature herself, food is the first object of human labour. A few, providing a superfluity of subsistence, may barter that superfluity for any other commodity—apparel next, and so on to luxuries in succession. It is however curious, that no one co-operative society has to our knowledge commenced their progression in this natural and necessary manner. And this brings us to another contrivance peculiar to this our age—*the bazaar*,—a contrivance to give to a combination of small capitals the advantage of a great one. Here, in one vast theatre of minor commerce, are assembled an infinite diversity of articles and a multitude of little traders, whose whole property probably is displayed in the goods upon the few feet of counter thus hired for a trifle. These are renewed day by day, as they are exhausted by custom. The variety of all is the attraction for each; and, indeed, every one of these tiny shopkeepers enjoys a protection, a privilege, and perhaps a patronage, they could by no other means obtain, and which far richer and better-furnished depôts, in their several departments, can rarely reach. The resort to some of these marts is astonishing; and while the inventor of the first—the Soho Bazaar—has reared to himself at once a fine annuity, he has given birth to a system, now spread all over the great towns of England, which affords a new mode of employment to the industry of a class, females especially, who could probably have obtained an independent livelihood by no other means. There is no other instance, perhaps, in which a very small sum may be so beneficially employed for its possessor.

A paper on the subject we have chosen ought not to conclude without some allusion to the doctrine of free trade, which merely means a permission to sell and buy where you can sell and buy cheapest. England is clearly approaching that point. The two greatest monopolies in the country are extinguished by the terms in which the Bank Charter has

been renewed, and the China trade opened. But nature and art working together are silently yet certainly advancing to the accomplishment of this grand purpose by a very simple means—the increase of the growth of corn. The barrier of more force than all the rest to external free trade (internal free trade we already nearly possess) has been the Corn Laws. These have been for the last two years at least all but a dead letter, owing to the supply equalling, if not exceeding, the demand. Rents have fallen—tithes have fallen—labour has fallen—taxation has fallen—thus levelling the elements of English prime cost with those of the foreigner. The farmer begins to see the fallacy of protection—the landlord to find how little it advantages himself. Thus nature and skill have superinduced a change of opinion which reason failed to effect. The practical inefficiency of protecting duties is daily made more apparent, while the restrictions they lay on manufacture, thus reacting upon landlords in restricting our competition in foreign markets—narrowing the space of employment at home—originating pauperism and increasing the charges—and, by lessening the demand for agricultural produce, depressing its price—all these things, we say, are gradually working the conviction which will soon end in the abolition of the Corn Laws, and all laws which cramp the exertions of industry.

And when we examine the claims to superiority which the fabrics of England put forth, a consideration that may and will give to their excellence the widest power of diffusion is unquestionably devoutly to be wished. In hardware we exceed the world; in silk we all but, if not quite, equal the best of France, and have superseded the East Indian and Chinese in their own dominions; in muslins and in calicos, indeed, we so far outgo the East, both in quality and in price, that we import the raw material, and can afford to export and offer the manufactured article at a cheaper rate than it can be produced in the far-distant country of its growth. In porcelain we equal France and China, if we do not excel them; in woollen cloths we can successfully contend with the French; with Germany in linens. What then is wanting to carry this almost universal supremacy to its pitch, and to its due reward? what but that free communication which the natural extinction of the Corn Laws, so to speak, is rapidly educing. The evil of the country is its pauperism; make our paupers productive labourers, and consequently consumers, in lieu of deducting eight millions of the earnings of others for keeping them to the minimum of subsistence*. Teach them—nay,

* There is a very ingenious and well-written article in the last "Quarterly Review," wherein this *reductio ad minimum* is insisted upon as the basis of correcting the temptation to panperism. This is quite just when pauperism is the voluntary consequence of determined idleness; but the grand cause of pauperism is want of employment and low wages—the result of the too severe competition arising out of numbers increasing beyond the area of employment. To avoid this *reductio ad minimum*, how many will be driven to crime? To bring the benefit of the Poor-Law Amendment Act to a test, it will be necessary to ascertain the increase of crime and the attendant sacrifice of property. It is much to be apprehended that the firmest spirits amongst the unemployed will not submit to this scheme of pauper-privation, but turn to plunder when honest endeavours to earn a livelihood fail. There can be no objection to punish the voluntary pauper by diminished fare; but when a man has no alternative, thus to punish him is unjust. The want of the bill is a provision for employment, which, however, it is hardly in the province of such an act of legislation to give; more might nevertheless have been done to this intent, and must yet be done, unless the country is to be covered with pauper-prisons under the name of workhouses.

allow them—for they are ready enough to earn almost one-third of the present actual national income, which from their numbers it may fairly be computed they would earn, and distress would rapidly disappear. No! say our committees of lawgivers, no, let the nation be taxed to locate them in the Canadas and Australia. Nature indeed says (and so says true political economy) let them produce, and exchange their surplus for the production of other climes. "O dear no," says the lecturer, "indeed you are wrong; the preventive check and *coloniam deducere!* We are an old country." It might be replied, "You are a parcel of old fools! You have soil, capital, and labour all in superabundance; you have nothing to do but to combine them."

Of such a nature are a few of the arrangements into which the minor details of the vast commerce of England—the retail accommodations—have adjusted themselves. But there can be no doubt, far as our national genius for the inventions and enterprises of trade is advanced—enormous as are the accumulations of property—and beneficial as is the exaltation of confidence and credit—all these relations must be considered to be in comparative infancy. The materials of nature are only just expanding themselves to the search of science. If, in whatever light we examine the triumphs of our species "over the creation submitted to its power, we explore new sources of wonder," there is a fund for speculation and experiment incalculably more vast before us. Nor can we better exalt, while we conclude, the very important portion of the subject we have here treated, than by quoting the words of a philosopher, who, in the midst of his large and comprehensive inquiry into the principles and progress of science, thus eloquently discloses and describes the expanse before us. "When we reflect," says Mr. Babbage, "on the very small number of species of plants, compared with the multitude that are known to exist, which have hitherto been cultivated and rendered useful to man, and when we apply the same observation to the animal world, and even to the mineral kingdom, the field that natural science opens to our view seems to be indeed unlimited. These productions of nature, numerous and varied as they are, may each in some future day become the basis of extensive manufactures, and give life, employment, and wealth to millions of human beings. But the crude treasures perpetually exposed before our eyes contain within them other and more valuable principles; all these, in their innumerable combinations, which ages of labour and research can never exhaust, may be destined to furnish in perpetual succession new sources of our wealth and of our happiness. Science and knowledge are subject, in their extension and increase, to laws quite opposite to those which regulate the material world; unlike the forces of molecular attraction, which cease at sensible distances, or that of gravity, which decreases rapidly with the increasing distance from the point of its origin, the farther we advance from the origin of our knowledge the larger it becomes, and the greater power it bestows upon its cultivators to add new fields to its dominions. Yet does this continually and rapidly increasing power, instead of giving us any reason to anticipate the exhaustion of so fertile a field, place us at each advance on some higher eminence, from which the mind contemplates the past, and feels irresistibly convinced that the whole already gained bears a constantly diminishing ratio to that which is contained within the still more rapidly expanding horizon of our knowledge."

MARIA'S MEDITATION

Over the unclosed Coffin of George Barnwell.

BY MRS. MARDYN, LATE OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Life's coil is o'er;—man's cage of clay is broken,
And the enfranchised spirit springs afar;
To hint its course that spirit leaves no token,—
Swift, strange, and trackless as a shooting star!

That broken cage of clay! Ah! ponder o'er it,—
A wreck more rueful ne'er claim'd Pity's sigh;—
Yet might a breath to Life's lost glow restore it,
No fairer fabric could delight the eye.

Yea! I have known that ruin'd form—those features,
When health and happiest thoughts were dwellers there;
'Twas in life's dawn—when God's unblemish'd creatures,
Fresh from their Maker, start, and smile at care.

Those eyes, which veiling lids, like night, have shaded,
Were stars that danced in heaven's own clearest blue:
That cheek! discolour'd now, and wan, and faded,
Once shamed the blush of daybreak with its hue.

Oh! I remember well that hour of brightness,
When first I knew and loved the ruin'd youth:
Peace round his presence waved her wings of lightness;
His look—his voice—were innocence and truth.

Such as the lost-one *was*, no eye that view'd him
But deem'd him favourite of the happy stars,—
That Fortune led—that outstripp'd joy pursued him,
A charter'd being—freed from worldly jars.

Such goodly frame enshrined a heart o'erflowing
With kindest thoughts to all on earth who move,—
Fraught with fine sympathies, with honour glowing,
The seat of Friendship, and the home of Love!

Oh! he was gentle, generous, mild, forgiving,—
Claim'd in the stranger's grief a brother's share;
For other's needs, for other's welfare living,
Scarce would he yield to self his slightest care.

Stern moralists! ye frown and murmur "fiction!"
Yet pause, nor God's mix'd work too nicely scan;
If things that are seem plann'd in contradiction,
Life's but a riddle, its close secret—Man.

If *once* he sinn'd—'twas but that fine of evil
Man's earliest sire upon his race entail'd,—
Adam's descended curse, e'er since the Devil
Stole first on Eden, and with Eve prevail'd.

I knew and well may vouch his guileless spirit:
Ah! then, redeem him from the lists of crime,—
Wipe one dark blot from a bright scroll of merit,
And pass it, stainless, to recording Time!

My Barnwell! tears gush fast but e'en to name thee,—
Dark, bitter drops from sorrow's deepest well;
A veiled world, and mystic Future claim thee,—
Earth hath to earth return'd—farewell! farewell!

Paris.

GILBERT GURNEY.

Chapter IX.

When I awoke in the morning—or I should say afternoon, since it was considerably past twelve before I opened my eyes—all the proceedings at Wolverhampton-house appeared like a dream. The audacity of Daly—the mischief he had committed upon a kind and confiding friend who apparently did all she could to make him welcome and happy, seemed too gross and glaring to be real; and it was not until I saw on the table by my bed-side, a rose which had graced the bosom of the charming Mrs. Fletcher Green, that I was assured that I had really seen a bull on a staircase, and heard of the Pandean minstrels eating the Prince's supper in the Pavilion. I had carefully placed the half-faded flower in a glass of water, and greatly rejoiced to see it look refreshed by my delicate attention.

I admit, however, that a reproachful feeling diffused itself over my mind, when I recollected under what very peculiar circumstances I had half taken and half received this precious bud from my charming new acquaintance. I had treasured the gift—if gift it had been—and placed it at my bed-side on the very morning that my kind and active friend had undertaken to work my eternal happiness by a marriage with my dear unsophisticated Emma Haines. But what then? Mrs. Fletcher Green was only an acquaintance,—a very delightful one,—much Emma's senior. I thought her indeed rather advanced in life,—I being just one-and-twenty; and she, as I afterwards had occasion to know, three years under thirty. But so completely are our judgments and opinions, especially in that particular, regulated by comparison, that I felt a kind of respect for her age mingled with my admiration of her accomplishments.

Mrs. Fletcher Green was evidently pleased with *me*, and *that*, as everybody must admit, was a very powerful reason for my being charmed with *her*. I was determined to call upon her, and improve the acquaintance; and, strange to say, I almost hoped that Daly had not got so far the start of me in rising as to be on his way to Tenby to open the negotiations with the Haineses. It was not that Mrs. Fletcher Green had entirely superseded Emma in so short a time, or that she had carried my heart by a *coup de main*, but she was so graceful, so polished, so agreeable, knew everybody and everything about everybody; and was so exquisitely good-tempered, and had such eyes! I believe a heart just of age was never proverbial for constancy; yet there was a striking difference between my feelings to the fair widow and those which bound me to my first love; I cannot conveniently describe the dissimilitude, but I was conscious of it, and yet equally conscious that I ought not to be so much interested about one lady when on the very point of concluding a negotiation, if possible, with another.

When I called at Daly's lodgings, I found the bird flown. He had indeed afforded me a new and remarkable proof of the activity of his friendship. He had started, as his servant told me, before eight, after little more than an hour's sleep. He had left a note, in which he desired me to confide in his judgment and discretion, and informed me that he would write to report progress the moment any progress had

been made. His servant appeared particularly solicitous to know when I expected his master back; and his anxiety seemed to me scarcely equal to that of a half gentlemanly-looking man whom I found at the door, in conversation with Redmond, who held a longish slip of paper in his hand, which, after my sincere declaration that I had no notion how long he would remain out of town, he returned to a long black book which he had previously carried under his arm, and which, now that the paper was replaced within its folds, he deposited in a pocket made in the inside of one of the lapels of his coat.

I had become so accustomed to the society and conversation of my volatile friend, that when I turned from his lodgings I felt as if I had lost a part of myself now that I was left alone. I strolled along the streets as far as Wolverhampton House, where I left my ticket, and afterwards sauntered down what was then imagined to be *the* promenade of London, Bond-street, the utter destruction of which as a fashionable lounge by the splendid creation of Regent-street, or any other possible cause, none of the beaux of those days even remotely anticipated. Still I felt dull and *distrait;* and when, after having descended the hill of St. James's-street, and passed half way along Pall-mall, I recognized a friend of my theatrical Mæcenas coming out of an auction-room, where an extensive book sale was going on, I was quite delighted! I scarcely expected, as I had abandoned dramatic literature, and absented myself from the Thespian votaries, that he would recognize me! On the contrary, his plump rosy cheeks purpled with warmth and kindness, as he held out his hand to take mine, and protested that I was the very man he wanted most particularly to see.

Hull—for so was my warm-hearted friend called—was a very extraordinary person. He knew the business of everybody in London better than themselves. He "happened to know" everything that was going forward in all circles—mercantile, political, fashionable, literary, or theatrical; in addition to all matters connected with military and naval affairs, agriculture, finance, art, and science. Everything came alike to him; to *his* inquiring eye no mystery continued undiscovered,—from *his* attentive ear no secret remained concealed. He was plump, short, with an intelligent countenance, and near-sighted, and with a constitution and complexion fresh enough to look forty, at a time when I believed him to be at least four times that age. We had a joke against him, in those days, as to his antiquity, in which he heartily and good-naturedly joined, until at last we got him to admit—and I almost think, believe—that he had sold gunpowder to King Charles the Second, and dined more than once with the witty Lord Rochester.

"Wanted to see me?" said I. "As how?"

"Wanted you to come and meet a few friends at my cottage at Mitcham," said Hull. "All plain and simple,—good wine, I promise you,—and pleasant company; but you are such a fellow, my dear friend. Pooh, pooh! don't tell me; there's no catching *you*—eh, I say. I have heard all about the cakes, the cow and the Countess, the Pandeans in the Pavilion, and the dead dace in the drawing-room."

"What do you mean?" said I, not imagining it possible that events which had so recently occurred, should have already obtained such publicity.

"O you dog!" said Hull. "*I* happen to know, my dear Gurney;

it's no use trying to hoax me, I say. Daly did it;—he, he! You know it, eh?"

"Not I, upon my honour," said I; which was true. "Do you know Daly?"

"Know him!" exclaimed my friend: "know Daly! Why, my dear Sir, I have known him these forty years!"

"Daly!" said I; "why he is not thirty years old!"

"Perhaps not forty," said Hull: "but I knew his father more than forty years ago;—lived in St. Mary Axe,—in the sugar line,—dead now. Daly, your friend, is a deuce of a fellow: you dined with him yesterday at his lodgings?"

"I did," said I, staring. "But how did you find *that* out?"

"Find it out, my dear friend!" replied Hull. "I do nothing in the world but find out. I saw the boiled leg of lamb and spinach which you had for dinner, eh;—wasn't it so?"

I knew that unless he had been in three places at once, he could not have seen all our legs of lamb; so I contented myself with admitting what I had no desire to deny.

"Splendid fellow, Daly," said Hull: "capital hock."

"Do you dine with him frequently?" said I.

"Never, my dear friend; never dined with him in my life," said Hull: "but I know where he gets his hock; six guineas and a half the dozen. Come down to Mitcham, you shall taste some of the very same batch. Great creature, Daly,—magnificent style, I'm told;—splendid service of plate, and all that."

"Plate!" said I.

"Superb," said Hull. "I happen to know the fact."

"My dear Sir," said I, "I should say, a dozen spoons and forks were the extent of his service, as you call it."

"Well," said Hull, "what does he want with more? Too bad—the cakes—eh—and the cow—all over town. However, now to business, as I have done work for to-day—when will you come to Mitcham?—name your time."

"I shall be very happy," said I; "but what do you mean by having done work?"

"Here," said he, drawing from one of his pockets a very small dirty black-letter book, "this is all I shall do to-day—*my* pursuit, you know—eh—old books—rare books—I don't care what I give, so as I can secure them—this a tract of 1486—seventeen pages originally—five only wanting—two damaged—got it for seventy-two pounds ten shillings—Caxton—only one other copy extant—that in the British Museum."

"Seventy-two pounds for *that!*" said I.

"To be sure," replied Hull; "why, my dear Sir, it is not worth *my* while to come out of the city unless I spend seventy or eighty pounds in the morning—I cannot afford the time for less."

"And what is it about?" said I, innocently.

"Why, I do *not* happen to know *that*," said Hull; "it is an essay, I believe, to prove that Edward the Fourth never had the tooth-ache; but it is, as you see, in Latin, and I don't read Latin."

"Then why buy it?" said I.

"Buy!" exclaimed he, looking at me through his glass with an expression of astonishment. "I buy thousands of books!—pooh!

pooh!—millions, my dear Sir, in the course of a year, but I never think of reading them—my dear friend, I have no time to read."

I confess I did not exactly comprehend the character of the bibliomania which appeared to engross my friend, nor the particular gratification which the purchase of unreadable works seemed to afford him. But he only curled up his mouth, as much as to say that I was a dunce, and that there was a sort of delight—felt in common with magpies, I presume—of picking up objects and hiding them away in dark holes and corners. As for his hospitable invitation, I resolved to accept it, and fix an early day,—it would kill some of the time I was destined to pass in suspense until I heard from Tenby, and give me an opportunity of cultivating the acquaintance of one who, with certain little peculiarities, evidently possessed a sound judgment, a cheerful and liberal disposition, and, above all, a kind heart.

"Mine is but a box," said Hull: "all humble and lowly; there will be a bed at the inn for you to sleep in, and a garden full of gooseberries and currants to stroll about in."

"And pleasant pastime, too," said I. "I, for one, think the despised fruits of our country are amongst the most delicious."

"Despised!" said Hull; "pooh! pooh! nobody can despise gooseberries and currants like mine—I have thousands of them! pooh! pooh! currants as big as marbles! and gooseberries larger than hens' eggs!"

"I'll try them, depend upon it," said I; "what say you to to-morrow?"

"My dear Sir, the very day I was going to fix," said Hull; "I knew your friend Daly was gone—went out of town by eight this morning—eh—come down to Mitcham—you'll meet one of your Haymarket friends——"

"Ah," said I, "Mr. Hull, that's a sore point—that infernal farce of mine—I shall never get over it."

"Infernal!" said Hull; "what d'ye mean by infernal? I wish we had more people who could write such farces—infernal indeed!"

"Yet," said I, "it was condemned."

"Umph," said Hull, lowering his voice, and whispering in my ear, "I could tell you something about *that*—I happen to know—and so do you——"

"Indeed I don't," said I.

"Don't you know something about the 'Wag in the Windmill,'" said Hull, "coming out the week after next?"

"Not I."

"Pooh! pooh! don't tell me," said Hull; "I happen to know the author."

"Do you?" said I, "I don't."

"Come, come, you dog, that won't do," said he; "what does the 'Chronicle' mean the day before yesterday—did you see the allusion?"

"No," said I, "I never see the 'Chronicle.'"

"Never see the 'Chronicle!'" exclaimed Hull; "that won't do—don't tell me—you see all the papers. My dear friend, the allusion to *you* is plain as a pike-staff."

"I give you my word," said I, "that I have written not one line since my failure, nor ever will I write again."

"How could they have got hold of it, I wonder?" said Hull, archly. "I'll find out before I go into the city. However, to-morrow you come

to me—dine punctually at five—early folks in the country—none of your supper-time dinners there—remember, a bed for yourself—capital stable for your horses at the inn—civil people—very attentive to all *my* guests—know it would not do if they were not—hundreds of people go there in the course of the summer from my cottage. Good day—good day—you won't come any farther with me, I know you won't—city work don't suit you—God bless you—pooh! pooh!—remember five!"

And away he went, leaving me amazed at the activity of his mind and the universality of his information. I was vexed to find that I was coupled with a new authorship, and turned into the first coffee-house I came near, in order to read the paragraph of which, according to Hull's declaration, I was the object. In doing this, I had a double purpose—first, to see how I was pointed out to the public; and secondly, if the identification were very complete, to write a letter to the "Morning Chronicle," contradicting the statement; being at that period of my life perfectly ignorant of the utter carelessness of society about such affairs in general, and about me or any of my concerns more particularly; and also then unconvinced that a reply to a newspaper attack resembles very much the attempt of Hercules to crop the Hydra, without the slightest chance of his ultimate success; or to descend rapidly from the sublime, like the task of the tinker, who, in trying to stop one hole, invariably makes two.

I accordingly turned to the paper, and found that the paragraph was one of those "we understands," which so frequently crowd the columns of the daily journals, and hinting, more ambiguously than even I had expected, that the author of the forthcoming "Wag in the Windmill," although unsuccessful in his first attempt, had every chance of making ample amends for his early defeat in his new production. It was evidently meant good-naturedly, and I laid down the "Chronicle," wondering who in the world could have taken the trouble to vindicate my presumed effort; little suspecting that my omniscient friend Hull was himself the author of the paragraph, which he had no doubt believed would greatly please me, and contribute to heal the wounds which a public verdict had inflicted upon my personal vanity. As my acquaintance with Hull increased in age, I had many opportunities of convincing myself of the inherent kindness of his disposition, and his readiness to do what he imagined to be a service to his friends whenever it lay in his power.

I confess I was very glad I had met, and made an engagement to visit him; for my mind was distracted, and my heart almost ached with anxiety as to the result of Daly's expedition; and those who have felt as I then did, will readily admit that new scenes and new acquaintances are, of all things in the world, most desirable under circumstances where there exists a wish or even a hope of distancing thoughts and reflections which are inevitably associated with persons whom we have known and places which we have visited, while in the society of the loved and lamented one, absent only from the sight, but present always to the imagination.

Strange to say, almost immediately after quitting Hull, I encountered my con-disciple of Lincoln's Inn on his return homewards from plodding, to which it appeared he had become infinitely more reconciled since he had lost his sympathetic friend—myself.

To a man really mixing in the world, in the habit of constant inter-

course with the principal actors on the stage—not of the theatre—but of real life; men who by their position in society, their personal rank, or official importance, are in fact the objects of daily contemplation and discussion to the eyes of those not so circumstanced, nothing in the world can be so dull and ridiculous as the speculative conversations of the respectable portion of society who, blending with personal importance in their own sphere great acuteness of mind, pertinacity of opinion, and inquisitiveness of research, discuss the reported movements and probable intentions of people whom they know only by hearsay—call it fame if you will—and of whose actual proceedings they have no idea but what they glean from the misinformed collectors of fashionable intelligence for the newspapers, and of whose real characters or domestic pursuits they understand infinitely less than they do of the cabinet secrets of the King of Ava, or the proceedings of the Privy Council at Tooramoorotatewangy.

If I have since felt lassitude and weariness at the common-place suppositions of these white-waistcoated wiseacres, relieved only by a sort of indignation at the doltish stupidity of their fancies and calculations. I doubt very much whether I was ever so much worried in after life by their elaborated nonsense as I was by Tom Hickson's conversation on the day to which I now refer. It was now some time since I had emerged from the cellars of Stone Buildings, led as it were up the Glacis, by his suggestions and at his invitation. It was to *him* I owed my introduction to the actors, and to his genius and addiction to theatrical pursuits was I indebted for having forsaken the study to which he now appeared devoted. He had however subsided into the jog-trot routine which at his instigation I had abandoned, and in consequence of the start a-head which I had taken, (rendered more effective, perhaps, by his retrograde movement,) I felt myself, as the people call it, "bored to death" by his platitudes—his suppositions—his inquiries—in short, his nonsense.

Thus it is—what delights, enchants, and enchains us at one period of life, becomes, by comparison with other things, when we return to it, flat, stale, and unprofitable. I remember when I was at school—days to which, as I have already said, I never recur with any superabundant pleasure—I had established in my mind that a certain Mrs. Burgoyne—*we* called her Mother Burgoyne—had a character for making apple tarts, which stood high in my estimation, and in that of all my school-fellows; she had, moreover, the reputation of being a witch, but that, whether it were true or not, did not in any important degree interfere with her management of the pies, and *certes*, never did the finest *patisserie* of the unrivalled Jenkins of Burlington House celebrity in those times, delight me more than the *Tourte à la Bourgoine* of my early days.

Passing through the town in which I had received—no education—but where my exemplary mother had deposited sundry quarterly payments of cash as the *quid pro quô* for my instruction (baffled by my own idleness and stupidity), and having a friend with me, who had accompanied me in a visit to the school-house, play-ground, and all the rest of it, I desired the waiter at the inn to be sure to have some of Mrs. Burgoyne's tarts in the second course of our inn dinner. The man stared—I concluded that my fair sorceress was defunct—no—she was alive and

merry; but to my surprise, the man, who knew the "fascinating creature" by name, declared that, however unjustifiable the imputation of witchery might be, her tarts were things not eatable. Still I insisted, and the tarts were produced—and any things more detestably filthy never were seen. I taxed the waiter, who seemed to enjoy the joke against me excessively, with a falling off in the manufacture, perhaps attributable to the increased age of the manufacturer—but, no—he assured me that the tarts were the same as ever, and it was only I that was changed. I believe in the sequel I was obliged to admit the wisdom of his decision; and, in the course of my after life, I have had a thousand occasions to justify it. Return to a place which you have fancied a paradise, after some ten or fifteen years' ramble over the world; it remains the same, but the ideas have expanded—the eye has rested upon flood and field, upon lake and mountain, and upon sea and torrent; when you reach the desired haven, after your voyage, although hearts may beat as kindly, and eyes beam as brightly as ever, still the *locale* invariably disappoints you. A man born in Lincoln, or in Norwich, or in Nottingham, comes to London, and passes some ten or twelve years of his life—he left his birth-place at fifteen or sixteen—rely upon it, although he may admire St. Paul's, and be pleased with Guildhall, or even admit the length of the metropolitan streets, the recollection of High-street, or the Market-place, or the Castle Hill, or something peculiar to his own native town, is permanently fixed in his imagination as infinitely superior to them all; nor is it till he returns to his favourite spot that he finds how entirely first impressions have possessed him, and how egregiously mistaken he has been in the institution of his comparisons.

My friend Tom Hickson was *my* Castle Hill, *my* Market-place—*my* High-street—I thought I never heard any man say such silly things—he seemed to me to talk "Morning Post"—all his observations were copied nearly *verbatim* from that fashionable paper, whence it was clear to me he had learned to string a parcel of names together, and attribute to the specified individuals, proceedings of which they were themselves entirely ignorant. He announced to me the arrival in London of some man, of whose departure from town three days before I was perfectly aware; hinted at a marriage in high life as likely to take place during the following week, which I knew had gone off altogether, a fortnight before, and gave me a confidential account of a *faux pas* between Lord L—— and Lady M——, in which there was not one word of truth, the whole history of which, as Daly had told it me, I, like my friend Hull, "happened to know" was furnished to the newspapers by the aforesaid Lord, under the impression that the object of his pursuit would, by the paragraph, be either frightened or induced into the very peccadillo which he announced to the public by anticipation.

Hickson too continued his addiction to the theatre—talked of scarcely anything else—to be sure, *he* had not written a farce and failed—to *me* the subject was odious, and I declare I rejoiced excessively when he apologised for leaving me so early, inasmuch as he was engaged to dine at some extremely convivial club of which he was an honorary member, in order to initiate two novices into the arcana of the society, by blinding their eyes, daubing their faces with mustard, and then making them smoke a pipe, into the bowl of which, gunpowder had been previously

introduced sufficient to blow the said pipe to atoms: a joke which, although some preceding dunce had suffered the loss of an eye by the explosion, was still considered extremely good, and to which all the aspirants for admission into the very comical community were obliged to submit.

Many things, I admit, combined to excite this distaste to my early acquaintance—I knew him best when I knew Emma Haines first—that was an association, and one which I wished especially to avoid—I could not hear from Daly for some days. I dreaded to think the time which must necessarily elapse. Then *that* Mrs. Fletcher Green worried me—what to do I did not know; dinner was to be eaten, or at least the ceremony to be gone through, and the evening to be disposed of afterwards! After some self-debating, I determined to go to the Opera—I knew Mrs. Fletcher Green had a box there—I would find it out, and even if I dared not approach it—for I really, where self was concerned, was very shy—I could at least watch her from afar, and judge, by what I saw, the general tenour of her conduct, and whether she seemed to be as agreeable to everybody else as she most assuredly had been to me.

This scheme I put into execution. In those days ladies wore fans, upon which the plot of the whole house was developed—each circle, each box, with its owner's name, was printed and published; but in these later and more degenerate days, so many great ladies only hire other people's boxes for the night, and so many great gentlemen let theirs the same way, that such directions would be of no more use than the Court Guide is, in giving us the addresses of people who take ready-furnished houses from people who are ready to part with them during their convenient absence in the country or on the Continent. From one of these, then useful directories, I gained the wished-for intelligence, and accordingly posted myself in the alley of the pit, where I could command a perfect view of the fascinating widow, who was on this special night accompanied by a fair creature, something younger than herself, and not quite so handsome. The difference of age is so well managed in large assemblies, that I was not quite prepared to decide whether the junior lady might not be daughter of the senior one—I hardly thought it probable, even if it were possible, and Daly, in all he had said about Mrs. Fletcher Green, and her agreeable house, and her agreeable parties, and her agreeable fortune, had never once mentioned that there was such a thing as a Miss F. G. in existence.

I watched her very attentively during the evening—her vivacity seemed continuous and unwearіable. A rapid succession of young men, middle-aged men, and old men, appeared in her box; and I could hear the joyous tones of her voice frequently louder than the moanings of a wretched captive, in green crape, with tin fetters, who was growling out his grief on the stage; indeed, although she had professed herself to me the most devoted admirer of Italian music, it did not appear to me that she took the slightest notice, or paid the smallest attention to the business of the stage. Still I saw she was the "admired of all," and I fancied I was the "admired of her"—*laudari à laudatâ*. Ten times at least I resolved to go boldly to the box, and share her favours with her other visiters; but ten times my heart sank within me. Whenever I felt a want of confidence in myself, my thoughts reverted to Emma Haines, and I asked myself if I should like to see *her* going on so gaily, and

noisily, and happily, and carelessly, as Mrs. Fletcher Green was? But then the case was different—she was a widow, and had no husband to control her, no partner of domestic happiness to share her pleasures and (if she ever could have any) her sorrows. However, I thought, perhaps, it was better matters should remain as they were; what possible good could I do by increasing my intimacy with this gay woman of fortune, when, if Daly's kind and zealous exertions brought about the other affair, she might not, after all, be the sort of person I should choose as the intimate friend of Emma, and if I judged Emma aright, not the sort of person Emma would choose for herself?

For that night I contented myself with watching the evanishment of my bright star from the sphere which she adorned and illumined. I felt afraid of encountering her. I went to the fire-place in the hall, although the "fire was fled," and half-fearful of being seen, beheld her tripping like a sylph down the little stair-case from the pit tier in which her box was situated. I heard loud calls for "Mrs. Fletcher Green's carriage"—I saw her looking all round and round—at length her eye caught mine; she instantly dragged a huge grenadier-looking fellow, upon whose arm she was leaning, across the lobby, in order to shake hands with me, and scold me for not having called in the morning. I made a sort of stammering apology, and felt wonderfully relieved when I heard one of the Stentors of the outer lobby proclaiming that "Mrs. Fletcher Green's carriage stopped the way." The man who was with her was particularly odious to me—he had curly black hair and a high white forehead, great sparkling eyes, and a row of teeth like ivory, which he incessantly exhibited by a sort of perpetual grin over the heads of all the surrounding crowd. The attendant sylph was escorted by a more reasonable person, of the middle age of life, from whom she appeared to divert all her attention in order to look at *me*, while Mrs. Green was talking to me; and the moment the carriage was announced, and they passed on, I saw her pull my fair widow back to inquire who I was, and then I saw the odious grenadier laugh.

"Ah," thought I, as the groupe vanished among the cocked hats of the footmen and the torches of the link boys, "it won't do." Nevertheless, I resolved upon calling the next day, before I took my departure for Hull's house, at Mitcham.

The morning came, and I put my scheme into execution, and proceeded to her residence, which was near Park-lane, and while going, I could not entirely divest myself of a consciousness that, admitting the feeling which the widow's smiles and conversation had excited, I was behaving ill—shamefully ill—to somebody; either to Mrs. Fletcher Green or to Miss Emma Haines—and yet—recollect—I was young, and ardent, and thoughtless. I knocked at the door—the fair tenant of the mansion was out—at least she was not "at home." But I was perfectly convinced, from the manner of her porter, that I was denied the privilege of the *entrée*, only because my person was not known, and my name had not yet been inscribed in her visiting list. I left my card and strolled into the park, meaning to return in time to mount my gig and drive down to the Tusculum of my hospitable friend.

When I reached my lodgings I found a dear delicate three-cornered note, written in the most delightfully unintelligible hand, by dear Mrs. Fletcher Green herself, confirming my suspicion as to the cause of my

non-admission when I called, and begging me to come, *sans façon*, to meet Lady Wolverhampton at dinner—a very small party, and very agreeable people. I was engaged, and could therefore do nothing but send an apology. I confess I regretted it, and I believe, for a moment, entertained a thought of throwing over my Mitchamites, and accepting the invitation to the widow's; but if such an idea did flash into my mind, it was only to be rejected with disdain—Hull's kindness and hospitality did not merit such a slur. So I wrote my answer, despatched it, jumped into my *carriage*, and drove off for the country.

In those days men drove "gigs," as they since have driven stanhopes, tilburies, dennets, and cabriolets, and I rather piqued myself upon my "turn out;" my chestnut horse was a fast trotter, and in little more than three-quarters of an hour, from Westminster Bridge, I reached mine host's retreat, the locality of which was specially distinguished by its facing the common, and looking infinitely neater and more rural than the neighbouring houses, whose London-loving owners had decorated their hermitages, villas, cots, and cottages with knockers, lamps, and brass-plates, one of which specially indicated not only that the red-brick edifice before me was "Belle-vue Lodge," but that its respectable owner's name was "Mr. Blutch."

When I drove up to the gate of Hull's house, I saw his good-natured face peering over the hedge which separated his garden from the road, like "a rose in June," flowering on its native stem; in a moment he was at his gate, and in another, I had set my foot in his domain, a little bijou of neatness, niceness, prettiness, and sweetness. I saw company in the garden—heard laughter in the bowers—and casting my eyes through two French windows which opened on the lawn, beheld a table covered for eight. The roses, the mignionette, the heliotropes, all combined their fragrance to refresh the air, and although from its proximity to the highway, Hull's servant had to brush his plants as he did his coat, every morning, to get rid of the dust, it was what the most fastidious critic must have pronounced a delightful little place.

Some of the assembled party were unknown to me, although none of them were unknown to fame; an enthusiastic poet, a witty and agreeable barrister, the editor of a weekly newspaper, a fashionable preacher, and an opulent city merchant, then one of the sheriffs of London, added to one of the popular actors with whom I was previously acquainted, formed a society which, from its miscellaneous character, promised a great treat to one who, like myself, at that time of my life, professed to be only a listener. The sequel, however, was a disappointment. Every one of the guests was celebrated for something, and each one was jealous of his neighbour. Hull, who pooh poohed them about in his best style, endeavoured to draw them out, and force every man to say or do something to contribute to the general amusement; but it was evidently an effort; the poet had a sovereign contempt for the barrister, and whenever he fired a pun, preserved the most imperturbable gravity. The barrister, who was moreover a critic, irritated the actor, who hated the newspaper editor, for the tone he had adopted in his theatrical reviews. The clergyman kept aloof from any controversy with the Thespian; and the Sheriff, who was worth a couple of hundred thousand pounds, despised the whole party, and set them down as a parcel of paupers who were obliged to get their bread by the exercise of their talents.

"Any mackerel, Mr. Sheriff?" said the barrister (who was acting croupier) to the citizen placed at Hull's right hand.

"Pooh, Dubs!" exclaimed mine host, "why do you ask such a question? eat mackerel! I don't suppose Mr. Bucklesbury ever tasted a mackerel in his life. Here's turbot, Mr. Bucklesbury—fresh from Billingsgate this morning—Sunday makes no difference with me—I happen to know the most eminent salesman in the market—bless your soul, he wouldn't mind sending a boat express to Torbay for a turbot for *me*."

"Very fine fish indeed," said, or rather snorted, Bucklesbury.

"Fine!" exclaimed Hull; "nothing at all, my dear Sir, to what you have at home—eh—I happen to know—there's no man so particular about his fish as *you*."

"I like it good when I has it," said Bucklesbury; "is there any lobster sauce?"

"Any!" cried Hull; "my dear friend, there are loads of lobsters—thousands; here, you stupid dog, bring some of those sauce tureens to the Sheriff."

The conversation at dinner consisted of little more than a repetition of pressings and refusings, and of challenges to drink wine, and observations upon the wine itself. A very fine haunch of venison made its appearance, which somewhat varied the letter but not the spirit of the discussion; and to hear Mr. Bucklesbury's lecture upon fat and lean, the alderman's walk, and currant jelly (of which, Hull told us, he had millions of pots, and which Bucklesbury was good enough to inform us went remarkably well with venison), illustrated as it was with plates, was enough to make any human being as sick as I certainly thought he must himself have been long before the close of the entertainment.

It was evident, however, that good digestion waited upon appetite, for after his display of activity as regarded the first course, he performed upon a couple of young ducks in a manner which astonished one-half of the company and disgusted the other. "'S'bud!" said the barrister, "a joke's a joke, but this is too much for friendship—an Eton man—eh—civic—what, eh," all of which running commentary upon the exhibition of the overgrown citizen, kept Hull, who worshipped the Josh, in a state of fever, by no means rendered intermittent, by the imitative powers of my friend the actor, who contrived to swell himself like the frog in the fable, and make himself, thin as he was, the very *fac-simile* of the mountainous *millionaire*.

The dessert, after Hull's description of his fruit, was rather a disappointment: the currants had been gathered, the gooseberries stolen, but there were still "*bushels*" of apples; and the cellar afforded the juice of the grape in its best possible state; "hundreds" of bottles graced the board, and every disposition to do ample justice to the profusion of our Amphytrion was manifested by his much-delighted guests.

The conversation, so long as "reason maintained her seat," was not much more cordial or vivacious than it had been earlier in the day. Bucklesbury, the *fetéd* of our host, was marked by his visiters as the general butt for their shafts, and the wags were most assuredly united, if in nothing else, in the determination to make him ridiculous. To say truth, he gave them but little trouble; but as the wine mounted, the feelings and passions of the party began to develope themselves; the

claret acted as varnish to the picture, and brought out all the lights and shadows of their minds; and what struck me particularly, who drank less, or at least less rapidly than my companions, was that, exactly in proportion as their animosity towards each other became more evident, they affected an additional degree of candour, prefacing the bitterest and most sarcastic observations, with declarations such as "Not that *I* think so, it is only what I hear!"—"Of course I don't allude to any particular person!"—"I hope nobody will think!" and so on, until from "gentle converse and communing sweet," the dinner-room assumed the tone and character of a miniature Babel, a fact of which the neighbourhood appeared to be pretty well aware, since groups of Mitchamites were seen looking and listening over the neat trimmed hedge, which, in the earnestness of argument, every body had forgotten was all that separated us from the public road. As the clergyman had left the party some time before it had arrived at its acmé, we had few scruples about our audience, and Hull, who was quite a triton amongst the minnows of Mitcham, "liked it."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear friend, let them hear—they may go a long way before they hear so many clever people talking again. My dear Sir, Mr. Bucklesbury, it is not worth *my* while to have dull people here—I value wit—I appreciate it—I have lived all my life with wits——"

"From Rochester downwards," said the Barrister.

"Thank my stars," said Bucklesbury, "I know very little about wits."

"Yet," said Duberly, "you seem always to have your wits about you."

"Dubs, Dubs," said Hull, checking the vivacity of the lawyer—perfectly aware that his opulent and corpulent friend had as faint a notion of taking as of making a joke.

"Yes, Sir," said the citizen, "the man must get up very early who hopes to master me. I've raised myself to my present high station—(Duberly's mouth curled, and the actor made a face)—by plain, plodding industry,—many a little makes a mickle, and you may rely upon it there are more fortunes saved than gained."

"But how the deuce," said Duberly, "is a man to begin saving, who has nothing to begin with?"

"Industry will always furnish the means, and economy will do the rest," said Bucklesbury. "Sir, I walked my way up to London with half-a-crown in my pocket, and I am now worth a couple of hundred thousand pounds, and no man can say black's the white of my eye. I had a friend who left our native town the same day as I did—he travelled by the waggon——"

"Like the Thespians," said Duberly.

"Be quiet, Dub," said Hull, giving the barrister a wink, by way of caution not to irritate the actor.

"And what became of *him?*" said Duberly.

"Him!" exclaimed Hull; "pooh, pooh, Dubs, you know him very well—so do you, Tim—I think we all happen to know him—an excellent man—and an alderman—hey—Mr. Sheriff—eh—I'm right—eh, you dog?"

"You are quite right," said the Sheriff.

"Oh!" said Duberly, "our friend Firkins?"

"*To* be sure," said Hull.

"Yes; but he's pretty well to do, as a body may say," said the barrister.

"Say!" exclaimed Hull; "what do you mean by 'a body may say?' he is a beggar—that's the consequence of his extravagance."

"A beggar!" said Duberly, "why, he is an alderman."

"What has that to do with it?" said Hull.

"I can't exactly say as he is a beggar," said the Sheriff; "he has made his hundred thousand snug, I'll be sworn."

"Well, but my dear friend," said Hull, "that's being a beggar compared with *you*. My dear Sir, I don't mean to say he begs about the streets, I mean to say he has not much more than a hundred thousand pounds."

"Riches, like everything else," said the poet, who was somewhat tired of the subject, and rather anxious to talk, "are comparative; I confess that the value of wealth appears to me to be exactly proportioned to the extent of benefits it enables one to confer——"

"Whose benefit is fixed?" said the actor, who hated sentimentality, stretching his head and hand forward, after the fashion of Sylvester Daggerwood.

"I don't mean theatrical benefits, Sir," said the poet; "I mean those solid benefits which exalted benevolence confers on suffering genius—there *are* Mæcenases even in these days."

"That there is," said the Sheriff, "asses of all sorts, I can be sworn, but none much greater than what are called geniuses."

"Or Jenny asses," interrupted Duberly.

"Dubs, Dubs," said Hull, "pray don't interrupt the Sheriff."

"I never knew but one genius in my life," said Bucklesbury; "and a queer genius he was: he belonged to the town I came from; he used to write verses, and play the fiddle, and sing the drollest songs I ever heard: he *was* a genius and a poet—and he was hanged for sheep-stealing."

"Clever fellow that," said Hull; "I happened to know him—Jem Fulcher—pooh! pooh!—I've got some of his poetry in my library now—extraordinary character—Tim knew him—eh—did not you?"

"Knew him! to be sure I did!" said the actor; "I gave an imitation of him after his death; very effective,—capital hit——"

"You came in second," said Duberly; "the hangman had taken him off first."

"I have often," said the newspaper editor, who had hitherto said nothing, "considered rendering the crime of sheep-stealing a capital offence, somewhat a stretch of severity."

"Good!" interrupted Duberly, "a very serious stretch, too——"

"I am not jesting, Sir," said the editor; "a person in my station, appointed—I perhaps ought to say, self-appointed—censor of public morals, and arbiter of public opinion, feels himself bound to consider maturely and gravely every subject by which the great mass of the people are likely to be more or less affected."

"'S'bud," said the barrister, "but the great mass of the people are not likely to turn sheep-stealers; so perhaps you might spare yourself the pain of undertaking so grave a task upon this particular subject."

"I have had a great respect for sheep-stealers, dead or alive," said the poet,—the sheriff here drew his chair at least three feet from the inspired bard, who was evidently beginning an oration,—"ever since the days of Jason; the——"

"Well," said Bucklesbury, "I cannot agree with you there, Sir."

"I speak of the Argonauts," continued the poet.

"Ah, Sir," said Bucklesbury, "I don't mean to say a word against the family of the Arbuthnots. But I lived in the country as a boy, and I cannot justify to myself sheep-stealing in any shape whatsoever."

The expression of despair which the countenance of the poet exhibited was admirably imitated by his opposite neighbour of the "sock and buskin;" and Duberly, who could no longer maintain his equivocal gravity, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Sir," continued the poet, who was very drunk, and getting rather angry, "trace the career of Jason from the moment he left the dragon—"

"Oh, Sir!" interrupted the Sheriff, "if your friend goes to the Dragon, I don't say anything about it; I always use the Swan."

"Pray, Sir," said the actor, with a look of imperturbable gravity, "how do you use a swan?"

"Like a goose," said Duberly, "I suppose."

"Mr. Hull," said the Sheriff, who did not understand the turn of the conversation, and did not know whether to be angry or pleased, "have you got any coffee for us?"

"Coffee!" said Hull, blushing blue with exultation up to the roots of his hair; "my dear friend, I have three thousand weight of coffee in the house—to be sure there is coffee—and, hey—something after—*chasse*—I happen to know—splendid dogs you in the city—but I think I have some Maraschino that never was equalled."

"Have him out," said the barrister.

"Pooh! pooh!—my dear Dubs," said Hull; "you have had him out, as you call it, often enough—you and Tim there have drank enough to know its quality."

"How, Sir," said the newspaper editor, "is the importation of these liqueurs managed? Isn't there something like a case to be made out against the government for permitting the introduction of foreign spirits?"

"Yes," said Duberly, "a liqueur-case."

"I am not joking, Mr. Duberly," said the editor, with a gravity more than proportioned to the occasion; "I speak, Sir, for information—I act not for myself but the world at large; men who devote themselves to the service of their country, as I do, do so because they hope it will be profitable——"

"To themselves," interrupted Duberly.

"Dubs, Dubs," said Hull, raising his glass to his eye, and frowning as severely as the kind, good-natured expression of his countenance would permit him, "you let nobody speak but yourself."

"I beg your pardon," said Dubs, sipping his wine with a provoking coolness, which seemed to indicate a determination to go on for some time, "everybody speaks, except myself, I only observe."

"I remain firm," said the editor, "to my question."

"I can't answer it," said the Sheriff, "for I am not in that line; I know nothing of the spirit business: but I'll be hanged, as far as taste

goes, if I don't think good cherry-bounce flogs all the foreign trash in the world."

"You are joking, Mr. Bucklesbury," said Hull, who, whenever anybody candidly spoke in approbation of something of a secondary nature, according to price, fancied he was quizzing him, for Hull, with all his good nature, was tenderly susceptible of being made ridiculous.

"Not I," said the Sheriff; "I have often said to Mrs. B., when we have been dining out,—and when in course one always eats and drinks a considerable sight more than one does at home,—that I, for one, prefer rum-shrub or cherry-brandy to all the garuses, and mallyskinos, and curasores in the world. However, here, I suppose, you are too fine to have such a thing as cherry-bounce?"

"Bounce!" exclaimed Hull, "cherry-bounce, my dear friend!—there's Dubs can tell you—I have gallons of it—make it by hogsheads—I have seven hundred pints of it in the next room."

Upon saying which, he rang the bell, and ordered the servant—first giving him a key and a caution—to bring forth sundry bottles of the boasted beverage; for, let it always be remembered, that Hull's cases of what might be thought bounce, were all as genuine as this of the cherry-bounce,—he *had* all the things he talked of, but his magnificence in the way of provision was what one certainly was not prepared for; and therefore until a certain number of cherry-brandy bottles had been produced by way of ratification, it seemed almost impossible to believe the extent of his preparations for conviviality.

Just as we were going to coffee, Hull gave a sort of supplicatory, hinting look to the actor, indicating a desire that he would sing a song, which, since it grew very near to Monday, and the clergyman had long before departed, seemed not very sinful. Of course, he had a headach and a cold, and "never did," and so on: however, at last he complied, and gave us one of the most entertaining descriptions of a fair, or a fight, or a race—I now forget which—I ever heard in my life, interspersed with sundry imitations of men, women, and children, not to speak of animals, ornithological and mammalial, the effect of which was wound up to a screaming power of laughter, by his introducing the most perfect imitation of the Sheriff himself, who about two minutes after the exhibition began to be beyond measure comical, had dropped his dewlap on his frill, and fallen fast asleep.

Duberly was very much inclined to blacken the Sheriff's face with burnt cork, after the fashion of my friend Daly at Richmond: but Hull, who was the very pink, I might say the crimson, of propriety, would not hear of such a thing; and accordingly we waited until the actor, less scrupulous than Dubs, prepared, *secundum artem*, a pellet of bread, which, well and properly directed against the left eye of Mr. Bucklesbury, caused him to awake from his slumbers, which he did, grunting out, as he raised his head from his waistcoat, clapping his hand at the same time on the table, "Bravo!—very good! Thank you; very good, indeed!"

Up-stairs we went—the Sheriff, of course, taking precedence; and there we had our coffee, our *chasse*, and a little tranquillity; and during this pause, the Sheriff, next whom I was placed, began to talk to me. He had heard that I was neither poet, dramatist, editor, painter, nor player—in short, that I had no intellectual qualities by which I could

possibly earn a shilling; but that, on the contrary, I had an income derivable from property which became hereditarily mine: he therefore felt a becoming respect for me. Besides, I had never attempted a joke —indeed, scarcely had spoken; and I therefore imagine I came up to what, in his fat mind, he considered a "quiet, gentlemanly man." He patronized—he fostered me, and I was grateful; and, after having looked at me with his fishy eyes for a minute or two, he asked me, with an earnestness which appeared ill-suited to the question, "whether I had ever eaten marrow-pudding?"

I was somewhat astounded, but I was quite sure it meant something kind, and would lead to something else; so I answered, as, indeed, I could not fail to do, if truth were to be my guide, that I had not, nor could imagine how such a composition could be prepared.

"Dine with me to-morrow at the Old Bailey," said the Sheriff.

I said I was very much obliged, but——

"But me no buts," said the Sheriff, "except a butt of Sherry. I say, that's a joke, isn't it? Don't say nothing to them as is here; but you come to the Sessions' House to-morrow about four. It's the last day. We shall dine at six—Common Sergeant dines at three—Recorder goes down to try—and I shall be glad of your company. Sentences, and all that—fine sight—shows what I call humane natur—eh? Come—ask for Mr. Sheriff Bucklesbury; the divil himself can't prevent you walking in. You understand—mum—not a word. I don't half like these chaps,—that editor, and the poet, I don't understand 'em—and the actor is a deuced sight too funny for me; but—you'll excuse me—I like *you*, and I says so;—I never makes two words of a straw. So come, hear the sentences, and eat marrow-pudding; and don't say a word about it to nobody."

The combination was curious,—"to hear sentences and eat marrow-pudding:" to me it was indeed a treat. I had an anxious time to pass until I could hear from Daly, and was justified, as I felt, in diverting my thoughts from the one object, thinking of which, could do me no good. I felt flattered, too, that this great civic authority should have selected me for his particular notice and civility; and, besides, I had never seen a criminal court; my experience had been limited to occasional visits on the bench at Bow-street to my worthy friend, whose advice I had slighted, and whose tutelage I had spurned; and altogether it was new, it was something to excite; and to those who recollect what a man of twenty-one is, when he is in love, it must be quite clear that excitement, *outre* the one subject, is indeed rarely to be produced. I therefore agreed to accept the invitation of Mr. Sheriff Bucklesbury, who squeezed my hand, in confirmation of the engagement, in a manner which I have never forgotten. If it were possible to imagine a pair of walnut-crackers made to the same size as that of his worship's thumb and fingers, I am quite sure their pressure would be a trifle compared to the grip which I received from my new and extensive friend. I was certain it was done in kindness; but at least a week elapsed before I recovered from the effects of it.

Our *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by the facetious Duberly, who believing that the Sheriff was a saint, asked him whether he had any objection to a rubber. Before his answer was given, Hull, who watched his worship with an almost Koo-too-ing kindness, came up, and drawing off

the barrister, said to him, "Dubs, Dubs, don't be childish—no cards here on a Sunday."

"No," said Duberly, "I am sure we *shall* have none—for you have none in the house."

"None!" exclaimed Hull, as usual—"no cards! Come, come, Tim, you know better than that. I have two hundred and fifty packs in this very room!"

A sort of doubtful murmur ran through the party, and the poet said something of "speaking by the card," when Hull, getting rather angry at being doubted, proceeded to unlock a closet in the room, and the moment the door was opened, at least twenty packs of entirely new cards tumbled out upon the floor; the astonishment was general.

"My dear friend," said Hull, "you ought to know me better—I never say what isn't true—I bought these cards two years ago—best cards you ever played with—I never buy inferior articles—got them in a lump—two hundred and fifty packs—told you so—you may count 'em, Dubs—I see you laughing, Tim—you may laugh—count 'em as you would benefit tickets—pooh, pooh, don't tell me."

Whether we did or did not play cards, I really do not now recollect—I remember laughing until I almost cried, at some delightful imitations of the actor. We had anchovy toasts, and broiled bones, and all the incentives to dissipation, in which we speedily engaged; punch, and all other destructive and delightful drinks, were introduced; the actor became more and more agreeable; the editor seemed pacified; Dubs was delightful; and the poet concluded the sports of the evening by pulling off his wig, and throwing it at the inimitable favourite of the evening. Then all became noise, confusion, mirth, and mystification; and when I opened my eyes in the morning, I found myself as thirsty as a crocodile, with a tremendous head-ache, and pains in all my joints, the sure result of excess committed in my early life.

When I woke, I could not for some time recollect where I was, or where I had dined. I could by no means remember how I got to the bed in which I found myself; it was the scene of St. James's-street acted over again, only there had been no gambling, and there were no visible results. I began to consider whether I had said or done anything either particularly ridiculous or offensive; but vain were my efforts at reflection, until the chambermaid coming into the room, at once, by an association not to be questioned, convinced me that when I came to the inn from Hull's, the night before, I had

"Fancied she was a goddess,
And she thought me a fool."

And oh, how abashed and dissatisfied does a fellow feel, when he awakes, in his sober senses, to a faint recollection of the absurdities he has committed while degraded and debased by wine, or what the very genteel may think even worse, punch; and I, too, the devoted to Emma. I never shall forget the feverish, heated, mawkish, wretched state in which I was: however, it seemed an understood thing that I must appear at breakfast, and as I recollected my engagement, must subsequently dine at the Old Bailey to eat marrow puddings, by invitation from one of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex.

There is no meal so odious as breakfast, in company. I had been excellent friends with all the mad devils of the preceding night, but

when I came, sick and uncomfortable, into the breakfast-room, I had to begin it all again, to re-commence my acquaintance, and to hear, by way of comfort, innumerable allusions to what I had said and done, in the latter part of the preceding evening, of which I myself was perfectly unconscious; and then the wretched effort at eating; the tasteless tea, the dreadful egg—I was near dying of it, and sorely repented that I had so far invaded Hull's most unquestionable hospitality as to remain for the night at Mitcham.

Hull, however, was off to business early; his gig and horse were at the door by ten, and he and Duberly dashed away, the one to the City, the other to the Temple; the poet lodged near at hand, and the editor walked off to town, intending, as he said, to loiter about the neighbourhood of Lower Tooting, for the purpose of collecting some information upon the actual state of the population in the agricultural districts. The actor was not up, and did not come down to breakfast; he saw no fun in early hours, and therefore him I did not meet, but else by eleven o'clock we were all on the wing; and I left the cottage impressed with the kindness and hospitality of my new old friend Hull, who had completely vindicated himself from what I really did, before I had witnessed the proofs of his veracity, think was a little in the line of our venerable friend the Baron Munchausen. Having taken my departure, I drove to town, in order by some means, if possible, to refresh and re-invigorate myself sufficiently to appear before the Judge and Jury, at the hour mentioned by my worshipful friend, Mr. Sheriff Bucklesbury.

It may seem singular, even extraordinary, having in my earlier days, as I have already said, frequently visited my worthy friend the magistrate at Bow Street; and later in my career attended the Courts in Westminster Hall, that I had never been in a court of criminal justice; and, as I have also said—perhaps superfluously—there is something extremely embarrassing in the anticipation of entering upon an entirely new scene of action in society. My directions from my new and important friend the Sheriff, were, however, plain and explicit; and accordingly, at a little before three, I presented myself at a door under the colonnade, at the back of the Sessions House, and was speedily ushered on to the Bench, where I had no sooner taken my seat, than with a feeling hardly explicable, but which I positively declare originated in diffidence, I fancied myself the object of general attention; the fact being, that no human being in the Court (which was crowded to excess) was conscious whether I had come into it or not.

My friend Bucklesbury, who was seated in full costume at the left hand of the semicircular tribune, in a box of his own, his wand of office erect at his side, and a bouquet upon the desk before him, beckoned me in a kind and condescending manner to approximate; and I accordingly shifted my position so as to come more immediately under his wing, or rather directly over his head, in which position I much rejoiced, as he was kind enough to enlighten me upon many points with respect to proceedings in criminal law with which I was before by no means familiar.

As I entered the Court, a case of some importance had just terminated, and the Judge just concluded his summing up, when the Clerk of the Arraigns put the customary question to the jury, "How say ye, gentlemen—is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?" Upon which the jurymen laid their heads together, and I heard something in a

whisper from their foreman, who immediately pronounced the agreeable verdict, "not guilty." The prisoner bowed gracefully—he was a pick-pocket—and retired.

The prompt decision of the jury convinced me that it must have been a clear case; and I rejoiced at the departure of the now exonerated sufferer.

"That's a reg'lar rascal," said the Sheriff to me in a whisper; "never was such a case heard on, to be sure—seventeen watches, thirty-two pocket handkerchiefs, four pair of spectacles, and five snuff-boxes, were all found upon his person!"

"Yet," said I, "the evidence could not have been very strong against him—the jury acquitted him after a minute's consultation."

"Evidence, Mr. Gurney!" said the Sheriff, "how little you do know of the Old Bailey!—why, if these London juries were to wait to consider evidence, we never should get through the business—the way we do here, is to make a zig-zag of it."

I did not exactly comprehend the term as it was now applied, although Daly had often used it in my society with reference to a pin and a card universally employed at the interesting game of *rouge et noir;* and I therefore made no scruple of expressing my ignorance.

"Don't you understand, Sir?" said the Sheriff; "why the next prisoner will be found guilty—the last was acquitted; the one after the next will be acquitted too—it comes alternate like; save half, convict half—that's what we call a zig-zag; and taking the haggregate, it comes to the same pint, and I think justice is done as fair here as in any Court in Christendom."

This explanation rendered the next prisoner who made his appearance, an object of considerable interest to me. He was a little dirty boy, who stood charged with having stolen a pound of bacon and a peg-top from a boy somewhat his junior. The young prosecutor produced a witness, who, as far as appearances went, might without any great injustice have taken the place of the prisoner, and who gave his evidence with considerable fluency and flippancy. His manner attracted the notice of one of the leading barristers of the Court, Mr. Flappertrap, who in cross-examining him, inquired whether he knew the nature of an oath?

"Yes, I does," said the boy.

"Explain it," said Flappertrap.

"You may be d—— d," replied the lad, "that's a hoath, arn't it?"

"What does he say?" said the Judge; who, as I about this period discovered, was as deaf as a post.

He says, "You may be d—— d, my Lord," said Flappertrap, who appeared particularly glad of an opportunity to borrow a phrase, which he might use for the occasion.

"What does he mean by that?" said the Judge.

"That is the way, my Lord, in which he exhibits his knowledge of the nature of an oath."

"Pah! pah!" said the Judge; "Boy, d'ye hear me?"

"Yes," said the boy, "I hears."

"Have you ever been to school?"

"Yes," said the boy, "in St. Giles's parish for three years."

"Do you know your catechism?"

The boy muttered something which was not audible to the Court generally, and was utterly lost upon the Judge personally.

"What does he say?" said his Lordship.

"Speak up, Sir," said Mr. Flappertrap.

The boy muttered again, looking down and seeming embarrassed.

"Speak louder, Sir," said another barrister, whose name I did not know, but who was remarkable for a most unequivocal obliquity of vision; "speak to his Lordship—look at him—look as *I* do, Sir."

"I can't," said the boy, "you squints!"

A laugh followed this bit of *naïveté*, which greatly abashed the counsellor, and somewhat puzzled the Judge.

"What does he say?" said his Lordship.

"He says he knows his catechism, my Lord."

"Oh! does not know his catechism; why then what——"

"*Does* know, my Lord," whispered the Lord Mayor, who was in the chair.

"Oh! ah! *does* know—I know—here, boy," said his Lordship; "you know your catechism, do you?"

"Yes;" replied he, sullenly.

"We'll see, then. What is your name?" said his Lordship.

"My name," said the intelligent lad; "what, in the catechism?"

"Yes; what is your name?"

"M or N, as the case may be," said the boy.

"Go down, go down," said the Judge, angrily, and down he went.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said his Lordship, "this case will require very little of your attention; the only evidence against the prisoner at the bar, which goes to fasten the crime upon him, is that which has been offered by the last witness, who evidently is ignorant of the nature and obligation of an oath. With respect to the pig's toes which the prisoner stands charged with stealing——"

"Peg-top, my Lord!" said Flappertrap, standing up, turning round, and speaking over the bench into the Judge's ear.

"Peg-top," said his Lordship; "oh! ah! I see—very bad pen—it looks in my notes like pig's toes. Well, peg-top; of the peg-top which it is alleged he took from the prosecutor, there has not been one syllable mentioned by the prosecutor himself; nor do I see that the charge of taking the bacon is by any means proved. There is no point for me to direct your attention to, and you will say whether the prisoner at the bar is guilty or not; and a very trumpery case it is altogether, that I must say."

His Lordship sat down, and the jury again laid their heads together; again the foreman gave the little "hem" of conscious readiness for decision; again did the Clerk of the Arraigns ask the important question, "How say ye, gentlemen, is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?" "Guilty," said the Foreman to the Clerk of the Arraigns; and "I told you so," said the Sheriff to me.

The next case was a short one. The prisoner a woman; the evidence clear and straightforward; but no great interest was excited, because it was known that the case for the trial of which, in point of fact, the learned Judge had, for particular reasons, given his attendance, and which accounted for his Lordship's presence as the close of the sessions, was very speedily to come on. This extraordinary combination

of circumstances afforded me the most favourable opportunity of seeing all the sights of this half-awful, half-amusing scene, even to the discharge of the Grand Jury, who had been specially kept together for the purpose of finding or ignoring the bill preferred against the eminent culprit, who was evidently the great attraction of the day; having found which, they had but three more to decide upon.

It was in the middle of the defence of the female prisoner, now "*coram nobis*," and just as she was making a beautiful but useless appeal to the "gentlemen of the jury," that a bustle in the Court announced some coming event.

"I am," said the weeping prisoner, "an orphan; I lost my mother while I was yet a child; my father married again, and I was driven from what had been before a happy home—I have only to pray——"

Bang went a door—the scuffle of feet was heard—down went some benches—"Make way, make way!" cried some of the officers. "Stand back, Sir, stand back; the gentlemen of the Grand Jury are coming into Court." To what the moaning prisoner at the bar might have limited her supplications, I never had an opportunity of ascertaining, for the noise I have mentioned was succeeded by the appearance of eighteen or nineteen men, dressed up in something like the shabbiest dominos I had seen at Lady Wolverhampton's masquerade, trimmed with very dirty fur; the leader, or foreman, carrying in his hand three bits of parchment. As these gentlemen advanced to a space reserved for them in the centre of the Court, the Judge kept exchanging bows with them until they had all reached their destination. The Foreman then delivered to the Clerk the three bits of parchment, who, putting his glasses on his nose, read: James Hickson, larceny—not found; John Hogg, felony—true bill; Mary Anne Hodges, felony—not found. The Clerk of Arraigns then informed his Lordship, partly by words and partly by signs, the result of the deliberations of the Grand Jury, and the fact that there were no more bills to send before them. Having thus far proceeded, that officer inquired if the gentlemen of the Grand Jury had any presentment to make; whereupon the Foreman, one of the largest and dirtiest-looking persons imaginable, but whose countenance was indicative of love of power and command, and who appeared, at the moment he prepared himself, to unburden his great soul of a grievance, to feel as if the whole world were a foot-ball made for him to play with.

"My Lord," said he, drawing himself up into an attitude, "I am sure I need not, at this time of day, enter into any discussion with your Lordship on the vast importance of the rights and privileges of Englishmen—of the original establishment of the trial by Jury in this country. It would be worse than idle to occupy your valuable time and that of this Court, by dilating upon the merits of our constitution—the chiefest of which has, I may say—been always—and I will say—wisely, considerately and prudently held to be that peculiar mode of administering justice between man and man. But, my Lord, if in civil cases the deliberations and decisions of a Jury are considered adequate safeguards to the rights and property of the people, the law, still more careful of their lives and liberties, has interposed in criminal cases another and a higher tribunal in the nature of a Grand Jury."

Hereabouts the Judge having bowed his head most graciously, omitted to raise it again, having dropped into a sound slumber.

"That tribunal of mediation, in the first instance, is full of importance; and whatever subsequent proceedings may be taken in a case, I do say, for myself and my fellows, that a decision upon *ex-parte* evidence requires more circumspection, more care, and more consideration than a verdict delivered after a case has been argued, and after witnesses have been heard on both sides.

"If, my Lord, your Lordship concedes this point, I will merely say, generally, that when the mind is occupied by any important object, more especially in matters of jurisprudence, it is absolutely necessary that nothing, if possible, should occur to irritate or exacerbate the feelings—all should be calm and at rest."

Several people turned their eyes towards his Lordship, and some smiled.

"No incidental annoyance should be permitted to interpose itself; nothing which could divert the Judge from the point to which his intellectual faculties ought to be directed, and where, my Lord, under suitable circumstances, they would, as they should, naturally converge. But, my Lord, we are finite beings—creatures of habit—subject to all the weaknesses of our nature, and liable to be acted upon by impulses almost unaccountable to ourselves. For myself, and my fellows, I may, perhaps, hope for a favourable interpretation of our intentions, and for a lenient judgment of our conduct. We have, my Lord, struggled hard to do our duty, and I hope we have done it serviceably and effectually—conscientiously and faithfully, I am sure we have. But, my Lord, we do think it necessary to call your Lordship's most serious attention to a fact which is embodied in the presentment which I hold in my hand. It is one which occurs to us to be of paramount importance, as far as the tempering of justice with mercy is involved: we have suffered grievously from the existence of the evil to which we point; and although at this time of the year its effects are of course not so heavily felt as in the winter season, we have considered it a duty we owe to this Court, to our fellow-countrymen, and, we may say, to every man intimately or remotely connected with the administration of criminal justice, spread as they may be over the whole surface of the globe, to state that the chimney in the Grand Jury room smokes so much and so continually, that it is impossible to endure its effects calmly or patiently; and we therefore think it right to bring the matter thus formally before your Lordship, and to desire that measures may be taken to abate a nuisance which, by its effects, is calculated to thwart, impede, and even distort the course of justice, and produce evils, the magnitude of which it is scarcely possible to imagine, and certainly not to express."

A buzz of approbation from the gentlemen of the Grand Jury, who had been undergoing the process of smoke-drying for several days, created a stir in the Court, in the midst of which the learned Judge awoke; and the Lord Mayor having whispered into his Lordship's wig, his Lordship bowed, and the Clerk took the parchment.

"Mr. Foreman and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury," said his Lordship, "I am happy to say that your labours for the present are concluded, there are no more bills for your consideration; your presentment shall be attended to, and I have to acknowledge your great zeal and attention, and to give you thanks for your services. Gentlemen, you are now discharged."

The bows, and scufflings, and cries of "Make way there for the Gen-

tlemen of the Grand Jury, who are coming out of Court," were resumed, and the orator and his peers retired, leaving the poor girl at the bar, wondering what had happened, and what could be the reason that the worshipful community with the cat-skin tippets should have intruded themselves in the middle of her pathetic defence, in order to discuss the irritating characteristics of a smoky chimney.

I admit that the pompous oratory of the foreman, the "*mons parturiens*"—a splendid exhibition—and the "*ridiculus mus*," which eventually presented itself, were to me treats of no common order, and I regretted that Daly was not with me to participate in devouring the grave absurdities which we should have had before us.

The trial of the girl was concluded, and I had no doubt as to her fate, now that I became acquainted with the principle—she was acquitted, and never shall I forget the effect which this result of her trial produced upon her manners and features. The moment my friend Zig-zag had pronounced the words "not guilty," the pathetic expression which had characterized her countenance turned into the most humorous, and having winked her eye at the learned Judge, who, poor man, had summed up decidedly against her, she proceeded to place her two hands extended in a right line from the tip of her nose, in the direction of his Lordship's seat, after the fashion of what is called "taking a double sight," and then, making a noise which, if not indescribable by imitation, is certainly irreducible to writing, something between that which a hackney-coachman utters to encourage his tired horses, and that which a duck makes when it sees either a ditch or a drake in dry weather, she turned herself suddenly round with the least graceful piroüette I ever saw, leaving one of the hands which she had previously elevated for observation, the last part of her person visible.

A short case of pot-stealing followed—the prisoner was found guilty in ten minutes: and then came *the* case: it was a curious and intricate one, and I felt quite assured, when I saw the prisoner, a genteel-looking young man, take his place under the inverted mirror, contrived with an almost diabolical ingenuity, so as to refract and reflect the light upon his face from the huge window at his back; I said to myself, having got both hardened and hungry during my short probation in Court, "We shall not dine at six to-day."

It might, perhaps, injure the feelings of the individual himself, or, if he be dead, those of his friends and relations, to detail the particular case, the more especially as nothing could be clearer than that the crime laid to his charge was amply and satisfactorily—to everybody except himself—proved and substantiated.

Just as the last witness for the defence was under cross-examination, I saw one of the Lord Mayor's servants put his powdered head in at a little hole, and whisper something to the Ordinary of Newgate, a remarkably pious-looking man, in full canonicals, with a buz wig, which, to use Foote's phraseology, speaking of Dr. Simony, (by whom, as of course everybody knows, he meant the unfortunate Dr. Dodd,) "looked as white as a curd, and as close as a cauliflower." It struck me either that the pretty wanton who had just been acquitted, desired some serious conversation with the clergyman, or that the last convicted pot-stealer felt some qualms of conscience, and had sent for spiritual assistance; but no, my friend Mr. Sheriff Bucklesbury relieved my mind from any such

apprehensions, by inviting me to a whisper, with an expression of countenance which convinced me that it was nothing of so serious a character which had suddenly summoned the reverend divine from the Court.

"Good news!" said the Sheriff; "land is in sight."

"What?" said I, not exactly "catching the idea."

"Dinner is not far distant," said the Sheriff, "the Ordinary has been sent for to dress the salad."

Well, thought I, that a man so dressed, and so addressed, as the reverend divine opposite, should quit the seat of justice tempered with mercy, to mix oil and vinegar in a salad bowl, does seem strange. It was evident to *me*, from the manner in which my friend spoke of the chaplain's secular vocations, that his respect for the table was infinitely greater than that which he entertained for the cloth, and never from that day have I seen painted over suburban inns, "An Ordinary on Sundays at two o'clock," without thinking of the reverend functionary so styled in the Old Bailey, and the probable duties he would be called upon to perform.

The evidence having terminated, and the clock pointing to fifteen minutes after six, his Lordship began summing up. I have already mentioned that his Lordship was deaf, and the strange blunders which I have noticed in his early charges will perhaps serve to inform the reader of these papers, whoever he may be, that his Lordship's hand-writing was utterly intelligible, even to himself; indeed so completely illegible were his notes, that the only resource his Lordship had, if ever they were called for, upon motions for new trials (which perhaps I need not here add was, in his Lordship's case, by no means an unfrequent occurrence) was to send them to be printed, printers being proverbially the best decipherers in the world.

His Lordship's charge—barring the inevitable blunders and hesitations rendered absolutely necessary by their almost hopeless illegibility—was exceedingly minute and elaborated. He recapitulated *verbatim* the evidence of the three first witnesses, and continued thus of the fourth:—

"Now, Gentlemen of the Jury, here is Amos Hardy—Handy—no, not Handy—Harding—Amos Harding tells you, that on Tuesday—no, not Tuesday, I see—Friday the 14th—that is, the 24th—he was going along Liverpool—no, Liquorpond-street—near Guy's Island—Guy's—no, Gray's Inn-lane—yes, going along Liquorpond-street, Gray's Inn-lane—at about eight o'clock in the morning—and saw the fire break out of Mr. Stephenson's windows. This, Gentlemen of the Jury, is a very remarkable fact, and, in connexion with some other circumstances to which we shall presently come, is quite worthy of your particular attention; you perceive that he swears to eight o'clock in the morning."

"Evening, my Lord," said Mr. Flappertrap, standing up and whispering his Lordship audibly.

"Evening, is it?" said his Lordship; "aye, so it is—evening—no matter—he swears to the time at which he saw the fire break out—and hence will naturally arise in your minds a chain of circumstances which it will be my duty to endeavour to unravel. In the first place——"

Hereabouts one of the servants of the Court put his head in at one of the doors at the back of the bench, and whispered the Lord Mayor much after the manner in which Mr. Flappertrap had just before whispered the Judge. His Lordship immediately pulled out his watch—then looked

at the clock—and then wrote a few words upon a slip of paper, and laid that slip of paper upon his Lordship's notes. The Judge took up the memorandum and tore it in pieces—as I thought indignantly.

"You know what that means?" said my friend the Sheriff.

"No," said I.

"Dinner's waiting," replied my friend—an announcement which startled me, as it seemed impossible but that it would be kept waiting for some considerable time. This little scene, however, was followed by the arrival of the Recorder, who, after bowing to the Lord Mayor, took his seat on the bench.

"I told you so," said the Sheriff, "Mr. Recorder is come to try the remaining cases——"

A cry of "Silence—pray, silence," indicated that Mr. Sheriff Bucklesbury and I were speaking somewhat too loudly.

"The circumstances to which I allude," continued his Lordship, after he had torn up the note, "are in fact so clearly detailed in the evidence you have heard, that to men of intelligence and experience, like those I am now addressing, any attempt at explanation on my part would be superfluous. The case appears a very clear one—you have to decide upon the value of the evidence, and return your verdict accordingly, giving the prisoner the benefit of any doubts you may entertain on the question."

"Never was I more surprised than at finding the promised explanations and comparisons of facts and testimony so suddenly cut short, after the manner of "the story of the bear and fiddle," and I could not help, while the Clerk of the Arraigns was putting his accustomed question to the jury, noticing the circumstance to my worshipful friend.

"To be sure," said the Sheriff, "don't you see? the time is up—he smells the marrow puddings."

The Jury, emulating the expedition of the Judge, in one minute, according to the zig-zag system, acquitted the prisoner; whereupon, his Lordship rising to depart, addressed that individual in words to this effect:—

"Prisoner at the bar, you have been tried by an able, patient, and conscientious jury of your countrymen, who, convinced like myself of the enormity of your crime, and of the wicked intentions by which you were actuated in its commission, have returned the only verdict which they could justly and honestly return—they have well discharged their duty. And although it is not *my* province in this place to pronounce the awful sentence of the law upon you, I shall take care——"

Here Mr. Flappertrap whispered his Lordship that the jury had acquitted the prisoner.

"By and bye, Sir," said his Lordship, angry at being interrupted—"I shall take care, young man, that an example shall be made in your person, of the——"

The Lord Mayor here ventured to suggest that the "young man" was found *not* guilty.

"Very well, my Lord—presently, presently," said his Lordship—"even-handedness of justice; and that an enormous offender of your class may not be suffered to escape the just vengeance of the laws which he has outraged."

Here Mr. Flappertrap whipped a bit of paper over the desk of the bench, into the very place which the announcement of dinner had so recently occupied. His Lordship looked at it, and exclaimed unconsciously, "Oh! ah! umph!" and then continued—"It is true that upon the present occasion the mercy and forbearance of the jury have been exercised in a signal manner; and I trust their benevolence and indulgence will not be thrown away upon you. I maintain my own opinion still; yet they have decided, and I have only to receive that decision. You are discharged, Sir, and may go about your business; but I can tell you this, young man, you have had a very narrow escape indeed."

There was not a person in Court who did not tacitly admit the truth and justice of at least the concluding passage of his Lordship's address to the acquitted prisoner; nor was that individual himself the least astonished of his Lordship's auditors. The incident, however, was worthy of its place in the day's proceedings, as producing a climax to the judicial operations of the learned Lord, and leaving upon the minds of all his Majesty's liege subjects then and there present, a conviction that, however classical it may be to picture Justice blind, it is not, as a matter of convenience and utility, at all desirable that she should also be deaf.

The signal for our departure having been given, I proceeded with my friend the Sheriff to ascend the stairs which led to the dining-room. When we reached the apartment, which was at the top of the building, we found several persons already assembled, and in conversation with the Ordinary, who were come to partake of the dinner, but whose taste did not lead them to listen to the trials in Court. Four or five barristers soon joined the group; and in a few minutes we sat down to the repast, which was more plentiful than splendid, and in which the much-vaunted marrow-puddings displayed themselves conspicuously. The Lord Mayor took the head of the table, and the Chaplain placed himself at the foot of it. I sat between my friend and patron the Sheriff and Mr. Flappertrap, whose proceedings below stairs had attracted a very considerable share of my attention. I found him pleasant and full of anecdote—the Chaplain cut jokes innumerable—the Lord Mayor was absolutely droll—and the venerable Judge himself laughed at some anecdotes which were told him, till tears ran down his venerable cheeks.

Strange contrast!—Five minutes before, these people had been below, dispensing the law to the people, deciding the fates and fortunes of their fellow-men, raising or destroying the hopes of the doubting, trembling friends and relatives of those arraigned before them; and now—their spirits having risen progressively with themselves to the top of the same building—there they were, eating, drinking, and laughing, as if the dinner of which they were partaking was, in point of fact, the only cause or reason for their assembling.

The feast went on—some of the barristers departed for the Court—the Chaplain "passed the wine"—and the conversation became general as the party diminished; when one of the servants announced to his reverence that the "yeoman of the halter" had just arrived from Wales. The style and title of this officer was new to me; and when a stout, beetle-browed man entered the room, and made a low bow, I inquired of my friend the Sheriff what part in the play he performed?

"That's Scraggs," said the Sheriff.

"Yes," said I; "but what is yeoman of the halter?"

"A joke," said the Sheriff;—"what you and the unlearned call Jack Ketch!"

I felt a mingled sensation of surprise, and, I must admit, horror, at being in the same room with this most dreadful functionary. That feeling wore off when I found the Sheriffs, the Under-Sheriffs, and even the Lord Mayor himself, recognize him. The Chaplain, who was always destined to participate with him in the performance of the last scene upon the scaffold, filled a glass of wine, and handed it to him.

"Well, Mr. Yeoman," said his reverence, "you have been out of town some time?"

"Five veeks altogether, Doctor," said Scraggs. "I vent down, you know, into Vales, for the first job; but there vas a respit, vhich kept me back a fortnight."

"It is a curious fact," said the Chaplain, addressing himself to me; "but in the case to which the yeoman refers, he was obliged to go down to Carmarthen to hang a horse-stealer, because not a native of the principality could be found to perform that duty on a Welshman."

"Quite true, Sir," said Scraggs. "Howsomever, I had two executions besides that, durin' the time I vas out—one at Hereford, and another at Gloucester: they both vent off uncommon vell. It has been beautiful weather the whole time; and I don't think I ever spent so pleasant a five veeks in all my life."

The yeoman having finished his wine, put his glass upon a side table, made a bow to the company, and retired; about which time arrived the Recorder, and two or three barristers. This seemed to be the signal for a general move; and I suggested to my friend the Sheriff a return to the Court. This, however, was a vain proposition; for it was almost immediately announced that the last trial was on, and that the Common Sergeant had relieved the learned Recorder, who was to arrange the various sentences of the prisoners, which yet remained undecided, after which ceremony we should all go into Court, and hear those sentences pronounced.

It was, as I have already said, by a peculiarly happy combination of circumstances that I was enabled to see all these features of civic justice combined. The Judge, however, as soon as the Recorder made his appearance, rose from table: we all did the same. They remained in conversation for some time, when his Lordship bowed to the company, and retired, accompanied by the Lord Mayor, and one or two of the guests. The Recorder then assumed the presidential chair, and we began the afternoon afresh. The Chaplain pushed round the wine—the butler placed glasses before the Recorder, together with pens and ink, and a long book-like paper, which I found to be the calendar. At his right-hand sat one of the City Pleaders, and on his left the Clerk of Arraigns, who had joined our party at the same period with his Lordship.

The learned Judge having placed his spectacles on his nose, began to peruse the names and crimes which this book of fate contained, and to apportion to each culprit tried that day such quantum of punishment as he might seem to deserve.

"No. 174," read his Lordship. "Martha Hickman—stealing pew-

ter-pots. What shall we say, Mr. Drawley?—Gentlemen, I have the pleasure to drink all your very good healths.—Why, Mr. Butler——"

"My Lord."

"What wine is this?"

"The same wine your Lordship always drinks," said Mr. Butler; for every office in the City, which is not dignified with a lordly title, is designated at once by its name, to which is prefixed Mister—for instance, the Lord Mayor's mace-bearer and sword-bearer are uniformly called, as, indeed, they call each other, Mr. Mace and Mr. Sword,—so—Mr. Butler.

"Not a bit of it, Sir," said his Lordship; "this is sour, bad, wishy-washy stuff—not fit to be drunk."

"I am very sorry, my Lord——"

"Sorry!" said his Lordship; "what signifies being sorry, Sir? You should take care, in the first instance, to have proper wine put down."

"I will change it, my Lord, I——"

"Change it!" said the Recorder; "to be sure, Sir, change it directly! It won't do, Sir; this sort of thing has happened before. Get some other wine, Sir, directly!"

This command was delivered in a tone of thunder, preceded by a flash of lightning from the eye of the irritated Judge, who then fell to work upon the calendar.

"Martha Hickman, stealing three pewter-pots—seven years' transportation."

"Robert Hayes, stealing two fowls, one duck, and a doe-rabbit—fourteen years, I think; eh, Mr. Drawley? Yes—fourteen years. Have you marked him?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"Harriet Richards, stealing four yards of linen. Richards?—was not that the woman with the cap and ribbons?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"That was a hanging cap," said his Lordship. "Hardened woman—two years' imprisonment."

"Walter Cutts, stealing two loaves—seven years for him, I think.—Did you ever taste such stuff as that wine, Mr. Ordinary?"

"My Lord?"

"You have not been drinking any of that bottle, have you?"

"No, my Lord," said the Chaplain, "it is corked."

"It never should have been uncorked here, Mr. Ordinary;" said the Judge; "it is an absolute insult.—Well,—Stephen Robinson, stealing two pewter-pots—upon my honour, it is enough to bring on a cholera morbus—Robinson, seven years' transportation.—Vinegar would be just as palatable.—Rachel Marsh, fourteen years—abominable woman. Simon Warner, pair of boots—umph—oh, I recollect that case—transportation for life.—Well, Sir——"

"Will your Lordship please to try this?" said Mr. Butler, proffering a new bottle. His Lordship, still muttering indignation, filled his glass, and after smelling its *bouquet*, and looking at its brightness, swallowed the contents. "Ah," said his Lordship, "this is something like wine. Why did not you give us this at first, Mr. Butler? Fill my glass again—hand it round—you'll find that, Mr. Ordinary, quite another sort of

thing—excellent, excellent wine, indeed. Well, let us finish our business. Robert Holland, stealing fourteen gold watches, thirty-four gold chains, six time-keepers, and sundry loose diamonds—oh, in a dwelling-house—well, let's say three months for him—capital wine, isn't it, Mr. Clerk, capital. Roger Perkins, stealing three mares and a foal—six weeks' imprisonment. Anne Griffiths, administering poison to her mother, aunt, and two sisters—poor girl—case of mistake, eh?—pass that bottle, Mr. Ordinary—childish carelessness—what shall we say? one month. Simmons, cow—oh, fine one shilling and discharge. That's the last, I think.'

Never was I more convinced of a man's wisdom than I was at this moment, of that of the foreman of the Grand Jury, who had expatiated so elaborately on the effect of irritating circumstances, acting upon the mind while it is employed in the dispensation of justice. As a sequel to the decision of the Jury, it appeared to me that the apportionment of the punishments was incomparable; however, for the scene that was immediately to follow, I own I was not prepared.

Just as the Judge had concluded the "catalogue of crime," it was announced that the last trial was over, and that the Court was waiting for his Lordship to pronounce sentence upon the convicted prisoners. The company rose and followed his Lordship down stairs to the Court; I resumed my seat upon the bench, wholly unconscious of the nature of the spectacle which was so soon to absorb my attention.

The whole place had assumed a different aspect since I had left it; it was now night, and the lights were burning dimly in their sockets; a profound silence reigned, and every eye was directed towards the door by which the prisoners, classified before their arrival, were to enter the dock. After the lapse of some minutes of suspense, a motley crowd pressed forward towards the bar; sobs and groans were heard, and faint stifled cries, which evidently proceeded from those relations of the culprits, to whom, fallen and debased as they were, they were yet devoted in affection.

"Who are these?" said I to Bucklesbury.

"These are the capital convicts; you'll hear in a moment," was the reply.

And I did hear,—one of the most awful addresses ever made to guilty creatures, delivered by the Judge, who, but a few minutes before, had seemed to me to be of the world, worldly. It appeared as if he had become suddenly inspired with an almost unearthly dignity and power. His voice deep and impressive, his language forcible and eloquent; the purport of his dread appeal, and its termination, never will be effaced from my memory. And when, in conclusion, amidst their wailings and supplications, he passed the awful sentence of the law upon his fellow-creatures, and, in dooming them to die, prayed for mercy on their souls, I fell back in a state of insensibility, wholly overcome by my feelings, much, as I subsequently perceived, to the amusement of one of the under-sheriffs, (a small attorney,) who, at a later period of the evening, whether in order to enjoy a joke at my expense, or to affect the hospitable, I do not exactly know, told me that he supposed, as I had heard the sentences, I might like to witness the execution of those who were to die, in which case, he should be glad to see me whenever the day was fixed;

adding, with an expression of peculiar *bonhommie*, "we hang at eight, and breakfast at nine."

There can be no question that a constant familiarization with such scenes, blunts the feelings, if it does not harden the heart. The butcher's wife, who bribed her baby to take physic by promising it, if it were a good child, that it should stick a lamb the next morning, saw nothing revolting in the idea of killing that, by the death of which she lived. To shew to what an extent experience in horrors deprives them of their effect, I may mention the following fact, related to me many years after this period by a friend :—

When the traitor Thistlewood and his murderous gang of accomplices were to be executed before Newgate, my friend, whose taste lay that way, secured a window to witness the catastrophe. The sentence included decapitation after death ; and when the executioner commenced his work by cutting off the head of Thistlewood, and holding it up to the people as the head of a traitor, a shudder of horror thrilled through the crowd. The second similar operation upon the next culprit produced a similar effect, but in a slighter degree ; and so completely did that feeling wear off as the performance of his duty proceeded, that when, in lifting the head of the seventh traitor, as the preceding six had been lifted to the public gaze, the executioner happened to let it fall, cries of "Ah, clumsy," "halloo," "butter fingers," were heard from various quarters of the assembly.

The awful denunciation of offended justice from the lips of the Judge certainly did not produce upon the *habitués* the effect it had upon me. To the passing of the minor sentences I listened with composure, and I confess that when I heard Robert Hayes sentenced to fourteen years' transportation for stealing two fowls, two ducks, and a doe rabbit, and Ann Griffiths saddled with a month's imprisonment for endeavouring to poison all her existing relatives, I could not help thinking of the butler's corked bottle, and the foreman's smoky chimney.

When the Court rose, I shook hands with my new friend the sheriff ; and having taken a glass of hot brandy and water with the Ordinary, which he recommended as a corrective for the indisposition produced by my sensibility, I quitted the Sessions-house, amazed and amused by what I had seen and heard ; and amazed most of all that I had actually existed eight hours without once thinking of my beloved Emma!

Note. It is but just to observe, that this picture of the Old Bailey, sketched by my late friend, and not intended for the public eye, although essentially correct, bears evident marks of caricature. Mr. Gurney was at the time a very young man, ready enough to catch the ludicrous, wherever it was to be found. Certainly at the present period, the Court in question presents a very different appearance, and possesses a very different character.—Ed. of "Gilbert Gurney."

FRANCIA, THE DICTATOR.*

WHAT precedes shall suffice to illustrate the character, and principles of government, of the extraordinary man who has been the subject of this memoir. I shall now proceed to give a short account of the scenery and customs of the country of Paraguay.

It is next to impossible for those who have never left England, and even for those who have visited some of the more magnificent scenery which other parts of Europe present to the traveller, to form an adequate conception of the vastness, the grandeur, or the sublimity of some of the scenery of South America.

That of the Andes is of a huge, stupendous, and solemn character. It impresses the traveller, as he winds his apparently interminable way between masses of mountains which rear their cumbrous summits far into the clouds, or as he commences the long and laborious task of ascending the gradual acclivity, his ride to the termination of which is to constitute a day's journey, with feelings of the deepest awe and veneration.

It is such a display of the wonders of creation, as takes him utterly by surprise, because it exceeds in immensity all that his most extravagant imagination could ever grasp. It realises to him so irresistible a display of the unlimited power of the Creator, as brings home to him, with an intensity never before felt, the presence, by his works, of the Divinity who made them.

He must be a cold observer indeed, who can enter the deep and dark ravines, by which the first approach is made to those mountains, without sensations more than ordinarily solemn—impressive at once of the greatness of Him who framed the universe, and of the insignificance of the *atom man*, except considered as an immortal being, whose career is destined to be still new, when those mountains shall have "waxed old as a garment," and when, "as a vesture they shall have been folded up."

The scenery of the river Plate, though not of the same stupendous character as that of the Andes, would yet be noble and majestic, were there nothing but the river itself to constitute it. There *is*, however, much more than this, especially as you ascend toward the source of it, which is more than two thousand miles from its mouth. In the whole magnificence of its course it scarcely ever gets narrower than a mile, or a mile and a half; it is often three miles broad; and in many places it is studded with the most beautiful and extensive islands. The shore on either side is sometimes quite lost to the eye, and nothing meets it but waving forests of stately trees, alternating with large clumps of evergreen shrubs, that rise in groups "grotesque and wild," out of the silver expanse of water by which they are surrounded.

After sailing occasionally for half a day through scenery like this, you come again to be obviously confined by the banks of the river, which are sometimes richly wooded on either side. Sometimes the water is hemmed in upon *one* side by high and precipitous banks, and

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* Continued from No. CLXXIII., page 43.

on the other overflows, like a sea, the marshy and extensive tract of land called the Great Chaco. In the whole course of this majestic stream, from the lake Xarayes, in which it has its source, to the mouth of the river Plate, a distance, we have seen, of more than two thousand miles, there is no obstruction whatever to the navigation of vessels drawing eight or nine feet of water. A ship of three hundred tons was once built at Assumption, of Paraguay timber, and floated down, without the smallest difficulty, fifteen hundred miles to the sea.

The stream of the river Plate is called the Paraguay, till it joins at the village of Corrientes, nine hundred miles below its source, a branch, larger at their confluence than the parent stream. The two streams, *united* here, flow down with an augmentation of their waters, which gives a character of greatly increased splendour and majesty to the river, now called the Paraná.

After winding from this point in a broad, placid, uninterrupted course, for more than a thousand miles, it pours its unsullied and salubrious waters into the river Plate, so first called, a little above Buenos Ayres. From hence the river deepens and widens, with occasional banks and shoals, till after a course of about two hundred miles more, it empties itself into the Atlantic, by an outlet nearly three hundred miles wide.

The flux and reflux of the tide are distinctly observable at Buenos Ayres; and the water of the river Plate, impregnated with that of the ocean, is salt at the distance of a hundred miles from this. The current of the Paraguay and Paraná runs at the rate of nearly three miles an hour toward the sea.

The manner of *navigating* the river, when the current begins to be strong, and the shores are much wooded, is curious. The Paraguayan sailors, stripping themselves, plunge into the water with a rope in their mouths. One makes his rope fast to a tree at some distance above the vessel, by which the sailors remaining on board heave or pull the little ship up against the current. By the time it gets to the tree to which the first sailor had fastened his rope, another has fastened one still higher up, by which the vessel, without delay, is again dragged along.

In the manner thus described, these Paragayan sailors, when there is little wind, or a point of headland to be got round, swim and work for hours together. In this slow and ponderous way, and by this immensely fatiguing process, day after day, little by little, they drag the vessel nearer to her destined port.

It commands at once our admiration, and excites our compassion, to see the patient and cheerful constancy with which those men endure fatigue. The vigour with which they work, and the small remuneration, and rude simple fare which they are content to receive in return, would not only excite astonishment, but breed contempt, in the mind of a London coal-heaver, whose work, without being half so laborious, is paid for at four times the rate of the Paraguay sailor's.

Though a vessel is often three months in getting up from Buenos Ayres, against the stream, to the capital of Paraguay, very few of the sailors receive more than two or three pounds for their labour during the passage; many of them work their passage up, for the mere consideration of food. This food consists in beef, cut into thin strips, and dried in the sun. They never have bread, and very often not salt

to it. They never, even incidentally, are allowed anything in the shape of spirits or wine.

And yet, to see these men seated around the fire which they have kindled on shore for the purpose of roasting their dry, hard, unsavoury fare, scanty as their garments are, and laborious as their exertions through the day have been, there is not a countenance among them but what is beaming with content. Often have I seen the cheerful blaze of their fire, on the bank of the river, shining upon a dozen swarthy physiognomies, and showing them to be lighted up into laughter, by the joke of one of their companions, or riveted in obvious delight by a story from some gifted speaker, about their native land. The pleasure, at length, of their frugal and even stale repast, but savoury conversation, being superseded by the calls of wearied nature for repose, they give themselves up to sleep. Stretched out around the embers of their fire, wrapped up in their ponchos, sheltered by trees, and covered by the sky, they find that rest which is so often denied to those who woo it by blandishments more courtly, and preparations far more cumbrous and artificial.

There is a great feeling of clanship, and love of country, among the natives of Paraguay.

When they meet in a foreign land (as Buenos Ayres is by them considered to be) they are not only inseparable, but indefatigable in their good offices one to another. You may hire them to work for much less than their natural wages, if you can give them work in company with *their own countrymen;* and few or none of them that can go back are ever known, permanently, to establish themselves *out* of Paraguay.

The country properly called Paraguay is quite distinct from the province of Buenos Ayres, which has sometimes, as a whole, been designated by that name.

Paraguay formed *part* of the vice-royalty of Buenos Ayres—the richest, most valuable and populous part of it. It was a bishop's see, and, as a government, esteemed next in importance to that of the Viceroy himself. It is the country in which the Jesuits first formed their most celebrated establishments, and of which I purpose hereafter to give a detailed account.

You are struck, upon your first entrance into it, by the fine clumps of trees through which you travel, emerging, ever and anon, into clear, fertile tracts of country, either laid out in cultivation or covered with the richest pasture. There is the finest possible variety of hill and dale. You see lakes spread out in silver beauty in the valley, and forests that never fade into the tints of autumn, but are covered with a foliage rich, varied, verdant throughout the year.

Springs pour their crystal waters, in all directions, down the gentle slopes of the hills, and irrigate the vale below. Cottages, lowly indeed within, but neat and numerous, peep forth from the most romantic situations, surrounded by rich and waving crops of the sugar-cane, and cotton-tree, mandioca, and tobacco; while groups of palm-trees tuft the hills, or stand out in splendid array upon the plain.

But to have a view of Paraguay scenery, in all its majesty and magnificence, it is necessary to get upon some of the hills, near the great stream which winds through the whole province, and thence to observe, for miles, the peaceful, broad, pellucid mass of water, gliding and undulating

through the country which it fertilizes, and wafting, at the same time, the commerce of it, in busy barks, with sails outspread, from one point of wooded beauty to another.

The male inhabitants of Paraguay are a very fine and hardy race of people. They *used* to be employed, before Francia's terrorism paralyzed the country, in the navigation of the river; in agriculture; in the preparation of the famous yerba, or tea; and, finally, in felling the forest-trees, in which the province abounds, and floating them in rafts to Buenos Ayres.

The lower classes of females are very industrious, and almost invariably pretty. Many of them are very ingenious at the loom. There are specimens of their manufacture of cotton cloth, resembling in its texture Indian crape, and also of lace richer than that of Brussels, which having been exhibited to some of the manufacturers of this country, they confess themselves unable to equal. These females, partly owing to the heat of the climate, and partly owing to a primitive simplicity, unintruded upon or corrupted by foreign intercourse, are attired in a very simple cotton robe of their own pure white cloth. It falls down nearly to the ankle, and is girded round the waist with a band.

When they go abroad, there is suspended over the back part of their head, hanging down on either shoulder, and sometimes crossed under the chin, a scarf of the same material, edged or bordered with some pretty simple device. They go without shoes or stockings; but with their small ankles and beautiful feet washed scrupulously clean: and as the soil, where it is not of a moist sand, is covered with a fine green sward, and intersected in all directions with brooks, rivulets, and springs, the greatest cleanliness and freshness of person are a striking characteristic of the Paraguay female peasant. Every one of them, especially when filling her pitcher with the pure water which gurgles up from some chosen spring, or carrying it to her little home on her shoulder, looks like a Rebekah: and you might *almost* say of her: "The damsel is very fair to look upon, a virgin; and she goes down to the well, and fills her pitcher, and comes up and says, Drink, my lord, and hasteth and letteth down her pitcher upon her hand, and giveth him to drink."

The population of the country is estimated at 500,000 inhabitants. But this includes a great many wandering tribes of Indians, who living mostly on the Great Chaco, or western side of the river, only visit Assumption occasionally, and cannot be strictly said to be under *any* government, but that of their own respective petty chiefs.

The tribe of Indians, and that was a very large one, which was found by the original Spanish invaders, occupying the *east* side of the river Paraguay, was called the Guarani tribe of Indians. These being subdued, were established principally by the exertions of the Jesuits, in many small townships over the whole province. Each village had its priest, or padre, appointed to teach the inhabitants the principles of the Roman Catholic faith. For the regulation and superintendence of their own municipal affairs, however, which were, it is true, of a very limited and passive kind, they were allowed to nominate one of their own body, with the title of Alcalde, or Justice of the Peace. Of this distinction they were not a little proud. The privilege of being put, in any one case, on a footing of equality with the Spaniards who had invaded them, has always been acknowledged by the Indians as a mark of condescension

from a superior to an inferior race of beings; and they have ever expressed their sense of it by words and actions, constituting, in fact, adoration.

The Paraguay Indians referred to, do very little for the benefit of the community. One part of the produce of their rural industry, after maintaining themselves, goes to purchase a flounce for the Virgin Mary, or a piece of brocade for some other favourite saint. The remaining part is snapt up by the padre, or in some more indirect way extorted for the use of the church. The Indians are passionately fond of the mummery of processions and adoration of saints; and their idolatry is pretty equally divided among these, the priests themselves, and the persons holding any official situation under government. The Roman Catholic religion, in those remote regions, is to all intents and purposes one of strict idolatry.

This is one class, the Guarani Indians I mean, of the inhabitants of Paraguay. *Next* to them are the peasantry descended from the old Spaniards, and if not without a mixture of Indian blood, yet so attenuated by the lapse of time as to be now scarcely traceable. One class of this peasantry is occupied alternately as common day-labourers, collectors, and preparers of the yerba, wood-cutters, and navigators of the river. They are a fine athletic, hardy, and trustworthy race of men. The *other* class is an equally fine race. They are the possessors, generally, of small tracts of ground, which, with the cottage upon it, often repaired and sometimes wholly rebuilt, has been in possession of their forefathers for three or four generations.

The class next above these, in the scale of society, is the larger landed proprietor. His little estate yields him the sugar-cane, tobacco, mandioca, cotton, the sweet potato, and almost every other kind of vegetable, and every variety of tropical fruit. He has frequently, besides his little agricultural estate near town, his larger grazing or cattle-estate, at a considerable distance from it. He has, according to the country notions of comfort, a tolerably comfortable house, in the midst of a beautifully wooded country, finely watered, and every way fertile, and rich by nature. He lives in plainness and simplicity, but in great abundance; in very primitive ignorance, but in the exercise of much hospitality. He seldom meddles with things of the state; and is content to take rank under the better class of merchants. The classes enumerated, *with* the merchants, retail dealers, store-keepers, lawyers, priests, mechanics, and a large mixture of negro and mulatto population, make up the remaining mass of the inhabitants of Paraguay. There is little education, but a great deal of natural simplicity, and almost refinement of manner, among the better classes, particularly of the *females*, in South America; and the Englishmen who have cultivated their society, having any pretensions to be admitted to it (these pretensions, too, sometimes *very* slight), have never, I am sure, had reason to complain of the result.

The commerce of Paraguay, for a South-American state, was very great. Of the yerba it exported annually eight millions of pounds; of tobacco one million; innumerable rafts of wood were floated down the river; and considerable quantities of cotton, sugar, mandioca, earthenware, spirits, sweetmeats, and cigars, were also shipped. For these it took in return, chiefly flour (the climate being too warm for the growth of wheat), ponchos, which are a sort of coarse woollen mantle worn by the natives, and British manufactures.

The manner of procuring and preparing the yerba, or Paraguay tea, is curious. A man desiring to get a quantity of it, provides himself with a number of labourers, ten or twenty, or perhaps more. He furnishes them with ponchos for clothing, knives, axes, spirits, tobacco, and other necessaries, and himself at their head, marches to the immense and almost impenetrable forests, where the yerba-tree (for it is a large forest-tree) grows. At the entrance of the forest he adds to his other preparations a number of live bulls, for food during the time to be occupied in collecting his intended quantity of yerba. These are the only animals hardy enough to penetrate into the forest and live there. The thorns of the underwood get into their flesh; gnats, mosquitos, and every other description of insect annoy and torment them day and night.

Having arrived at the part of the forest where the cutting is to commence, the yerba collector and his gang prepare a hut for themselves, of branches of trees plastered with mud, and slightly covered with thatch. From this hut, as from a common centre of their individual operations, the yerba cutters proceed to different points of the forest, generally two together, with their hatchets, knives, and ponchos.

They commence their operations by cutting such small branches of the tree as have most leaves and young shoots upon them. These being lopt off and put in their ponchos, or tied with thongs, are brought home and deposited at head-quarters twice a day, as the stragglers return, at their stated periods, to dinner and supper. They are warned to the former meal by the perpendicular rays of the mid-day sun; and to the latter by the coming shade of the night. For many weeks, and sometimes for months, are their operations, day after day, thus carried forward. When a sufficient mass of yerba branches and leaves is collected, and a sufficient number of bulls slain to admit of their converting their hides into bags for the tea, a high stage is erected, and overlaid with the branches of the tea-tree in such a manner as to admit the flame of a fire which is kindled beneath, rising up and scorching them. The ground under the stage is well beaten so as to be perfectly hard and consistent. The embers of the fire which had been lit are now swept away; the scorched boughs and leaves are brought down from the stage to the place which the fire had occupied; and being by the heat made brittle and easily pulverized, they are now reduced nearly to powder, by the simple process of well beating them with sticks. The hides of the bulls are now cut in two, soaked, and carefully sewed, so as to make a nearly square bag or bale. The mouth of this bag being left open, the tea is put into it, and so admirably packed and beaten down with large wooden mallets, that when the mouth is sewed up, and the hide become quite dry, the package has the hardness and consistency of a stone. Small as its compass is, it is made to contain from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds of the yerba. Of these bales of tea, forty thousand, annually, used to be exported from Paraguay. The price of it there was about three-pence per pound.

It is a most refreshing beverage, and was used by all classes of persons, at all hours of the day and night, in every part of Spanish South America.

When these yerba collectors issue from the woods, their first care is to provide themselves with a horse bridle, richly mounted with silver, and massive spurs and stirrups of the same metal. They then get a

large sleek horse, and having put upon him a saddle, overlaid and underlaid with many folds of fanciful finery, their pleasure is to parade about and see their friends, gamble the little money they have left, and then betake themselves once more to the yerba forest, to labour like slaves for six or eight months more.

It is very common to see a man in Paraguay, with horse furniture of the gorgeous kind I have described, without either shoe or stocking; and with a jacket, moreover, of such scanty dimensions, that one is led to suppose that the rider's system had been, from accumulated savings in broad-cloth, shoes, and stockings, to purchase a rich and massive caparison for his horse.

There is in South America (and is there not, though less obviously developed, *in England?*) much of this false and ostentatious parade. In its essential character, whatever it may be in its accidental features—whether it be mounted on horseback in Assumption, or rolling in gaudy state in London—it is one and the same sort of personage. Regardless of consistency, and ignorant of real comfort, it is ever ready to sacrifice to *show*, all the conveniences, and often the very necessaries of life. When I hear of a devotee of fashionable display having first run himself out at the elbows, and then run off to the continent to retrench, I ever think of my Paraguay yerba-man setting out for the woods.

The paper which, under the title of "Doctor Francia," has preceded this, in the April Number of the "New Monthly Magazine," commences thus: "Such as *I have described* it, was the community of Paraguay, when the Spanish Governor Velasco, after the victory gained over the Buenos Ayres troops, was deposed."

I forgot, in the flurry of my thoughts on the subject, that I had taken the perilous resolution of appearing in *print;* and I wrote "*have described*," with reference to my manuscript, where the description of the Dictator's *country* preceded that of the Dictator *himself*.

You may now, reader, and if you have come thus far with me, most *courteous* reader, perceive, that in ushering so mighty a personage as the Dictator of Paraguay into your notice, there was a certain propriety and decorum in allowing *him* to take precedence of *his country*. In the natural order of things, I necessarily saw the country before I knew the Dictator: but we have *since* seen (for I *hope* in this we are agreed), that his country is only his footstool. You will have no difficulty, therefore, in concluding with me, that the two descriptions now stand in their proper relative places;—first, that of the Dictator,—next, that of the country. Please to read with me, then, the initiatory paragraph of my preceding paper, with the slight interlineation of a monosyllable, thus: "Such as I have" *now* "described it, was the community of Paraguay, when the Spanish Governor Velasco, after the victory gained over the Buenos Ayres troops, was deposed." That was in the year 1811. What, under the chilling sway of the Dictator, the community of Paraguay has become *since*, you are *also* informed, from personal observation, by

A TRAVELLER.

BEGINNING LIFE AT FORTY.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

"FIVE feet eight, broad shoulders, hazel eyes, florid complexion, good nose, white teeth, high forehead, curly dark brown hair." Had I been lost or mislaid at the age of nineteen, such a description my affectionate parents might have circulated, in the fond hope of recovering their youngest treasure. *Now* alas!—but I will not anticipate.

I had good health and good spirits, and thought myself good-looking, and that is sufficient to insure happiness at nineteen. I was, however, a younger son,—the youngest, indeed, of five children,—and it was therefore my doom to dig out my own path through the world. My father had it not in his power to do more than give me a sum sufficient to buy me *the spade* with which I was to *dig it*;—in other words, to pay for my outfit. Away I went to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, in a climate where European brows are peculiarly addicted to the moisture which in genteel society is rarely named.

An uncle of mine had an estate in a West India island, and, it being considered prudent to send out somebody to look after it, I was offered an allowance, and at the same time a line of conduct was pointed out which could not fail, if diligently followed, to lead to competence, and indeed, to wealth, in the comparatively short period of twenty years.

I acceded to the proposal with delight. The climate was unhealthy; no matter, I relied confidently on the strength of my constitution, and talked of my return at the end of twenty years, with pockets full of money, as gaily as if I had been speaking of events which were expected to take place in a twelvemonth!

"How indefatigably will I toil," said I, "and how rapidly will the time pass! In twenty years I still shall be on *this* side forty, still in the very prime and vigour of life; young enough to enjoy wealth and all its advantages, and yet old enough to avoid the shoals and quicksands which would probably destroy me were I now *unfortunately* in possession of the expected treasure. How I long to be forty! would that I could overleap the intermediate years, and see myself reflected in yonder mirror, erect and robust, in the full maturity of good looks, forty years of age, with forty thousand pounds in the funds!"

I will not trouble the reader with the name of the island to which I was to be voluntarily transported, nor will point out the precise path in which I was to grub my way to independence. Whether my exertions were to be mercantile or legal,—whether I was perched for twenty years on a high stool before a higher desk,—or superintending slavery (for I am speaking of the *past*) in the open air, in a nankeen suit of *dittos*, with an immense straw hat, shall be matters left to the diligent research of the curious. I at once overleap the laborious interval, and come to the period when I found myself, as had been predicted, thirty-nine, and very rich. Be it most particularly remembered that my life during these twenty years had been one of *anticipation*. I left England for the purpose of enjoying life on my return. Enjoyment during my absence was not thought of. I had an object to gain, and every nerve was strained, every thought was devoted, to its attainment.

The boy who leaves the play ground to go into school and get through a hard task, when the job is finished rushes back to the scene of his sports precisely as spirited, as capable of exercise, and as alive to enjoyment as when he left them: and I thought myself the prototype of the boy; I felt no change within me,—in the glass which had reflected me daily for twenty years, it was not probable that I should detect an alteration. No; I would go and resume my old position *at home*, just as if I had never quitted it!

And home I went, with my bags of money and all my golden dreams of enjoyment!

I had left my family residing in a country town, but dignified with the name of a watering-place; for some medical gentleman, most fortunately for the inhabitants, had discovered that the well in his garden produced water that tasted particularly nasty. Being, therefore, unavailable for culinary purposes, he declared it to be eminently medicinal, analyzed it, and clearly pointed out how much salt there was in it, and how much carbonate of soda, and other nasty things; and the end of it was that people came there in crowds of a morning to make wry faces, swallow goblets of the physical stream, and listen to the necessary accompaniment of a band of wind instruments.

The only change that the lapse of twenty years had produced in my native town was a considerable increase of buildings. There my family still resided, all but my poor father: he was an invalid when I left home, and he had long since been numbered with the dead.

It is high time that I should announce the members of my family. My mother when I left home was fat, fair, and probably forty,—not that she owned to anything like that age. I have said that I was the youngest of five children: my three sisters were the first born, and my brother was one year older than myself.

How impatient was I during the voyage! the night, too, that I was forced to sleep at the inn at Bristol! and then the next day, what weather! how it rained and blew! No inside place in the coach; but what cared I? My heart was *in its teens*, and I never gave a thought to my constitution; off I went, and arrived at my mother's house late in the evening.

Shall I ever forget our first meeting,—the happy meeting that I had so long anticipated! No, never! Was it happy? how could it be otherwise?

My mother received me as mothers ever receive a child,—all tears and affection. But, oh! what a change! The fatness and the fairness so entirely gone;—the *old woman* sat by my side, looking up in my face through a pair of spectacles. And what was my first thought? It was this,—that my dear mother was grown old and infirm, that her life was rapidly on the wane, and that during her best days, the enjoyments of which I might have shared and promoted, I had been far away in a distant land. I am aware that I must very imperfectly describe the feeling that chilled me; I saw a change that I had not anticipated, and for which I was unprepared,—and I cried like an infant.

My brother had married the year after I quitted England, but he still resided in the same town, and, had he been aware of my arrival, would certainly have met me at my mother's, but I was sure to see my former playfellow the next morning. One of my sisters (the eldest) was a

widow, the other two still unmarried, and they now all resided with my mother.

"They will come to you immediately," said my mother; "but you were not expected so soon, and you know, George, that ladies of a *certain age* cannot bear to be caught *en dishabille*."

"A certain age!" said I. "Oh, yes: Matilda *is* five years older than *I*."

And presently down came Matilda, the widow, a lady of forty-five, who, by dint of overmuch rouge, overmuch black front, and eyebrows artificially arched and blackened, had contrived to make herself appear fifty at the very least. It was *not* the Matilda I had left twenty years before; there was not the slightest resemblance; face, figure, manner, voice, all utterly unlike my sister "*Matty*." I saw it,—I *felt* it. The meeting gave me not the slightest pleasure; on the contrary, it was more painful than I can describe, particularly when I perceived that she never would have recognized me.

But I have not done yet. Presently appeared the elder of the two old maids, aged forty-five; she had never been the least good looking, and had therefore, I suppose, relinquished all matrimonial views earlier than many women, and was now what my mother hinted at as "*rather serious*," and what the widow had openly declared to be "*very methodistical*." She was as neat as possible, as mild as milk, and I thought as cold as an icicle. She was soon followed by the youngest spinster (of forty-three), who was always called by the other two "child." She had been pretty—very much so I thought, when I left home—and she now, I suppose, might be said to have "*traces*" of beauty; but not a glimpse of my own gay sister Mary! She wore what, to my mind, on a *woman's* head, is the greatest of abominations—a wig. A male wig is to my fancy a bad business; it never makes anybody look younger or better than he would look without it; it deceives nobody, and yet everybody who wears one flatters himself that not one in a hundred discovers his secret. When a man above forty is pointed out as good-looking, he is invariably the man *without the* wig; but a *female* wig is a hundred times worse! a wig with a long tail, which is twisted up to act youth! a wig with a flower stuck in it! It is like a garland on a tombstone, for a wig, after all, is but a memorial of departed youth! and such a wig was my sister Mary's, with a bit of lily of the valley hitched under one of the curls. I longed to snatch it off, and throw it into the fire, but thought *perhaps* that might not be taken in good part, and I desisted.

I felt miserably out of spirits, woefully disappointed, and I could not tell one of the family the cause of my depression. I felt relieved when it was time to take my candle and go to bed, and, after so long a journey in the open air, I soon fell fast asleep. The next morning I awoke by no means a giant refreshed; my wetting of the previous day had given me a lumbago and pains in all my limbs, and when I entered the breakfast-room, with my back bent, and one leg following the other with considerable difficulty, I saw clearly that my mother and sisters looked at me with compassion, and considered me a premature Methusalem.

There was, however, an old gentleman standing by the fire to keep me in countenance, and by his side a remarkably fine young man, who, on turning round at my entrance, displayed the very face of my dear elder brother, just as I had left him twenty years before. I shuffled up

to the lad without an instant's hesitation, and, calling him by his name, caught him in my arms; to my surprise the young man laughed good-humouredly, but as it appeared rather with a feeling of awkwardness, and, without by any means reciprocating my endearments, walked away to the window. The elderly gentleman, however, endeavoured to make amends; he shook me most paternally by the hand, and apologized for *my nephew's* coldness. My nephew! yes, he was born two years after I left England! and there was my brother, who, having now been married near twenty years, and possessing moreover a numerous family, had *left off being a young man*, and might, as the phrase goes, be "*taken for any age.*"

Some men *leave off being young* much earlier than others; a great deal depends upon the constant habit of making up to go into society. By making up, I by no means infer the use of cosmetics, dyes, &c.; but merely the very innocent endeavour to make oneself "*look one's best.*" When once this habit is given up, whether from ill-health or the withdrawing from society, there's an end of the matter—there's no resuming it; look in the glass, and the elderly gentleman stands before you!

Here was another disappointment, and a bitter one; however, I made the best of it. I took a great fancy to my nephew, perhaps because I found in him the sole representative of the bloom which time had so ruthlessly wiped away from all the rest of the family. He seemed to take to me too, and my spirits began to rise; but accidentally, as I left the room, I heard him say to my sister, "I say, aunt, what can we do to amuse the *old gentleman?*" and *that* was a damper!

My disappointments were many, but to describe them in detail would be tedious. At balls I found that nobody expected *me* to dance, unless indeed there happened to be a lack of beaux, and then my "*good-nature*" in standing up was remarked, or some pert girl said, "What! *you* figuring away!"

I was advised by all my family to marry, by all means the very thing I wished; but I never dreamed of proposing for any woman that was not young and pretty; I *did* propose for one that was decidedly both, and was rejected.

And had I spent the twenty best years of my life, incessantly toiling to obtain wealth, in order that I might return home to enjoy myself? and had I returned at last only to discover that the season for enjoyment had passed away? So it would appear; but I had committed one great error, and these little confessions of an elderly gentleman may prove a warning to others who are similarly situated.

Let no one dream of "beginning life at forty;" were I to start again at the age of nineteen, to play the same part, on the same stage, I should know that on that stage my scene of youth must be enacted, and there the heroine of my love-story must be wooed and won. If it be your lot to pass so many years in a foreign land, that land must be the scene of your hopes and fears—your joys and sorrows—your loves—your friendships—your associations. Toil and climate may thin the hair and tan the cheek, but the married man and the father is not expected to return unchanged—he has assumed a new character; while one who, like myself, returns at the end of twenty years *en garçon*, to dance quadrilles and look for a wife, will find that, in his matrimonial researches, it behoves him not to be over particular.

T. H. B.

THE RED MAN.

A CERTAIN popular French tradition would lead us to believe that the palace of the Tuileries has been for centuries past the resort of a demon, familiarly known by the name of "*L'Homme Rouge*," or the Red Man; who is seen wandering in all parts of the Château whenever some great misfortune menaces its regal inhabitants; but who retreats at other periods to a small niche in the *Tour de l'Horloge*, the central tower built by Catherine de Medicis, and especially devoted to the use of her royal astrologers.

Béranger has described the royal Red Man as

> " Un diable habillé d'écarlate,
> Bossu, louche, et roux,
> Un serpent lui sort de cravate ;
> Il a le nez crochu,—
> Il a le pied fourchu."—

But, as it happens, other red men are to be met with in Paris besides the celebrated scarlet devil of the Tuileries ; who, after all, is but a sort of metropolitan Zamiel, and little better than the *Feuergeist* of a high Dutch melodrama. Whoever, for instance, has chanced to visit the Quai Desaix with the intention of finding the *Marché aux Fleurs*, or Flower-Market, on any other day than the official Wednesdays and Saturdays when it presents so charming an aspect, may have been startled by the sight of half a hundred reddish men and women, the old iron-vendors who on ordinary occasions ply their unattractive trade beneath the dwarf acacia-trees of La Vallée. Even these, however, are the mere half-castes of the calling ; but should some courteous reader be smitten, like ourselves, with a taste for the by-ways rather than the highways of a great city, let him dive into one of those tortuous, fetid, narrow, ten-storied streets of the ancient cité of Paris, where Notre Dame uplifts its Gothic towers, and the hospital of the Hôtel Dieu bathes its leprous feet in the polluted waters of the Seine, which ought to have been devoted to the exclusive purpose of dispensing salubrity and purification to the capital,—there, either in the Rue de la Boucherie or Rue de la Huchette,—it matters not to give the exact locality,—he will discover a retreat, something between the modern shop and ancient *échoppe*, the front open to the narrow street in order to display to view its rust-bitten contents,—viz., heaps, bunches, and trays full of old iron, of every form and mould,—old locks, old keys, old implements and instruments of every trade and calling,—exhibited to the admiration of the public with as dainty a spirit of arrangement as in the curiosity and *virtù* shops of the Quai Voltaire, and presided in proper person by the proprietor,—the identical and especial RED MAN.

Fifty years has Balthazar followed the business. Fifty years have done their work in imparting to his face that copper-coloured complexion, —to his hair, beard, whiskers, habiliments, even down to his leathern apron, a hue of dingy red, which now appears to be engrained into his very nature. The walls, the floors, the ceiling of his dusky habitation, are red ; nay, the very atmosphere he breathes is impregnated and coloured by the particles of rust thrown off from the ever-shifting materials of his trade. Between his buyings and sellings, the timeworn rods and

bars, hooks and nails, blades and staples, are in perpetual motion. He has always some worn-out pot or cauldron to examine,—some lock, or hinge, or bolt, or bar, to dislocate; some jack-chain or fetter to unrivet, —some trap or springe to pull to pieces. For Balthazar is an amateur, as well as a man of business. Custom has rendered his rusty occupation second nature to him. He can breathe no other than the ferruginated atmosphere of his shop; and the lilacs of the Bois de Romainville, or the thorns of the Près St. Gervais, stink, by comparison, in his nostrils. He would rather behold some piece of complicated machinery, oxided here and there into the rusty hue, marking it out as likely to become his property, than cast his eyes on all the Raphaels of the Louvre,—all the Rubenses of the Luxembourg. He has not yet travelled northward from his shop so far as to view that chef-d'œuvre of modern architecture, the *Bourse;* nor westward, to behold the Corinthian portico of the Madelaine with its matchless frieze. Of the Arc de l'Etoile he has heard rumours, and the Suspension Bridge has been duly reported to him. But till their iron stanchions become rusty, they will acquire no interest in the sight of Balthazar; whose cares and enjoyments are alike bounded within the narrow sphere compassed between his den behind the Hôtel Dieu, and his sleeping room in the most ancient house of the most ancient Rue St. Jacques, where stand the Sorbonne, the Val de Grace, with other and numberless monuments of the olden time. He is unluckily too much a man of business, and finding his pleasure therein, to be much of a gossip; nevertheless, take the old man at the right moment, when he has achieved a lucky bargain, and is making the stifling red particles fly around him in clouds, while handling some worn-out piece of machinery before consigning it to his treasury, or appending it to a stall-hook of the *échoppe*, and you may cajole a world of information out of the Red Man.

It was at some such auspicious conjunction of the planets, that it was in the first instance our fortune to accost him. We were returning with sickened soul and bewildered eyes, from the Barrière St. Jacques—a spot appointed (since the Place de la Grève underwent consecration by a libation of the blood of heroes) as the place of public execution; and whither, enclosed in a machine resembling a colossal baker's basket, condemned criminals are now trundled from the Conciergerie through the frequented streets of the Pays Latin, that the guillotine may do its hasty work under the awful auspices of "Monsieur de Paris," the celebrated Samson of the bloody hand.

The grand spectacle of the heavy day in question was the judicial assassination of the supposed murderer of Madame Dupuytren's cook, of whose innocence sufficient evidence has since been adduced. But innocent or guilty, we had seen blood—human blood—poured forth like water,—had looked upon the horror-struck aspect of a man before whom death stood face to face arrayed,—had witnessed the cunning artifices of the priest of a new sect, who sought to render the martyrdom of the victim an evidence of the sanctity of his own charlatanic professions. All this we had seen: the shuddering of the crowd; the deadly swoon of the inquisitive female whose spirit was intrepid, but whose flesh was weak; and the almost instantaneous relaxation of that intense feeling of excitement which, until the great moment, had suspended the very breath of the populace, as by a spell irresistible. For the throng was already

dispersed from the spot; the executioner and his two assistants, protected in their loathsome operations by a few municipal guards, had withdrawn the bolts and screws from the murderous framework; the headless trunk and gasping head were on their way to the dissecting room; and the blood-gorged spectators, consisting chiefly of artizans out of work, "ambitious students," and the lowest *gamins* of Paris, were off in various directions in search of breakfast; some wrangling, some singing, some preaching, some yawning; some declaring that the supposed assassin had died like a heathen,—others that he had died like a hero.

For ourselves, who had been witnessing for the first time the operation of the knife, we must plead guilty to a certain perturbation of the senses leaving every sensation indistinct; a whizzing in the ears,—a mistiness of vision,—a parchedness of tongue,—a throbbing of heart, rendering the very way before us hard to follow. We had a mind to visit Notre Dame for early mass. Our spirit hungered after the pealing of the organ and the music of those pure young voices which speak the promises of peace in heavenliest diapason. We had been present at the passing of a human soul, (guilty or guiltless, God alone could determine,) from time to eternity. We longed for the murmurs of a requiem; the tranquillity of a holy place; for the security of the sanctuary; for the groined roof, the echoing aisle, the word of God, the promises of salvation. In such a mood of mind, it was our destiny to stumble into the stall of the Red Man!

For a moment, indeed, we fancied that our eyes deceived us; that the hue of the blood we had seen spilled had attached itself to the whole external creation. And probably the horror of the impression depicted itself in our countenance; for the old man, having gazed for a moment in silence, laid down the rusty chain he was shaking into form, and having humanely demanded if we were not indisposed, tendered the Evangelic offering of a glass of water; which was gratefully accepted and swallowed, before we became accurately cognizant of our whereabout. Under all the circumstances, Balthazar's wooden chair seemed a luxurious refuge. We were glad to sit there, and pour into sympathizing ears the confession of our blood-hatred. The old man happened to have religious scruples of his own anent prison discipline and the penitentiary system; *he* too was an eschewer of the punishment of death; and as an inhabitant for sixty years of the Quartier St. Jacques, resented with much bitterness the indignity inflicted upon his parish by the transposition of the guillotine.

Our minds were mutually attuned for horrors; we could talk of nothing but killing,—nothing but death. Balthazar had witnessed the execution of the monomaniac Papavoine; and we, after tossing off another glass of *eau filtre*, had our own anecdotes to relate of Tyburn, of Newgate, of Jack Ketch, of the condemning cap of the judge, the condemned sermon of the felon, the cart, the toll of the bell, the ordinary, the sheriff, the coffin,—even unto the seething of the strangled corse, and the admonitory glass-case in Surgeons'-hall!

Balthazar was perhaps jealous of our adeptitude in these tales of terror; for, at the close of our narrative of the fearful tragedy of Gill's Hill and the fate of Thurtell, he suddenly disappeared towards the back of his *échoppe*, and having penetrated into one of the subterranean

recesses containing the choicer specimens of his trade, hobbled back to place in our hands a rusty complication of iron machinery, one portion of which seemed to be formed of pieces of bone or ivory. After turning it over and over without much enlightenment of our ignorance as to its nature and destination, we ventured to cast an upward glance of inquiry towards the old iron-dealer's face.

What a study for Rembrandt! The otter-skin cap of Balthazar, foxy as his own iron-dyed hair and whiskers, was pulled close upon one eye, while the other peered out, bleared and fiery from the excitement of its habitual atmosphere, with the leathern cheek around puckered into a peculiar expression of cunning and exultation. His thin lips were compressed, as if waiting the irrepressible interrogations of our curiosity; and while he stood leaning against a fascis of jarring rods, he rolled unconsciously within his red hands a corner of his rusty leathern apron, from which the ferruginous particles flew off in volleys.

"Well, Sir?" said he, at last, tired of our perversity of silence: and—

"Well, my good friend?" was all the question we chose to vouchsafe in reply.

"Why, what I have to say," was his somewhat more explicit rejoinder, "is, that the Armada-armoury of the Tower of London which you have been describing, contains no choicer instrument of torture than the one you regard so carelessly."

"Instrument of torture! Is this piece of rusty iron, then, a relique of the Inquisition?" was our involuntary exclamation.

"Not exactly. But you have not examined it. You have not observed the artist-like manner in which the springs close upon the bones—You do not perceive that it is one of the cleverest gins ever formed by the cunning of man—Try to extricate the skeleton hand! Try!"

"The skeleton hand?—the *bones?*"

"Ay! attempt to liberate them from the trap!"

And the effort, when made, was, as he had announced, unaccomplishable.

"But do you really mean," was our next inquiry, "that these pieces of bleached bone are, in truth, a portion of some human skeleton?"

"What else?" cried the old man, chuckling. "It needs no Cuvier to decide the point. Any student of anatomy between this and the Jardin des Plantes shall teach you as much."

The skeleton of a human hand, and inclosed in an intricate fetterlock of rusty iron!

"The bones are diminutive; the hand must surely have been that of a female?" was the fruit of our cogitations upon this ugly instrument of barbarity;—"of a female,—probably young,—perhaps beautiful;—one who must have lived, or rather died, a captive. But where? Not, surely, in France;—not in gallant, refined, chivalrous Paris? This curious specimen may have been imported from the East,—from Tunis, or Tripoli, or Fez?"

"No such thing!" interrupted Balthazar. "The ironwork does honour to a trusty workman, who must have served his time to a master-mechanic of the *cité;* the hand is that of a woman French-born,—Parisian-bred. The victim was, in short, one who lived and died almost within sight and sound of the very spot where we are standing."

"Centuries ago, of course. The times of the Frédégondes and Brunéhauts have probably legends of domestic horror to match with the crimes of their historical archives."

"Bah, bah!" cried the old man petulantly. "Human nature is the same in all ages and countries. Every day—every city—produces some monstrous wickedness, secret or discovered, arising from the triumphs of ungoverned passion;—from hatred,—lust,—revenge,—or mere blood-thirstiness. The crime in which this piece of ruthless machinery had its rise, was done in my own lifetime, in a place which I weekly and calmly traverse. The perpetrator went down to the grave, I will not say unpunished, but undiscovered. No one pitied the victim,—no one cursed the assassin. The whole story is, and is better, buried in oblivion."

"Impossible, impossible!" we exclaimed, again carefully examining the whitened bones and their fiendish inclosure. "Since you profess yourself acquainted with the origin and destination of this mysterious instrument, you must not tantalize our curiosity."

"What avails it to rake up memoirs of the frailties of our fellow-creatures?" said the Red Man, dropping the corner of his leathern apron, replacing his cap horizontally over his brows, and turning towards a tray of screws and hinges, as if provokingly bent on devoting his attention to indifferent objects. "Let the dead bury their dead! To-morrow it were cruelty to speak of the last throes of the unhappy wretch whom this morning you saw precipitated into eternity. Yet his life was given for a life, according to the decree of the Almighty, according to the laws of the land."

"Nevertheless the lesson to be imparted by such examples were lost," we remonstrated, "were the deed hidden behind a curtain. It is for the good of mankind, not to gratify an individual craving for retribution, that the penalty is paid. No man has a right to connive in the concealment of crime."

"Unless when, as in the present instance, Time, the universal avenger, has swallowed up the offender and the offence," rejoined Balthazar. "All that could be done now in atonement were to curse with bell and book the place where the crime was perpetrated. And to what avail? You would affix an eternal stigma upon a spot of earth, the work of the Almighty's hands, fast by his holy house, and sanctified by the daily echoes of his holy word."

"The *Parvis de Notre Dame!*" we exclaimed, certain of having now attained the heart of the matter.

"The *Parvis de Notre Dame!*" reiterated the Red Man, in an affirmative tone. "And since you appear so obstinately interested in the subject, it may save my time and your own to enter at once into explanation. Know, then, that this relique came not into my hands in the way of traffic. At the epoch of the first revolution, when the very name of priest had become abomination in the ears of the people, and so many venerable servants of the church were arrested and sacrificed in every part of the kingdom, the greater number of the canons of Notre Dame were wise enough to seek safety in flight or in concealment. One, however, there was—an aged man, familiarly and favourably known to the poor of the island by the name of Père Anselme, who disdained to follow the example of the fashionable abbés or beneficed nobles; and

attached beyond all power of separation to the old towers and aisles of the cathedral, or, as some thought, to the little, gloomy, official habitation wherein, for thirty years, he had abided, refused to stir,—surrendered himself, as it were, to his destinies,—and was eventually numbered among the victims of the massacre at the prison of L'Abbaye. It was on the evening following his arrest that a decrepit mulatto serving-man, attired in shabby mourning, entered my *échoppe*, entreating my assistance in opening the springs of the fetterlock in question, one end of which was still attached to a chain and staple, which had evidently been wrenched by force from a stone wall. Vain, however, were the utmost endeavours of my skill; the cunning of the springs effectually defied my artificership; and having rendered it back to the old man to be re-enveloped in the cloth in which he had transported it to my dwelling, I could not forbear an inquisitive remark or two concerning the mysterious task he had sought to impose upon me, and the inexplicable nature of the instrument.

"He shook his head mournfully in reply; but at length admitted that the trap was connected with certain family secrets, which he was desirous of screening from the scrutiny of the National officers in a house to which, that morning, the seals of office had been affixed.

"'It required some exertion of strength, as you may perceive,' said the poor old mulatto, opening his shrivelled hands and displaying the mangled palms, 'to wrench the staple from the wall. Thank Heaven, however, I succeeded: and all that now remains for me to accomplish is to unclose the springs,—consign these wretched bones to consecrated earth, and this wicked instrument to the furnace;—that so may finish all memory of one of the cruellest deeds darkening the history of human kind.'

"Smitten with an interest in the business, almost equal to that you now evince, I instantly proffered a renewal of my efforts in so pious a cause; and promised, if the lock could be left in my possession, to apply the whole of my leisure to the task. Christophe's first impulse was a decided negative to this proposal; but, on consideration, he admitted that the trap would be safer from observation in my hands than in his own, and having extorted from me a promise of secrecy, he departed with the intention of returning in the course of a week. Many weeks elapsed, however, before I saw the mulatto again; and when he once more entered the shop, I could scarcely bring to remembrance my former visiter. He was so worn, so wasted, so tremulous, so fearful, that I had scarcely courage to refer to the painful secret by which we had been originally brought into collision. But Christophe was the first to recur to the fetter-lock; and after a vehement burst of almost childish tears, admitted that the great motive for secrecy was now at an end. 'God has avenged all—God, in his own good time, has poured down retribution!' was his reiterated exclamation. 'My poor old master was butchered in the massacre of the 2nd of September. All is over!—I have nothing now to care for!—let those come and see who list! My own days are numbered:—to others lie the accomplishment of my task—to you, Sir, if it be the will of Heaven, the expiatory deed of opening this fatal springe, and consigning the bones of Lucile to hallowed ground!'

"Touched by the helplessness of his grief, no less than by the fidelity

of his attachment, I undertook to fulfil, as far as my powers might avail, the task proposed; and in the process of another week's acquaintance with old Christophe (the last week of his mortal existence), derived from his lips the particulars of a family history of unequalled interest and horror connected with the lock. You seem at leisure to listen;—hear, and moralize upon the tale.

"Anselme Lanoue, Sir, was the only son of respectable parents, occupying a small property in the neighbourhood of St. Etienne; destined from his infancy to follow in their footsteps as the unaspiring cultivator of his paternal estate. Having, however, at a very early age, distinguished himself among his fellow-students at the Lycée of St. Etienne by a remarkable proficiency in mathematics, and, at his leisure hours, by a singular tendency to mechanical pursuits, the proprietor of one of the chief engine-foundries in the country, a distant kinsman of Madame Lanoue, persuaded his father and mother to bind the boy in apprenticeship to a calling for which he evinced so marked a vocation, and which afforded such auspicious prospects of future fortune. Anselme accordingly became an engineer, and soon confirmed the prognostications of his new master by striking out various improvements and inventions of high account. At three and twenty he had achieved the post of chief engineer in the establishment, and at eight and twenty was not only a partner but the affianced husband of his master's daughter. His parents did not survive to witness the consummation of his prosperity—both were already in the grave, and Anselme's patrimony disposed of to augment the capital of his thriving trade.

"Nothing now remained for him to desire. Lucile Moronval was a lovely girl of eighteen, whom he had fondly watched from childhood, with a gradually increasing hope of being enabled, at some future time, to aspire to her hand; and although it was whispered among the commercial coteries, that she had for some time testified considerable repugnance to the marriage arranged for her by her parents, on the grounds that Anselme, in spite of his enlightenment and high moral principles, was of a silent, stern, jealous, and even at times morose disposition, mistrustful in his temper and sullen in his deportment,—all was finally reconciled; and ere the bride had attained her nineteenth year, they were settled as man and wife in a pleasant house in the suburbs of St. Etienne, the dwelling attached to the foundry being supposed disadvantageously situated for the health of the young matron. Lanoue seemed indeed to derive double happiness when established in his cheerful home at the close of his labours of the day, from the circumstance of their temporary separation. Lucile had household cares to occupy her time during the interim, and at the close of the first year of their marriage, had a pretty little Lucile of her own to display to her husband and father on their return from the foundry.

"Still it was remarked by the same prying gossips who had been the first to notice her disinclination to become the wife of Anselme, that after the first few months of her motherly triumph, Madame Lanoue appeared to take little pleasure in her child. She grew dispirited, indifferent, negligent in her person and household; and the more her husband evinced his discontent at these changes in her deportment, the more her spirits were depressed. Some of her neighbours were prompt to attribute the mischief to the arrival of a young cousin, a certain

Clement Manoury, who had been the companion of Lucile's early years, and for some time past detained by the arrangement of his family affairs in the island of Martinique. It was even said that her kinsman had returned with the intention of claiming her hand; and that Lanoue, on discovering his abortive pretensions, had forbidden Clement the house, insisting on an absolute rupture of the family connexion.

"Certain it was that the door of Anselme was closed upon his supposed rival; and certain also it was said to be, that Lanoue, who had hitherto contented himself with returning home at the close of his day's labours to his evening meal, was now frequently seen traversing the town, from his foundry at the river-side to his cheerful habitation in the suburbs, with hurried step and gloomy countenance, at various unaccustomed periods of the day. Those who were busiest on the watch managed to ascertain that he had, at different times, broken in suddenly on the solitude of Lucile—but, happily, only to find it solitude. Nothing transpired to justify his suspicions, but nothing seemed to pacify the disturbance of his mind.

"For often does a husband or a wife possess confirmation strong of fickleness or infidelity, which less interested persons account as nothing—symptoms of coldness, of estrangement, of loathing in moments once devoted to endearment—tears where smiles should be, or smiles of scorn instead of the playful self-abandonment sanctioned by reciprocal tenderness. And Anselme had good reason to see that he was no longer beloved. Had he not, therefore, reason to suspect that another had already superseded him in the affections of his wife?

"He *did* at least suspect it, and the suspicion maddened him. He read it in the averted eye, the quivering lip, the hand withdrawn from his own; and when at length he gathered from his wife that he was about again to become a father, the admission, instead of filling his heart with the rapture which had preceded the birth of little Lucile, struck him with disgust. Perplexed in the extreme by the agonizing misgivings which had taken possession of his mind, he soon became brutal, wild, ungovernable in his exasperations against his unhappy victim. Yet strange enough it was that Lucile never resented his violence—never appealed to her neighbours' compassion or her father's protection. She suffered all in silence—too mild to murmur, too gentle to resist. It was even hinted that harsh words had been followed by hard blows; yet still the humbled creature uttered not a syllable of complaint!

"At length the time was accomplished, and Madame Lanoue brought forth a son. Her father eagerly desired that it might be named 'Anselme,' after her husband, and Lanoue stood eagerly waiting in the hope that Lucile would second the request. But amid all her exhaustion and debility, the young mother found strength to implore that her father, who was to be its Christian sponsor, would bestow his own name on the infant; and that name happened, unluckily, to be no other than 'Clement!' From that moment it was a fearful sight to watch the glances cast by Lanoue upon his unwelcome offspring.

"Not long, however, did Lucile find courage to encounter the concentrated wrath of the now desperate man; and exactly five weeks after her confinement, she disappeared from St. Etienne. One evening, on returning from the foundry, Anselme found his little home abandoned—the cradle empty—the nurse dismissed—while a few lines, in the hand-

writing of Lucile, acquainted him that he would see her face no more, and that his little daughter was deposited with her former nurse, at a village two leagues distance from Lyons;—for *that* child, at least, was his own.

"By this fatal announcement the miserable truth became manifest to all the world. Anselme was pardoned his former mistrust, his previous jealousy, when it was seen that Madame Lanoue had eloped with the object of her early attachment, and embarked for Martinique—that her father's name and her husband's roof were dishonoured—that Lucile was an adultress!

"Poor old Morouval!—he had not long to support his load of obloquy, or the consciousness that his daughter's former declarations of attachment to another ought to have prevented him from interposing his parental authority to complete her union with Anselme Lanoue. He died repentant and self-accusing, driven to despair by the accusations of his indignant son-in-law. And thus, freed from all engagements, and bereft of almost every tie to life, Anselme grew weary of his former haunts, his former avocations, and resolved at once to dispose of the foundry, and seek happiness in some province where his name and misfortunes did not serve to point him out to public notice. It was expected that his child would bear him company, but having visited the little girl shortly after the disappearance of his wife, the unhappy man discerned or fancied he discerned some resemblance to her kinsman Manoury in the countenance of the infant Lucile, and thenceforward resolved to exclude it from his home. A liberal annuity was accordingly settled upon the nurse;—it was arranged that Lucile should be reared as her own; and Lanoue became a Cain and a wanderer!

"From that period all trace of the once thriving engineer was lost at St. Etienne. Rumours prevailed that he had entered into the ecclesinstical state, that he was even a member of the confraternity of La Trappe; and one fellow-townsman, who happened to have business in the West Indies, protested that he had seen Anselme Lanoue fulfilling the duties of a missionary in the island of Martinique. The lapse of a dozen years, however, tended to obliterate all curiosity respecting him or his movements—his very name came to be forgotten at St. Etienne; and little Lucile, reared in all the simplicity of a Lyonnese farmer's daughter, began to think of her unknown father as numbered with the dead.

"Scarcely, however, had she attained her fifteenth year, when there arrived at the village a priest of severe but venerable aspect, who proceeded to exhibit to Manette and her husband the necessary proofs empowering him to claim the guardianship of Lucile Lanoue. For many hours was the stranger closetted with the afflicted couple; who, at the close of the conference, announced him to their charge as her uncle and future protector. Lucile, who had been hitherto taught to consider her father an only son, and her mother an only daughter, could by no means reconcile herself to this unlooked-for tie of consanguinity. But Nanette soon satisfied her beloved nursling that so it was and was to be;—that her only chance of happiness lay in unlimited submission to the will of her new uncle, with whom she was to reside in Paris, where he enjoyed a small benefice under the metropolitan see; and who, although a stern man and reserved, regarded her with the tenderest affection. Nothing remained but to

submit; and Lucile, still bewildered by the sudden transition in her destinies, bade adieu to her native province, and accompanied her uncle to his gloomy abode in the *Parvis Nôtre Dame.*

"For many months the gay-hearted and bright-eyed girl found little in her new home to replace the simple occupations and affectionate tending of her childhood. Waited upon by a decrepit mulatto servant, who seemed to regard her as an intruder, immured from the sunshine and the free range of nature, she became weary of life, even unto the utmost heart-sickness of weariness. But in course of time, the studies to which her uncle began to claim her attention acquired interest in her eyes; she was taught new languages,—sciences hitherto undreamed of;—the page of history unrolled its wonders to her eyes,—the mysteries of nature unfolded their miracles to her comprehension. The gentle mind of Lucile became fascinated by her uncle's lessons of wisdom; she had long listened with reverence to his exhortations from the pulpit; she now began to admit the extent of his attractions as a companion, the value of his regard as a friend and monitor.

"There was but one point on which his lessons were distasteful. It struck her that the stern ascetic insisted too often and too strongly on the virtue of chastity, and the pure mind of Lucile revolted from the frequency of a charge she deemed superfluous. Père Anselme persisted in warning her against unclean thoughts, when her soul was spotless as that of a nun; and inveighed against the attraction of temptations, which to *her* were foul and offensive. He seemed, in fact, to invest the whole force of female excellence in a virtue which to Lucile appeared a necessary and spontaneous obligation; for the white rose in its first expansion of purity, was not more spotless than Lucile Lanoue!

"At length she revolted against these iterations of his daily sermon.—'You talk to me, dear uncle,' said she, 'of crimes that enter not into my apprehension. What pleasure can you suppose me to find in seeking after books, images, ideas, expressions of an immodest nature? What sense of enjoyment can possibly attach itself to things which bring a blush to the cheek, and confusion to the heart?'

"'Nevertheless, beware!' rejoined the stern pastor; 'circumstances may arise to invest with unknown charms these very accessories of evil. And remember, Lucile,—remember, my niece,—remember, my beloved child, that sooner than see thee yield to the backslidings by which so many of thy sex sink into the gulf of perdition, I would tear thee limb from limb,—behold thee perish inch by inch, and minute by minute. The soul of woman is the brightest emanation of the eternal fountain of light and life; but the smallest blemish upon its spotlessness, and corruption and utter darkness ensue. Either thou must be as the angels of Heaven, secure from the influence of every grosser passion, or fall under the domination of the worst, and become a thing for men to trample on and fiends to scoff at. Half the mischiefs, half the crimes of this world of woe, are produced by the levity of woman. And though I love thee, Lucile,—love thee with a yearning spirit of tenderness, greater than can be dreamed of by the imagining of thy young experience,—know, that should a day of contamination come, thou must look to find in me a ruthless judge,—a stone-hearted executioner. There would be no mercy in my soul for an offence of thine.'

"Harsh as were these denunciations, they sounded more like the ravings of fanaticism, than the remonstrances of a spiritual teacher, in the ears of Lucile. She had no power to attach them to a foregone conclusion, or to the shadowing forth of ideal evil. Even when, about a year after the first outpouring of the strenuous exhortations of Père Anselme, she became acquainted with the brilliant aide-de-camp of the King of France, who was charged to command a solemn service of Te Deum at the metropolitan cathedral, on occasion of the birth of a Dauphin, and the young and handsome Count de Valençay contrived shortly afterwards to entangle her in a secret correspondence and clandestine meetings, Lucile saw no occasion to connect the honourable expressions of attachment of her impassioned admirer with the prohibitions of her uncle! Valençay beheld in the bright cynosure of the Parvis Nôtre Dame the nominal niece of a hypocritical abbé, and far too fair a creature to be consigned to so ignoble and degrading a destiny; while Lucile beheld in Valençay her future husband, and the noblest and most captivating of mankind. They stood relatively in a false position. Mademoiselle Lanoue was too much afraid of the harsh interpretation of her uncle to infringe her lover's injunctions by acquainting the old man with the secret of their engagement. She dared not even involve in her confidence the old mulatto servant, Christophe, lest at any time he might be induced to betray them to the animadversions of Père Anselme.

"Time passed. It is needless, and would be painful to relate how often, during her uncle's discharge of his official duties, Lucile managed to escape from her gloomy home, and accompany her noble admirer on expeditions to the heights of Romainville, or the unfrequented banks of the Marne; to evening promenades in the Royal Gardens, to obscure spots and secret resorts, even *she* scarcely knew where. It was in vain she implored Valençay's permission to acquaint her legal guardian with their engagements, and at length with the union they had secretly contracted. The Count pleaded the opposition of his family—the resentment of the King;—and Lucile felt too happy in the homage, the tender affection of the man she deemed her husband, to examine with caution into his arguments, or investigate the motives of his evasions.

"It chanced that, while these mysteries were proceeding unsuspected in the quiet household of the canon of Nôtre Dame, Père Anselme was requested by one of the ministrants of the church of St. Sulpice to undertake for a few days the clerical charge for which he was incapacitated by sudden and severe indisposition. The active priest, rejoicing in an opportunity of augmenting the sum of those duties which he had adopted as a sort of expiation—a species of mysterious atonement—readily complied: and thus, for several days, Lucile was left more than ever at liberty to pursue her favourite avocations, and cement her rash connections, little apprehending the consequences of her uncle's ex-official occupation. Nay, little indeed did Père Anselme himself anticipate, when he entered the confessional of his unaccustomed church, to how painful an exercise of his priestly functions he was about to be submitted.

"For behold! there came to his judgment seat a young noble of the court of the Trianon, the associate of the Lauzuns and Polignacs, who, engaged in a duel of deadly provocation, had chosen to address himself

to a strange confessor for a remission of his mortal sins. Count Valençay admitted himself to be every way an offender;—intemperate, debauched, a gambler, a seducer of innocence; and among other crimes which he charged against himself, was a pretended marriage with a pretended niece of a canon of Nôtre Dame; for whom he admitted the utmost violence of a criminal attachment.—'Lucile is about to become a mother,' said he, in the unreservedness of confession; 'and her child will become fatherless, and herself a castaway, should I fall to-morrow. *Am* I to be forgiven?'

"Père Anselme wrung his hands and sobbed aloud at this declaration; while Valençay, attributing the good man's despair to the unction of his zeal, implored his intercessions with Heaven for the more than widow who was about to be left to the evil-dealing of a cruel world. He demanded also absolution, and Père Anselme trembled while he pronounced the words of grace; he had not, indeed, *so* trembled since the day when he first learned the elopement of his wife with Clement Manoury, of Martinique!

"That night, on his return home, Christophe the mulatto received orders from his master to light the fire of a small furnace erected at one end of the little garden attached to the Canon's house, where, during the winter days, he was wont to amuse himself by the exercise of his skill in smithery, such as the manufacture of curious locks and safety-bolts, which he often caused to be sold for the benefit of the poor. During the summer, he usually devoted his leisure to other pursuits; and what might be the cause of his selecting a fine midsummer night for the renewal of his occupation no one could guess. Till morning, however, the bellows of the forge were heard in operation, andt hen, instead of retiring to rest after his unaccountable exertions, Père Anselme went forth to his daily duties, having charged his servants with certain household services to be performed during his absence, and taken with him the key of the house-door, in order to enforce the commands he had already issued, that none should pass the threshold during his absence. He desired also that the morning and evening meal of Lucile might be served to her as usual; nor did he return at night till his daughter had retired to rest. But there was nothing in all this to occasion surprise to Lucile; her thoughts indeed were otherwise engrossed, and had they been free for cogitation, she knew that the time of the Canon was just then doubly engaged with the duties of his brother Cure.

"She was wrapt in sleep when, at midnight, he re-entered the house, and a sleep so heavy, that she observed not an unusual sound in an uninhabited chamber on the opposite side of the corridor from her own, the walls of which abutted against those of a public hospital. Heavy, ay, heavy indeed must those slumbers have been, that heard not stones displaced and replaced—the blows of the heavy mallet—the smart strokes of the sledge hammer, which so strangely disturbed the rest of the old mulatto.

"On the morrow, at an early hour, a hired *berline* stood at the Canon's door; and when the lovely but pale and wan Lucile made her appearance at the breakfast-table, the Canon bid her with a grim smile prepare for a holiday. Together they ascended the carriage, but her eager inquiries could obtain no clue to their destination. 'Be satisfied,'

replied Anselme in a hoarse voice; 'you will discover anon. I have secured to you a day of pleasure.'

"At length she perceived that they had passed the barriers of the city, and were ascending the heights of Charonne. In another minute's space they were following a splendid funeral procession, that took its way towards the cemetery of Mont Louis. The hearse was covered with gorgeous escutcheons—the noblest armorial bearings of ancient France graced the long train of carriages following the dead—and as the cortège stopped at the gates of the cemetery, Lucile perceived that a sword and belt, a coronet and cushion, were placed upon the coffin.

"Involuntarily she gave vent to expressions of interest, as with a pale face she gazed upon the solemn scene—involuntarily evinced her curiosity as to the name of the hero about to be consigned to the dust. She addressed herself to her 'uncle,' but Père Anselme was reciting aloud his prayers for the dead, whom the priests, with their crosses and banners, had come forth to welcome to the grave. Their driver now prepared to let down the steps, having received previous orders from the canon.

"'Whose obsequies are these?' inquired Lucile with faltering accents, as she prepared to place her foot on the step.

"'Tis the burial of the young Count Valençay, Aide-de-Camp to his Majesty, who fell yesterday in a duel at Montrouge,' replied the man in a careless tone; 'he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; yet 'tis said that he hazarded his life in a drunken quarrel, for a worthless actress.'

"But he spoke to unheedful ears; Lucile lay senseless at the bottom of the carriage, and when the miserable girl recovered her powers of recollection, she found herself in a strange room, chained by her right hand to a bare wall, a loaf of bread, a vessel of water, and a missal, lying by her side. Even then, she neither heard, nor saw, nor felt distinctly; strange words sounded in her ears—a figure which she deemed to be that of her uncle stalked before her, proclaiming himself her father, and addressing her in opprobrious terms and with fearful denunciations that fell meaningless upon her heart. Yet the accusations were full, *too* full of truth; and the invectives with which he accosted the dying girl were such as defile the ears of the lowest of her fallen sex.

"'True child of an abandoned mother,' cried he—'of a mother who deserted thy cradle for the arms of a paramour—of a mother whom I abandoned all ties of nature and country to punish as she deserved—thy doom is decreed! I forewarned *her*, yet she fell! I told her that so surely as she dared to outrage her vows of matron chastity, the hand of my vengeance should be heavy on her—that her blood should flow drop by drop in atonement for her sin; and so it did, and I beheld it, and was content. Then returned I to Europe, in the hope that the sorrows of my youth might be compensated by a tranquil old age, passed in the bosom of my child. And thou, too, Lucile, did I forewarn! I ventured not to assume over thee a father's authority, lest peradventure the babbling of those who surrounded thy childhood should have described him to thee as harsh and intemperate; but as a near kinsman—as a spiritual teacher—my voice was loud in thine ears, with exhortations against the evil promptings of the salt blood of thy mother flowing in thy veins; yet thou hast fallen, and the ruin of my house is accomplished—my last hope withered—my last joy defiled! Out on thee, castaway, out on

thee! For thee, even for thee, shall there be no mrecy—no ear of pity for thy bewailing—no heart of flesh for thine anguish. My own hand, a father's hand, forged the snares that hold thee fast; and now will I feast mine eyes on the sufferings of thy penance. *Despair and die!*'

"To all these outrages Lucile had no other reply than the name of him whom she believed to have been her husband. To die was all indeed that she desired; but despair she could not, for she trusted that death would reunite her to the object of her soul's affections. Her mind was at times perturbed, at times lucid; but of her peculiar jeopardy she knew and could comprehend nothing. It was all a miserable confusion of suffering—of terror—of darkness—of desperation!

"At length came the appointed hour—the hour of a mother's agony; and all night the lonely creature writhed and struggled with her pain, her miserable right hand still fettered within the master-bolt; but towards morning her moans grew fainter, and the feeble wail of a new-born child was added to the sound. Lucile was still alive when her father entered the room, and her dying eyes re-opened in fearful dilation only to witness the paroxysm of disgust with which he crushed into nothingness the tender frame of that offspring of shame. It was well perhaps the miserable babe should die, for already it was an orphan.

"That night, Anselme Lanoue watched beside the dead—the young mother with her little infant laid upon her arm, and a bloody cloth enveloping the right hand of the corpse! When placed in her coffin, and the bier brought forth from that hateful chamber, the Canon of Nôtre Dame closed its door for ever, that no one might look upon the mangled hand still fixed within the manacle left hanging to the wall; and it was Christophe the mulatto who, on the apprehension of the old priest, nearly twenty years after the fatal catastrophe, bethought him of the mysteries to be revealed in that deserted room, and found strength to wrench the staple from the stones.

"Look upon it again," said Balthazar, replacing the terrible relique in my hand at the close of his narrative, "and tell me, Sir, whether your country contains a more fearful testimonial of the ascendancy of ungovernable passion?"

The gathering tears in our eyes prevented our discerning so clearly as we could wish the delicacy of those blanched and fragile bones; but it was clear that the hand had been divided above the wrist by some sharp instrument; it was clear that two fingers had been previously broken in a desperate struggle for self-extrication. That hand which the hand of love alone had pressed—which had been from infancy uplifted to Heaven in the fervent supplications of innocence—had been crushed and tortured by the vengeance of a father!

Our hearts revolted against the spectacle; and right glad were we to behold the instrument of torture finally consigned to the dark and rusty treasury of—THE RED MAN.

SIR MATTHEW MEDDLE.

A SKETCH.

"Save me from my friends! I can protect myself against my enemies."
Henri IV. (of France).

"On ne donne rien si libéralement que ses conseils."
La Rochefoucauld.

Sir Matthew Meddle is the most obliging creature in the world; consequently—he has done an infinite deal of mischief in it. He *will* assist you; he *will* serve you: he *will* undertake to do for you that which you in vain assure him nobody *can* do satisfactorily but yourself. "I am an idle man," he will say: "I have neither business nor occupation of my own; *your* time is precious; now *do* leave that matter to my management; so far from a trouble, it will be an amusement to me." But, alas! he does not consider that (as in the fable of the frogs) it will be "death to us." And fortunate may you consider it, if you receive such timely notice of his intention to be (what *he* calls) serviceable; you may in that case prevent, or at least mitigate, the mischievous effects of his good-nature. But 'tis his "secret service," against which neither prudence nor human foresight can guard, that destroys you: 'tis when he "does good by stealth," that his pernicious kindness operates most powerfully to your injury.

I shall not stop to narrate the particulars of seven marriages of his concocting, the comfortable results of which were two elopements, three separate maintenances, and two divorces; nor of the numerous slight misunderstandings and trifling differences betwixt friends, which his attempts to explain, or to reconcile, have brought to the decision of a jury, the arbitrament of the pistol, or (more unhappily still!) aggravated into lasting hostility and enmity unappeasable; nor shall I——In a word, I will avoid his example of meddling with affairs which concern others, and shall state only a few of the cases in which I myself have been made the victim of his kind intentions.

How lavish soever of his services he may be to the rest of the world, yet Sir Matthew Meddle holding me, the only son of his favourite sister, in greater affection than any other of his kindred, or, as I sincerely believe, than any other existing creature, it is not to be wondered at that upon my unlucky self he should have perpetrated his most cruel acts of kindness, and inflicted his friendship with the most determined virulence. For as long as I can remember him, he has been destructively attentive to my interests, and has acted in my behalf with assiduity the most fatal: I may, indeed, date his interference concerning me at a period antecedent to my possession of the faculty of memory, for it commenced even before I had the honour of making my appearance in the world. The effect of this, his first service, has left an irremovable impression—not on my mind only, but on my left cheek!

One day when my mother was in that interesting situation which promised her husband the speedy enjoyment of the honours of paternity, my father and his brother-in-law Sir Matthew were dining with a large party at Long's. Amongst the company was Sir Pepper O'Popper, a gentleman whose temper was extremely irritable, and his sense of hear-

ing not very acute. Like persons in general who labour under the latter infirmity, he was prone to consider every remark which he did not distinctly hear as applied to himself; and would guess at its import from the gesture, or from the look of the speaker. The glass had circulated freely when my father, tasting of a fresh bottle, thrust it aside; and, with an expression of mingled anger and disgust on his countenance exclaimed, "Detestable! 'tis as fiery as pepper!"

"What's that you are saying about me, Sir? What's that you are saying?" fiercely cried Sir Pepper; who fancied he heard some uncivil observation coupled with his own name.

My father was about to offer a good-humoured explanation of the cause of Sir Pepper's misapprehension, when up started Sir Matthew.

"Now, Ned, be quiet, pray be quiet—you are so intemperate! let *me* settle this disagreeable affair. My dear Sir Pepper—indeed, now, my brother-in-law meant no offence—believe *me* he didn't; if he had—why, in such case, I should have been the first to say, 'throw a bottle at his head,' though he is my brother-in-law."

"I don't hear a word you say, Sir; speak louder, if you please," impatiently cried Sir Pepper.

"In such a case," bawled Sir Matthew, "I say I should have been the first to advise you to throw a bottle at his head."

Sir Pepper, who had heard nothing but the *conclusion* of Sir Matthew's speech, seized a decanter, which he hurled with desperate violence in the direction of my father's head. Had that promoter of conviviality fulfilled the intention of the director of its course, my father's must have terminated on the spot; for (though, fortunately, missing him by a hair's breadth) from the force with which it had been projected, not only was it itself dashed to atoms against the wall, but it put the latter in a plight which rendered the aid of the plasterer and the carpenter eminently necessary.

A scene of confusion ensued: but some mediator more adroit than Sir Matthew taking up the affair, Sir Pepper apologized for his intemperate conduct towards my father, and, offering him his hand, declared that "the misunderstanding was owing entirely to Sir Matthew Meddle's explanation."

"Ned," hurriedly whispered my uncle, "under the circumstances, it would not be well for you to quit the party suddenly, so do you remain where you are; but, considering the delicate situation of your wife, should any exaggerated account of this unpleasant *fracas* be conveyed to her——But leave that to my management. Remain here for an hour or so; I'll go home and excuse your absence to my sister."

Sir Matthew rushed down stairs, jumped into his carriage, and desired the coachman to drive full speed to his sister's. Arrived there, he knocked and rang as if he had found the house in a blaze.

"What *is* the matter, Sir?" inquired the servant who opened the door.

"Nothing. I hope your mistress has not yet retired for the night?"

"Not yet, I believe, Sir; my mistress is not very well, but as she has not rung for Mrs. Smith yet, I dare say you will find her in the drawing-room."

"That's fortunate!" Sir Matthew ran up stairs, and, rushing into the drawing-room, exclaimed, "Bessy, my love, don't be alarmed."

"Alarmed, Matthew! Good heavens! what has happened?"

"I tell you *not* to be alarmed. I came purposely to prepare you."

"Prepare me! For what? For heaven's sake——"

"'Tis nothing in the world—though it might have been! Poor Ned! When I was at Barbadoes I saw a man's head dreadfully fractured by a similar thing, but——Now, how ridiculous you are to be alarmed, when I came on purpose to prevent it. The affair is simply this, my dear sister:—Ned has just had a slight disagreement.—Now, why *will* you be alarmed? In fact, it was not a disagreement, but merely a slight misunderstanding with an Irish officer, who dashed a bottle of claret at him with such violence that it literally smashed the——"

At these words his dear sister fainted. In the course of that same night I was ushered into the world, although my appearance had not been calculated upon so soon by at least three weeks. A brilliant claret-stain on my left cheek, nearly as large as the palm of my hand, is the consequence of Sir Matthew Meddle's first kind interference in matters affecting me.

Though an only son, I was never, except in so far as the blemish I have just mentioned may afford me a claim to be considered as such, a spoiled child. By my father's death, which happened when I was only two years old, I was left entirely under the care and controul of my mother. A woman of strong sense, she was aware of the dangers to which the temper and all other qualities which go to the formation of character are exposed by the early and undue indulgence which is but too frequently extended to that interesting specimen of humankind,—a "sole pledge of affection." With a strong check upon her own feelings, therefore, which naturally inclined to humour me rather than displease, she never—at least so long as I can recollect—she never sacrificed the just to the expedient; or, in the more appropriate language of the nursery, she would never allow the dear child to have its own way in everything rather than hear it cry. "Children," she would truly say, "are much earlier and more readily to be taught to distinguish the right and the proper from their contraries, than thoughtless parents give them credit for: they will sometimes, indeed, cunningly *seem* to confound them in order to serve their own little purposes." This may appear to be a long introduction to so small a portion of a short story, but (to say nothing of the natural bias of my mind, which bears me unconsciously into the serious and the philosophical) it is not altogether unnecessary.

My fond uncle's notions on this subject differed altogether from my mother's. He was for humouring me in everything, lest opposition and restraint should spoil my temper. He thought my demands for sour apples and indigestible pound-cake were neither unreasonable nor too frequent; and that my *complaints*—though, heaven knows, I never complained at all—of the length of my lessons and the shortness of my play-time were not without foundation. He would therefore "advise" my mother to relinquish her own system and adopt his. But my mother, though she tenderly loved her brother, entertained not the slightest respect for his understanding; and (her mind wearied, her patience exhausted, and her temper ruffled by his uncalled-for and pertinacious counsel) the certain consequences, to me, of uncle Meddle's interference in my favour were tasks lengthened and indulgences abridged, with an occasional whipping for having "set on" uncle Meddle,—a notion

plausible, but by no means true, inasmuch as his unlucky interferences were always the spontaneous suggestions of his own benevolent heart.

In my ninth year I was placed under the care of the Reverend Job Whackall, at that extensive and celebrated market for the sale of education, Turnham Green. There I remained till my twelfth. Just before I quitted this school a prize-medal for the best English essay was offered by the master. For this I was one of three competitors.

"Brother," said my mother to Sir Matthew, "I am exceedingly anxious that Frederick should gain the medal; it will be such a spur to his exertions when he goes to Eton. Indeed I have great reason to believe he will, for Mr. Fagmore, the head-usher, has privately assured me that Frederick's exercise is all-to-nothing the best he has seen. To-morrow they are to be sent in to Mr. Whackall, and on the day after he will award the prize. I earnestly hope my dear boy may win it."

"He shall!" exclaimed Sir Matthew Meddle, and he instantly quitted the room; leaving my mother in raptures at the heartiness of his exclamation, which she considered as a sure prognostic of success.

Within an hour after this I was agreeably surprised by a visit from Uncle Matthew. Leave was asked and obtained that I should go and dine with him at Richmond. "And put your exercise into your pocket, Fred," whispered Sir Matthew. As we were stepping into the carriage the kind-hearted Fagmore, who had followed us out, patted me on the head and said to my uncle, "He'll beat the best of them, Sir, I'll answer for it."

We drove to the Castle at Richmond, where, by my uncle's particular desire, we were shown into one of their *quietest* rooms, overlooking the delightful lawn; and, having ordered a dinner of fried whitings, chicken-salad, and a muffin-pudding——

"Now, Fred," said my uncle, "whilst dinner is preparing let me see your exercise."

I handed it to him, and watched with some anxiety his countenance whilst he was engaged in the reading of it.

"Um—um—good—very good indeed, considering your age. Few boys could do better, and I have very little doubt but——and yet there is nothing like making sure of things; clinching the nail, eh, Fred?"

"Nothing in the world, Sir," replied I; yet not exactly comprehending the drift of his observation.

"You *must* gain the prize, and you shall, too. Can you keep a secret, Master Fred?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, then, I like your exercise upon the whole, vastly; but there are some objectionable points—some negligences, also, in it. Now, if *I* correct it for you, you won't tell any body?"

"Not for all the world, Sir."

"Then ring for pen, ink, and paper, and the thing is done."

After an hour's cutting, and slashing, and interlining, "There, you rogue!" cried Uncle Meddle; "There! the medal is as safe as if it were dangling from your button-hole. Now make a fair copy, with my alterations and improvements, and then to dinner. But not a word of my assistance, you dog."

My thoughts running more upon chicken-salad and muffin-pudding

than upon my obliging uncle's improvements, mechanically I copied what I saw before me. Dinner was served just when I had finished my labour; so thrusting my infallible exercise into my pocket, I attacked the good things before me with an appetite needlessly increased by joy at the certainty of my success.

The next morning early the exercises were sent up, and, on the morning following, in the presence of the assembled school, the competitors were summoned to hear the decree of our master and judge. For my own part I felt no misgivings: I rested securely on the assistance I had secretly received from my obliging uncle.

An awful frown clouded the brow of the Reverend Job Whackall as he took his seat.

"Little, if at all, satisfied am I," said he, in his usual cramp and formal phraseology, "with either of the three specimens of English composition now submitted to me. But since to the best did I unreservedly promise to deliver the reward of superiority, to the best (albeit, neither of the three be good), to the best do I decree it. Would I could have awarded it as the reward of merit positive and unquestionable. As it is, I adjudge to Master Zachariah Dunder the prize."

He retired from the school-room to his private parlour, desiring Fagmore and me to follow him. Downcast by disappointment, I obeyed.

"Forasmuch as I expected better from this young gentleman, Mr. Fagmore, in so much is my displeasure increased; yet less is it directed against him, Sir, for his failure, than you, for allowing to be presented to me such a jumble of bombast and blunder! Listen to the passages to which my censure more particularly attaches"—and here he read almost every sentence which my uncle had kindly contributed. The phenomenon of the appearance there of what Fagmore candidly admitted to be *trash*, he was utterly unable to account for; certainly there was nothing of the kind when last he inspected my work: nor did I dare venture to enlighten him on the subject.

When, with tears in my eyes, I communicated to Sir Matthew Meddle the unhappy result of our joint labours, "Be comforted, my dear boy," said he; "the fault is altogether mine:—I ought to have rewritten the whole for you."

From Turnham Green I was sent to Eton. Here, by means of assiduous study and the no-assistance of my uncle, I obtained considerable distinction; and had the good fortune, moreover, to render myself the prime favourite of Doctor * * * *, the head-master. A few days previous to my quitting that venerable seminary to enter into active life, I saw near the statue of its pious founder, the Doctor in earnest conversation with Lord * * * *, (the then Secretary of State for the —— Department), who had just come down to visit his son. It was evident to me that I was the subject upon which they were engaged. Presently the Doctor beckoned me towards him, and, on my approach, did me the honour of introducing me to his Lordship.

"Young gentleman," said Lord * * * *, "Doctor * * * * has mentioned you to me in a manner which does you honour. I understand you are about to return home. Have you decided upon any particular course of life?"

"No, my Lord," replied I; "but, if I might choose, I should prefer some official employment."

"Well, Sir," continued his Lordship, "it may be in my power to promote your views. Pray do me the favour of calling upon me as soon after your arrival in town as may be convenient to you."

On my return home I communicated to my mother, and to Sir Matthew Meddle, who was kindly in waiting to welcome me, the fortunate occurrence. My mother was overjoyed at the prospect of fortune, and of distinction also, thus unexpectedly opened to me. Sir Matthew saw me within three steps of becoming Prime Minister!

"Fred," exclaimed he, "your fortune is made, unless, indeed, you mar it by any indiscretion of your own. The great political leaders are on the look-out for talent wherever they are likely to find it. I know they are—they can't do without it. Now, take my advice; don't accept of any petty clerkship; no red-tape affair. Private Secretary to his Lordship—that's what he wants you for, I'm certain; so don't you be satisfied with anything less."

"But, surely, Sir, as a first step——"

"First step, indeed! Why be content with a foot in the stirrup when you may take your seat in the saddle? Private Secretary—that's the high road to preferment:—'*aut Cæsar aut nullus*,' say I, Fred; and Private Secretary you must be."

The next morning I paid my visit to Lord * * * *, and was very graciously received.

"I am a man of business, Sir," said his Lordship, "so at once to the point. Doctor **** spoke of you in a way which has left no doubt upon my mind of your capabilities for any employment not necessarily requiring practice in office and experience in the world. I am satisfied, however, that when you shall have acquired these, it will not be by lack of ability that your progress will be impeded. Now, Sir, a place is vacant in my office, and immediately under my own eye. The salary attached to it is but 150*l.* a year; but the duties it involves, if well executed, are of a nature to lead to *much—higher—things*. If you will accept the place, it is at your service. But consider well my offer, consult your friends upon the subject, and, in three days from this, favour me with your decision. I have many applications for the post; but shall keep it open till I hear from you." Having concluded, he shook me cordially by the hand, and I withdrew.

So lucky a start in life falls to the lot of but few; neither my mother nor myself, therefore, entertained a moment's doubt upon the propriety of my instantly availing myself of it; so, without hesitation, we resolved that on the next day I should (as the French express it) "offer my adhesion." But my kind uncle thought differently: he had no notion of seeing his dear nephew an official drudge; he knew best, as he said, what was good for me and what I was capable of; and Private Secretary I should be before I was a week older.

"Pray, brother," said my mother, in the most imploring tone imaginable, "*pray* don't interfere in this matter. You *mean* well—I *know* you do—but there is a fatality in all your good intentions. Now, promise me that you will neither see Lord ****, nor speak to him, nor write to him upon this business."

"I promise," replied Sir Matthew; "but leave the matter to my management, and if Fred be not Private Secretary, never trust me again." Saying which, he departed.

"What *can* he intend to do?" exclaimed my mother in alarm. "His interference, which is always unfortunate, must be prevented. Do, my dear Frederick, go to Lord **** very early in the morning, and accept the place."

Having ascertained that his Lordship had left town, and that he would not return till *ten* o'clock the following morning, I left a note to acquaint him that I intended to do myself the honour of waiting upon him at *half-past* ten "concerning the affair in question." And now, thought I, I defy Sir Matthew and the very best of his good intentions!

The next morning, as the chimes sounded the half-hour, I was ushered into the presence of the Secretary of State for the —— Department. He was writing, and received me with cold civility; and, scarcely raising his eyes from the paper upon which he was occupied, desired I would take a seat. Then—still not looking at me—he slowly shoved a newspaper a few inches across the table towards where I was sitting, and requested I would read a paragraph against which he had placed an ink mark. The paragraph was as follows:—

"We understand that Mr. Frederick G***, who has just returned from Eton, loaded with the highest academical honours which that celebrated foundation can bestow, has been offered a *paltry place* in the office of Lord ****, Secretary for the —— Department. We are unwilling to believe that such an offer can have emanated from his Lordship himself, whose discernment and liberality are well known. Our informant must mean the situation of *Private Secretary* to his Lordship, for which Mr. G. is eminently qualified, and which is at present filled by Sir W—— L——, who, we think, is utterly *un*qualified for it, although we entertain a very high respect for his talents, and which, we are of opinion, are well adapted to the duties of the place *said to be* offered to Mr. G. We would advise Mr. Frederick G**** to remonstrate with his *friend* Lord **** on the subject; and we doubt not the Right Honourable statesman (whose abilities, by-the-bye, though we think highly of them, are, we apprehend, misplaced in his present post, and ought to be transferred to the War Department) will instantly see the propriety of making the change we suggest."

The phrase most commonly used in describing situations of horror and dismay—situations, in short, of the nature of the present, is, "I wished that the earth would open and swallow me." Now I did not wish any such thing, simply because I was not in a frame of mind to form a wish of any kind whatever; but certain I am that had I been standing on the brink of a roaring volcano, I should have thrown myself into it head foremost. The paper dropt from my hands; huge cold drops of perspiration fell from my brow, whilst my lips and throat were parched with intolerable heat; I opened my mouth, or rather, I should say, my mouth opened itself to its fullest extent; my tongue felt as if held fast by a whip-cord. After several moments—*hours* they appeared to me—of utter annihilation of the power of speech, I at length contrived to wriggle my tongue into something like motion, and stammered forth—

"My—my Lord, I—your Lordship must—I am sure your Lordship cannot for a moment—I solemnly declare——"

Without deigning to desist from his occupation, or even to honour me with a look, Lord **** addressed me in these words:—

"I shall not trouble you for an explanation, Sir; but it may gratify you to know that I have so far profited by the kind advice bestowed upon me"—(and here he just pointed with the feather-end of his pen to the newspaper)—"that I have within this half-hour given the 'paltry place' to the son of a much-valued friend of my own. Good morning, Sir."

How I reached home I know not—by a kind of brute instinct which led me there, perhaps;—but on my arrival thither, I found Sir Matthew Meddle pacing up and down in front of the iron railing, with four newspapers in his hand.

"Ah, ha! Fred! I've done it for you. Have you seen the newspapers, my boy?"

"I have seen but one, Sir, and that one too many."

"Then you have not seen my paragraph about the private secretaryship?"

"Yours! and did you write that fatal paragraph?"

"Fatal paragraph! Here's gratitude for you! Here I have it in *all* the morning papers; I have been up half this night, to the loss of my blessed rest, making copies of it for *all* the evening papers and for *all* the Sunday papers, and——fatal paragraph, indeed!"

I explained to him that it was just so much good labour thrown away, for that one of them had done all the mischief which the utmost exercise of his obliging services could have accomplished.

Who was the cause of my lately losing an important lawsuit by kindly *volunteering* evidence which made against my case? who made me pay at an auction 900*l.* more than I should otherwise have paid for a certain property, by considerately bidding for it on my account (though not by my desire) in opposition to an agent whom I had secretly employed to purchase it? who was the cause that I am *not* married to the woman for whom I would have died? and that I *am* married to the woman who will be the death of me? Need I add—the everlasting, eternal, sempiternal Sir Matthew Meddle! Sir Matthew Meddle!! Sir Matthew Meddle!!!

Like a loyal subject and true, I would rather sing "God save the King" than any song sung by singing mortal in this singing age; but heedless of statutes of treason, and of attorneys-general, I declare that I am inclined to shout forth "*Vive Henri Quatre!*" as often as I recollect that it is to that monarch we are indebted for the exclamation—"*Save me from my* FRIENDS! *I can protect myself against my enemies.*"

Ire.

MARTIAL IN LONDON.

Hackney Coachmen.

WHEN injury they suffer, what
Opprobrium they inherit?
Unconscionable call them not;
Their conscience is their merit.
'Twere well if they, at anger's beck,
Who load them with detractions,
Possess'd, like them, an inward check
Upon their outward actions.

SKETCHES ON IRISH HIGHWAYS.

THE BOCHER OF RED-GAP LANE.*

When the "wise man" had closed the door after Ellen's unwilling departure, Alice Dizney lost a good deal of the fearlessness which fresh air and light never fail to inspire. She sunk upon a straw seat beneath the solitary window, and the white pigeon flew from her shoulder to a rafter and nestled close to its mate. Alice would have retained it if she could—for even a bird seeking protection in her bosom was something to make her feel that she was not "quite, quite alone" with the Bocher, whom she regarded, despite her superior education, as somewhat of a supernatural agent. He seated himself opposite his visitor; laying his crutch across his knee, and, folding his hands upon it, he looked long and earnestly into her face.

"Just in that spot sat your mother, come next Shrovetide will be twenty years," said the Bocher, after a long pause. "Under that little window she sat—her hair parted the very way of yours—her eye as blue, and as sorrowful looking—her lips a deal paler;—and I gave her advice, which if she had taken, you would not be here, nor would she, to my thinking, be in her grave!"——

Tears were fast gathering in the maiden's eyes; yet she raised them with an inquiring glance, as if she would fain know what that advice had been!

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "how like, how very like you are to her now—poor Alice Beale!—I will tell you what I said, and I need but look into your face, jewel, to know, that before her heart died in her breast it taught yours the same batings. Ah! people little know how like one woman's heart is to another's!—'tis the world, and the men, and, above all, the first loves they take up, that make the differ by the time their hair grows grey and their cheeks wrinkled. Well, God be good to us, and look down upon us, and tache us all the right way, ever more—Amin!" he murmured, crossing himself as he uttered the brief prayer. "And now, a lannan, I'll tell you what I said to your mother. 'Alice Beale,' said I, 'you're poor and penniless, and your father's as great a Bocher as myself, and your mother's forced many a day to eat her potatoes, *with no salt but the tears she sheds over four small children.* But never heed that; wait till he you know of comes home from the Ingees, and you'll have a long and happy life with him, and he'll make a good son and brother to all belonging to you, for the love he bears yourself. Any way, wait;—don't be first to break the vow you swore.'

"'Ay,' says she, 'but in the mean time my mother and the young ones will die, and a breath from my lips could save them—could give them a farm and a house rent free.'

"'Ay,' says I, in return, 'give *them* a house and land, and after two or three, or may be twelve months, give you ——'

"'Give me,' says she, taking the word out of my mouth like, and smiling the sort of smile I don't like to see on a living lip, "give me

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* Continued from No. CLXXIII., page 88.

house and land too, daddy; a wooden house and an asy grave;' and then she put her hands fast over her eyes for as good as ten minutes, till, having made up her mind, she went on with a word I never heard so put before—' I should *enjoy* the grave, daddy!' said she.

"My poor mother!" sobbed Alice.

"' Alice Beale,' I made answer, after awhile, ' there is but one way to do so; to go down to it with an honest conscience. And Alice, a your neen, how can you do that when your heart is with one man and your hand with another? Take my advice;—what God in his holy wisdom put together, don't you *divide*; he did'nt give one body to the heart and another body to the hand. Wait till both can go together, and don't parjure your soul, for it's what you have no right to do for any one, seeing that it's the spirit God put in you, you would bend and bow to the dirty ways of the world.'

"' I will try and do my duty, daddy; I will pray to do my duty; but if Sandy Holman should come back, and I should be Tom Dizney's wife, why don't let it go with him that I married for change or wealth, but only to keep my own flesh and blood from starving!'

"The next time I saw your mother she was Alice Dizney, and so changed! the quiet way she had was gone; she was like one afraid to trust herself alone with herself; she was so loud and gay in her talk, that every one said she was happy, but I *saw* she was not; her eyes grew wild and restless; her voice thin and shrill, like the scream of the curlew instead of the full music of the thrush; and one evening late, I remember it well, I was coming home through Honishown ould church-yard, and close under the spiked yew tree started up the figure of a woman in a blue cloak, and before I came up to her—a little daunted at first I was—I saw it was your mother.

"' Ah, daddy,' says she, ' I have been looking at what I tould you I should *enjoy*. Good night, daddy, and God so look on you, as you heed my last words. Make my husband let my grave be made there, just under where the lightning struck off the great branch of that ancient tree, so that the wind up from off the sea can come over the sods.'

"She passed away without another word, and that night you were born and motherless within one hour."

"And Sandy Holman," murmured Alice.

"Ay, Sandy Holman," repeated the Bocher, "poor Alice would have had a narrow grave either way—Sandy married in foreign parts—the love of gain came over him."

"You were mistaken in him, then," observed Alice, her opinion of the Bocher's infalliability wonderfully shaken by the discovery."

"I was mistaken, and I was not; he did what she did—he gave a hand without a heart—only she did the sin for the sake of her people, and he did it for a reason that's very much in the way of straight handsome men (and the Bocher laughed and looked at his shrunken limbs with something like satisfaction); he did it for his own sake; and small comfort his lady-wife had with him, for he turned out a riving-roaming blade, a smuggler, and a pirate; and though Sandy Holman never came back to those parts, (the Bocher paused abruptly, pushed himself by the aid of his crutch nearer to his patient listener, and then, resuming his position, continued); but the Red Bat was off the coast many a time."

Alice started—her breath grew short and thick—involuntarily she

pressed her hands upon her bosom, while the colour came and faded—came and faded—on her cheek.

"You know it now," said the old man; "you see now that he, called the 'Red Bat,' and Sandy Holman, were the same. You see that the bright handsome youth, called William Neale, is son to the bould smuggler; and now you know *why* your father, stiff by name and stiff by nature, couldn't abide the son of his ould rival, though brought up almost at his own door stone. It's mighty quare how a man seldom forgives another man for doing what he does himself—loving the same woman."

"But William never told me this," said the astonished Alice; never hinted it even, that his father had known and loved my mother; perhaps," she added bitterly, "perhaps his love may be of the same sort; he may choose a lady-wife in the far countries he is gone to; he may forget the promises, the oaths, the tokens; he may cease to think of the poor Irish girl, who has suffered for more than a year to be bated, and worried, and threatened with worse than death a thousand and a thousand times for his sake, who at this minute believes him as innocent of the crime for which he was forced to fly the counthry as the babe unborn. Oh, if there was but a way to prove that *he* had no hand in the burning of Middleton farm; if there were any who knew and would tell the truth about that one thing—any who would tell God's holy truth about it—I know he'd be cleared. I've often thought that my own father misdoubted that he had to do with that sinful act, though he seemed so glad to catch at it for an excuse to—to—to—" and overpowered by the sudden and unusual energy which had enabled her to give utterance to her hitherto pent-up feelings and ideas, Alice Dizney burst into tears.

"Take a sup of water, dear; 'twill ease your heart," exclaimed the Bocher, "and don't try to stop the tears; they are God's own rivers for carrying away throuble. Ah, darlint! much sorrow floats away with them tears;—the boy, poor fellow, did not know, so how could he tell you, how near his father was being married to your mother till I tould him."

"You told him—when?" inquired Alice eagerly.

"Before he went away—when the country riz about the burnin—he was here then for five or six days. Ah, you may look round and about you, dear, and wonder where he was hid;—did you think so ould a fox as myself would be after having only one earth?"

"But Ellen never told me this."

"Ellen!—why, thin, Miss Alice Dizney, I'd trouble ye to remember yourself, and myself; and if you won't give me credit for a little high sort of knowledge, believe I've got ever so small a taste of common sense;—do ye think it's to that prating hussey I'd tell a secret—a wench that could'nt talk more if she had two tongues as well as two ears—a romping, gadding, chattering, flirting devil—that's *ready to skin every body's paytee*—that would have ten husbands if she could, just that she might badger the life out of them for amusement;—tell Ellen?—tell the echo up yonder a secret? No, no: Nell's well enough in her way, but better out of the way, for all her buttered talk;—she'd rather wandering Willy was where he is than here."

"Indeed you do my *fosterer* injustice," interrupted the warm and

innocent-minded girl, "indeed you do; it was Ellen who urged me to come to you for advice, her heart is so good."

"Made you come to me, was it?" in his turn interrupted the Bocher; "so she might, because she little thought I knew what I did know. She would'nt ax you to come to me after the whisper I gave her awhile ago. Good hearted, is she?—ay, as good-hearted as a cuckoo, when it kicks out the sparrow's eggs and lays its own in their place. Augh! I hate your good-hearted people. Fools throw coals of fire upon fresh hackled flax, and all that's said is, that though the flax is burnt, they are mighty good-hearted! Good-heartedness! it's the knave's hood! and the mischief-maker tramps from cabin to cabin declaring he thought no harm!"

"Do you really think that Ellen would do me harm?" inquired the bewildered Alice.

"She's one, Miss Ally—and mind what I'm saying—that has but little strength either for good or for bad; and they're the very worst sort in the world for friends; for with all their *bathershun*, the coward thinks of himself first and last, and it's God help those who come in the middle."

"*You* are certain," said Alice, upon whom I fear the Bocher's philosophy was lost, "that William Neale had nothing to do with Middleton farm; you are certain he was innocent of that?"

"He had as much to do with it as the white pigeon that was awhile agone in your bosom."

"Then," replied Alice, rising from her seat, "come what come may, no power, no earthly power shall make me untrue to my promise. He may change—*he* may give others oaths—but I will keep mine—keep it to the very end—time may bring to light his innocence."

"But if it does not, Agra!" interrupted the Bocher; "if it does not; if one bad report should come upon the back of another; if one body should say one thing, and another body another thing, and all should help to blacken him the more—what then, Agra?"

"I would disbelieve it all, unless witnessed by my own eyes," replied Alice.

"Your own eyes, my darlint!" repeated the Bocher; "your own eyes!—Augh! woman's eyes grow mortal blind the minute anything comes before them they don't like to see. People talk about foresight, and all that; but I'll never believe but there's more instinct than reason in a proper marriage. Sure nobody would hear of a pigeon taking up with a jay for a husband; and yet your father would marry you, if he could, to the wild kite of the country—a hard, harsh Orangeman—that would heat an oven with Catholic bones, if he could get 'em."

Alice smiled at the old man's bitterness, and for a moment there was a pause. The Bocher had entered at once so freely and so boldly upon the subject nearest her heart, that Alice had not been able to collect her thoughts sufficiently to ask the question she intended, and which Ellen assured her he could answer—namely, where William Neale then was? Suddenly it occurred to her, and she put it with a lip quivering with anxiety.

"And you say that you'll keep your promise, Miss Alice,—that nothing earthly shall make you break it. It's mighty odd, knowing, as I'm sure you did, from William Neale, how often he was here; how

constant we war together—I like an ould owl, he like a young sparra' hawk! It's mighty quare, so it is, that *you* never came near me before."

"I have often heard William speak of you, as one having more true knowledge, I don't mean tossing cups, and star-reading, and lead-casting, and the like, but real wisdom; power to direct one, for one's good—but my father—now don't be angry, daddy—but my father wouldn't hear of the like of you, and often used to say, if a child of his consulted a fairy-man, or the like, he would never forgive her; he's a strong-minded man, that doesn't hould by such things."

"Whew!" whistled the Bocher, "a strong-minded man, is he? He doesn't hould by such things, doesn't he!—Oh, Stiff Tom! Stiff Tom!—The weary's on the world for lying!—How many a time have I gone, ay, tin times over a hand of cards to plaze you.—And never ease nor pace could I have with you, Stiff Tom! till I meandered to turn up just the cards you wanted.—And look sharp, I tell you, Alice Dizney, for I'm not far out, if that same father of yours, in his grey ould age, has not got an idea of a wife in his head—ay indeed, nothing under the sunbeams but a wife—and a young one! A man whin he's past sixty, never goes half way to make himself a fool; he does it bouldly, and openly, and goes about with a grin on his face, his wig pulled tight at the ears, and his stick left in the chimley corner. Tom has already thrown by his jock-coat, that has hung about his neck these fifteen years, and has sent his measure to Dublin for a pair of pumps, by the calf carrier,—and the very last time he was within those four walls, he was as mad as a badger, because a *fair* woman turned up twice at the ninth card, and so just to see what he was afther—now don't be selling the pass on me, Miss Alice," said the cunning old man, interrupting himself, "for I love the memory of your mother, and it was for your sake I wanted to sift him—I turned up a dark woman; well, he seemed mighty pleased at that; and I did it again—and again;—and what do ye think! if he didn't lay me down a thirteen!—and you know your father's not a man to do that for nothing!"

Alice was more bewildered than she had been in her life; the idea that her father, devoted as he had ever seemed to ploughs, and sheep, and gathering, griping, money, so as to have the power of appearing greater and richer than he was, that *he* should trouble his head about marrying anything except his daughter, was, indeed, a paradox, that the simple-minded girl, who had read little beside her breviary and a few wild stories, could not read. "A dark woman," she repeated, "then it must be one of the nine old Miss O'Flanagans, of Ballanryle; my father often goes there."

"It's little respect, Miss Alice, you have for the ould ancient O's of Ireland, to fancy that one of them would put up with a prig of a farmer, who has done nothing all his life but put fat upon pigs and cows; I wonder at ye. Not one of the O'Flanagans ever put a bit of that same upon their own, or any other carcase.—Miss O'Flanagans—and they that war such beauties!"

"How many years ago?" inquired Alice, meekly.

"Ah, before you war born—though you even your father to them. Troth, I'm ashamed of you, so I am; the fine venerable ladies—it's many, and many a time I tould their fortunes—never sent them away

without husbands, or sweethearts ; and Miss Juliana, a mighty pleasant young lady—she always was mighty pleasant—and a fine figure of a woman on horseback, six feet two in her stocking vamps, who was in at the death of every fox in the country, for, ay, as good as thirty years. Miss Juliana says 'Daddy,' says she, 'you always send us away with husbands, though *your* husbands are the only ones we ever get.' 'Your own fault, my sweet purty Miss,' says I.—'Faith it is not,' says she, 'for here I am, six foot two, in my stocking feet, the seventh daughter of Sir Morgan O'Flanagan, who never boggled at a five-barred gate, fence, wood, or water, and yet never had an offer.' And it's myself thought the other eight young ladies would eat her; they opened on her like a pack of hounds, for telling the truth, and the cries of 'Oh Juliana! —Shame, Juliana!—What a fib, Juliana!—My dear Juliana!' made myself tremble; one of them, the pale young lady, Miss Agnes they call her, has a great taste for the stars, and wanted me to read the horyscope—but I'd rather have no hand with the stars; they're above us all in every way, and no chatin them. I couldn't tell a lie of the stars and ever look up in their face again,—and that would be the ruin of me, for the happiest hours I have, is when bird, and baste, and the very laves upon the trees are sleeping, and I spend the hours of the night, thinking, thinking, thinking, of things that are, as I said afore, above us all, and yet watch, and may be pray for us, more than we do for our own selves. Those that tell fortunes by the stars, Miss Alice, *are obligated* to spake the truth; and that's not *convanient* at all times, especially to a fortune-teller!"

"Your confession is so free," said Alice, preparing to depart, "that you can hardly expect me to have much faith in your foretellings."

"Augh!" replied the Bocher, striking his crutch into the clay floor as he spoke, "every body who lives long, and hears, and sees, and puts the experience of one year to another and another, puts the this and the that together, you understand me, could tell fortunes, Agra! but it's not to the cards, or the cups you're looking, Alice Dizney, when it's to me you're trusting—it's to one who regards you for sake's sake, may be more than your own; and that's not a fit speech for even an Irish *Bocher* to a lady, but you 're one that it's convanient to spake the TRUTH to;—because why?—feeble as you seem, you've the strength to hould by it—'the sheet anchor of life,' as poor William used to call it—"

"Only tell me where he is, and if there is any chance of proving his innocence," exclaimed Alice, clasping her hands passionately together, "I will kneel and bless and pray for you the longest day I live!"

"Thank ye, my darlint, many thanks to you, a vourneen, and a thousand blessings on your sweet purty face; it sooted me, you see, to let you into a little morsel of what's going, or to go, and it sooted me to give you my advice; but it does *not* soot me to let on, at the present time, either where the boy is, or if there is any chance of the right being proved —keep quiet, my darlint—quiet and asy—and if you can't——Oh, if you take on so, why there's an end of every thing. Listen to me—don't hint, or let on anything you've hard this blessed evening, to any one, no matter who—but mind, keep your eyes open, and don't put wool in ye'r ears; and above all, keep your resolution, just as if you war, what you are not, an *un*reasonable woman, for they're the devils for obstinacy. Let things take their coorse, and before the next new moon, Alice Dizney—and it's I, the *Bocher of Red Gap Lane*, that tell you so—before

the next new moon—may be—may be (for there's nothing sartin in this world,)—but I say, before the next new moon, may be, you'll be a joyful woman!"

As Alice turned her steps homeward, she saw that the moon

"———— passing on in the heavens above,
The beautiful, beautiful moon!"

was in her second quarter, and but little versed in planetary movements, amongst divers wild conjectures, she busied herself in calculating how long it would be before she appeared anew, like a thread of twisted silver in the blue arch of heaven,—her calculation was interrupted by Ellen pouncing upon her with—"Oh, Miss Ally! the blessed Vergin be praised,—but it's myself is mad with the joy of seeing you, so I am!—Wasn't the life frightened out of you entirely, by being shut up with him?"

"No;" replied Alice, quietly.

"No!—see that now!—well, it's yourself has the courage!—I'd have been dead hours agone, I know that!"

"You have often been shut up with him, Ellen," again said the calm maiden, "and yet the life is in you still."

"Well, now Miss Ally, darlint," pursued the curious girl, shrugging up her shoulders, crossing her arms, and opening her mouth, as your thorough-bred secret-hunters always do; "now Miss Alice, tell me what he said, every bit of it, from beginning to end, don't miss a thing, and God bless you!—not the half of a word—that's a darlint—the ould rogue!—Ough it's myself won't be even with him, may be not indeed! Now, from the time he shut the door—the unmannerly cripple!—till you come away—'Now,' says he, or may be it was you spoke the first? 'Well then,' says you, or did you begin at the one time? Come, Miss machree, it's myself wouldn't be so long telling a secret, that I wouldn't. Why then, God save us, and look down upon us—is it dumb you're turned, or has he put a spell upon you, or twisted his *comether* about you?" continued Ellen, in unfeigned astonishment, and coming at once to a stand-still in the middle of the lane, laying her hand on Alice's round arm at the same time, so as to oblige *her* to continue motionless also.—"What is it ails my lannan?"

"Nothing, Ellen;—simply nothing," replied her foster-sister, "only I'm not at liberty to tell you, or any body else, what passed between me and the Bocher; and so ask me no questions, for I cannot answer them."

"Ask no questions!—cannot answer them!" reiterated the still more astonished girl. "No questions!—no answers! no nothing! Oh, Miss Ally, Miss Ally, was this the way I trated *you?* Didn't I always tell you my *dawshy* sacrets, and all the *sacrets* I could ever make out of the whole townland? Whin you were ill and in your bed, didn't I tramp the whole country to get you the first news, and the greatest sacrets? Didn't I catch me death in a bog-hole watching Tommy Haze and Kate Lester, picking the rushes, for I knew 'twasn't rushes they war after—didn't I fish out all about Miss Bryant and my Lords ———?"

"Hush!" interrupted Alice, "you know what trouble you got us all into about that, that had no foundation except in your brain; you know how it lost your poor mother her cabin; and but for my father—"

"Your father, Miss Ally, Stiff Tom, though he be, wouldn't sarve me after that fashion, I know," said Ellen. "No; he'd have some regard

for people's feelings, which other people hasn't—afther me taking you there, and all. Why it's not in earnest you can be, that you won't tell; and you won't—not to me, your own born, bred, and reared foster-sister; your own Ellen! that's been so much at your house, and at your command, that her mother has often given her a skinfull of sore bones because she never stayed at home. Sure it's not afear'd of my telling you are? Well, then," she continued, altering her tone, "well, then, there's no more about it. May be I'm not fit company for you, Miss Alice? May be it's too grand Miss Dizney is for her fosterer? Oh, your sarvant, Ma'am—and a good evening to you—and a pleasant walk home to you, Ma'am. Ough, if I'd a thought *this* was the way you meant to sarve me, I'd have had my teeth to the stumps, for I'd have eat a hole through the wall, before I'd have let it gone betwixt you two!"—and then she burst into tears—and sobbed—and ranted. "And I that loved you so, that would have travelled barefoot all over Ireland to do you good! And now,—oh, it's little thought you have the harm you're doing yourself!—but it's your own fault—it is!—you pale-faced, could-hearted craythur that you are! Mark my words, Miss—*Miss* Alice Dizney, as sure as the moon's in heaven, you'll be sorry for it yet!" And with this threat upon her lip, Ellen sprang over the ditch, and in a few minutes Alice heard her voice, musical as it certainly was, but now broken and harsh from anger, venting itself in song.

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Few, and easily numbered, are the days between the waning and the new moon; and yet how much of our future happiness or misery may be brought forth within that time—within a single day—a single hour! Alice certainly perceived a great change—a change which her preoccupied mind had before failed to notice (until pointed out to her by the quick-sighted Wise-man) in her father's appearance and manner. He was becoming absolutely juvenile—a May-bush grafted on a crab-tree!—a rose-bud sprouting from a stunted and withered alder, could not present a greater discrepancy than Stiff Tom Dizney and the tender passion united. Love is generally unselfish in the young, but never in the old; in the old it seeks only its own gratification, forgetful of the feelings and interests of all surrounding objects, no matter how dear they may have been: it becomes a distorted passion when springing anew in the withered breast of age. Alice had been unknowingly suffering from its effects. The black eyes and shining teeth of the humble-born Ellen had created a commotion in old Dizney's mind, and he thought that were Alice once fairly married and away from his farm, he might have a fair and fitting excuse for taking unto himself a helpmate. Tom loved the good word of the world too well not to be anxious on this head; but what could any body say, if, after establishing Alice as the wife of a "*rale gentleman farmer*," he thought fit to have a pretty housekeeper, and then to marry her? To do Ellen justice, she had no idea of the premeditated plan formed by "Mister Dizney" for her advancement; she desired most anxiously to get married, and had also sundry flirtations throughout the parish, besides an attachment more true and real than she herself believed it to be, for a wild and careless reever, who had been the cause of much evil to poor William Neale; the extent of the mischief this village debauchée had done to the frank and true-hearted lover of Alice Dizney was known but to two persons—only two persons—Ellen and the Bocher of Red Gap Lane; and how

the Bocher had discovered the only secret Ellen ever faithfully kept, was a matter she could not understand, nor had she an idea until the evening, when she accompanied Alice to his cottage, that it was in his possession. "If it wasn't all along for Mike," she muttered to herself, after leaving Alice so abruptly, "if it wasn't all along for Mike's sake, I'd marry her father to spite her, the little grand would-be-lady! I'm sure I could if I tried—I mean if I wished it. Better, they say, to be an ould man's darling than a young man's slave—Mike's slave! 'Mistress Tom Dizney's bran new jaunting car is stopping up the High-street, so that the pigs can't be druv into the Market Cross!'—how grand that would sound in the town o' Galloway!" continued the fair manœuvrer, her heart beating for one man, her head meditating upon another. "And wouldn't I keep it there! and myself dressed in a beautiful poplin, all over figures, and a Tuscany bonnet, with a white veil banging the breezes! I wonder would Mike take on much? I'm sure I've reason enough to be done with him long ago, since he kissed Phœbe Allyson in the wake-house, and I to the fore. And all I went through for him, swaring to please him, or save him—that William Neale got up the——.Oh, thin, God forgive me my sins! and I knew the boy had no hand in it, only went with others to look on! And to see how Stiff Tom was pleased at the turn things took that time: sure enough Miss Ally would be greatly off—God help me!" she added, pushing her straw hat back from her brow, as if the weight was too heavy for her heated brain; "God help me, I'm bothered entirely one way and another, and my heart's heavy! I wish I'd remained easy, like my mother, and not beguiled myself with them inventions; it's little I thought whin I took her to the Bocher, more out of a bit of a freak like, that every thing would turn so conthrary. Well, God help me any how!" And Ellen remained awake all that night, thinking not how she might undo the evil she had done, but how she could work more! It cannot be denied that she was somewhat of an *intriguante* on a small scale.

Alice became daily, hourly, more and more persecuted to take as her husband a man whom she abhorred. She prayed, she wept, she entreated. At last, as a species of finale to her persecutions, her father locked her up in a portion of the farm-house called *the loft*, amongst bales of sheep's wool, piles of seed potatoes, and heaps of bad cheese—the latter commodity he had once speculated in, and the speculation was left upon his hands; however, there he left her, took a hasp off one outhouse and a padlock from another, and by dint of perseverance found, absolutely found, a key that fitted the padlock—turned it round and round, and put it into his pocket with an oath, declaring that there it should remain until his daughter knew her duty to her father, who would show her that he would not be called *stiff* for nothing. Unluckily for Stiff Tom's resolve, it was the first night of the new moon; shyly and creepingly she poked first one bit and then another bit of her "silver horn" out of the blue shell in which (to us) she had seemed to slumber. But she might have been at the full for aught poor Alice could tell, unless, indeed, Madame Moon placed herself right over the chimney-top, and threw her beams down the tunnel to satisfy her votary of her forthcoming. As our heroine sat supported, not, according to the true heroine fashion, upon "piles of cushions," but upon bales of wool, she thought she heard something scrambling over the thatch—it

might be the cat, or Trounce the terrier, after the rats—poor Trounce! who was always getting punished for "scraping the roofs off after the bastes of rats, which he couldn't let alone." Why it must be Trounce, for now he was smelling at the chimney-top.

"Alice! Alice Dizney!"

"Hark! That could not be Trounce—he never got beyond the bow-wow of recognition."

"Alice Dizney, come to the chimney-gap, agra! It's I, the Bocher, darlint! and the new moon a cushla! both together, me and the moon, I mean. Come, hav'n't I made a sweep of myself for your sake? Oh, you must get up, that you must; sure a troop of soldiers, bad luck to them, could get down this big chimley—stay—put your fut in where the beam was tuck out to splice the gate. There, now your other fut, where we drew the wasps' nest from, afore you war born—there! My jewel of a climber you are. Now I'll hand you down my crutch, and take a fast grip of the cross of it—there! Now you're in the free air again, jewel, God be praised! and not the first that escaped from lock and key, yet carried a cross with them. Augh, we're all born with a cross, only no one sees it for us at our birth; *hope makes many a father and mother blind.* Now, no fear of being obsarved—look at the eye the moon has to you, my darlint—how she *slidders* behind the cloud for fear you'd be seen. No danger, moony lady! no dread; Stiff Tom's waiting for me at the Red Gap. When the cat's away, the mice may play; so the boys and girls have their own little *crawneens*—their small taste of loves to mind, whin *his* back's turned. Now we're on the ground, and I must help you, and you must get on as hard as you can after me, hot fut. And when you come to my cabin, just put your ear to the place in the door that has a lock of straw thrust into it; and it's discoorsing your father I'll be about what consarns you to know; and when you hear me, say twice '*that's a clinker!*' and strike my crutch in the earth, knock, and——"

"I can't do that, Daddy;" interrupted Alice, "I cannot play the listener, nor be a spy on my own father."

"Get out with your nonsense, it's what consarns you."

"I cannot help that."

"After the way he's threated you!—you've not the spirit of a bean-crake."

"I must respect myself."

"But it consarns, Miss Ally, *it consarns William Neale.*"

Alice trembled violently, and her heart beat audibly against her bosom, yet she hardly paused ere she replied—"Still, I cannot—will not listen!"

"I've as great a mind as ever I had in my life to let go anchor, and turn ye adrift, ye obstinate fay-male, that you are! and I getting every thing so handy for a purty play of my own!"

The Bocher continued grumbling, yet admiring her inflexibility of purpose; at last he exclaimed—"Well, then, go to the far corner, under shadow of the wall, stay there till I open the door, and turn Fangs out.—You'll do that, will you?—and then come and knock with a lump of a stone at the door.—Will you do that, itself?

To this Alice consented, and after parting with the Bocher, she once more took her way down Red-Gap Lane, while *he* proceeded by a shorter path, and at a quicker rate to his dwelling. She stationed her-

self at "the far corner under shadow of the wall," and though the wind was high, and the night stormy, she could hear that a storm raged within, as well as without the rude habitation; during the pauses of the outer blasts she could hear, sometimes the Bocher's loud and scornful laugh, sometimes her father's declamation. Suddenly, Fangs was sent forth, with the direction, "Look out, boy—have 'em out, Fangs!" The door was shut to, the discussion re-commenced, and Alice, without knowing why, knocked, at first gently, and then more loudly, at the door, trusting implicitly to the Bocher's directions and kindly feeling; she heard a stir within the cabin, and to her astonishment, when the door was open, she stood alone with the Wise-man; and, both exhausted and surprised, sank down upon her old seat beneath the window.

"And so you got out, did you, Miss Ally? Augh! I said stone walls wouldn't keep you in, that I did;—and now, I suppose what you're after is your batchelor, wild Willy Neale,—you're ready for him, I'll go bail for that! and little care for your ould father—Augh! it's the way with you all—the way with you all!—ready to leave him—ready to leave him!"

How was poor Alice's astonishment increased at this strange address! "No, Daddy," she replied, "I will never give my hand to a man I so perfectly hate, as the man my father would have me marry—but dearly, *dearly* as I love William Neale, I will never make my father childless for his dear sake;—until he turns me out starving upon the world, I will never leave him;—nor will I marry without his leave."

"Hush!" muttered the Bocher, "look at Fangs' ears—how they prick! —those I knew war coming are come,—and now," he continued, whispering in her ear, "you must listen and no thanks to you, so get in there,—down behind the hurdle—be asy, will ye?—there's shoals of room—make room for your own child, Tom!—now we'll do."

Alice felt that the Bocher had thrust her into a sort of half den, whose entrance was perfectly concealed by a couple of hurdles, upon which sundry fowls roosted;—nor was her sense of comfort increased by finding herself pressed against her father, who was puffing and blowing in a way peculiar to himself whenever he laboured under any strong excitement. Neither, however, had time to remonstrate upon the unpleasantness of their situations, for the door was quickly opened, and as quickly they heard the voice of Ellen and her lover Mike.

"And so," grumbled Mike, "I hear that a friend has turned up for William Neale, and that if he's not come back, he's coming; and if that's true, what's to 'come of me?"

"Come of you!" replied the Bocher, "I tould you that ever so long ago, *no good*, that's what'll come of you."

"You're not fair to us, Daddy," chimed in Nelly, "you got at Mike's secret through the black art—and I wouldn't say but you used it!"

"To be sure I used it; and uses everything else that's pleasing to me!" interrupted the Bocher. "And is it for a pack of ignoramuses like you to talk of the black art; take care that the evil tongue of you, Nelly, don't shrivel up in your big mouth—take care of that, I tell you. Ah, you needn't try for your scapular round your neck, we all *turn* to religion, when we think it can sarve *our turn*; do ye mind last night how you *snoogered* it with Stiff Tom for a necklace of coral bades?"

"There!" exclaimed the jealous Mike, "I knew she was more thick with Tom Dizney than she ought to be, pursuadin me it was a daughterly love she had for him!"

"Me!—is it me!—you'd even the like of that too!" exclaimed Ellen, in an indignant voice. "Me!—the poor ould doting man—I passes a joke with him now and then, and I own to the bades, Daddy,—and what's more, I'll own that I took 'em for fear Miss Ally 'ud get um."

"And the kiss that went with 'em?"

"Wisht, Daddy, wisht!" interrupted Ellen. "Mike, don't bother, now don't; I'll take my oath, if you like, that sorra a kiss I ever gave the ould torment. Augh! I'd as soon kiss my grandfather, who's been in his grave these ten years."

Alice felt her father wince, and she was glad the wind was howling outside, for he gave a tremendous puff which might have betrayed them, and she was too much of a woman not to enjoy the scene.

"I'll finish Tom Dizney, or you must finish with him, I tell you that, Miss Ellen," said Mike gruffly; "but what brought us here, as you know, was about this wild William's return."

Alice's heart beat quickly, and had she been more at ease, she could not have failed to admire the manner in which, by judicious questioning, the Bocher forced Mike to confess his share in the burning, and also to exculpate William Neale from having had anything to do with it. It was curious to observe how he worked at one moment upon the superstition and at the next upon the interested feelings of his visitors; missing no point; suffering no word to escape that bore upon his object, showing Dizney how falsely William had been accused. Ellen's loquacity too surely betrayed her share in the conspiracy, and all for the love she bore the handsome, but ruffian-looking raparee, whom she loved and FEARED; Stiff Tom puffed like a grampus; the overjoyed Alice pressed closer and closer to her father's side; and at last nature, beautiful nature, had its way, for she felt his arm pass round her waist, and she was positive that she also felt what was still dearer, a father's, a stern father's tear of affection drop upon her hand! Something said by the cunning Bocher re-awoke Mike's jealousy, and Ellen offered, wicked that she was, to swear against ever speaking "to that ould baste Dizney again." This was more than Stiff Tom could endure; he burst through the hurdles, and levelled a most eloquent torrent, rich in all the singular epithets of Irish abuse, at the jilting village *intriguante*, who had assisted in the formation of so much mischief. Mike was paralyzed at his sudden appearance; Ellen's overwrought feelings found vent in tears, at first, but afterwards she commenced a display of feminine eloquence, directed chiefly against the Bocher, which might shame many of the Billingsgate professors of the art. When, however, as if the earth yawned forth human beings, Alice and William Neale stood together in the Sheeling, and when Dizney, who had not been aware of this other concealment effected in the Bocher's mysterious den, saw the person whom his conduct and suspicions had so desperately wronged, turned abruptly to him and exclaimed—"Neale, if you want to see my daughter, you know where my house is—go with her there," the Bocher could contain himself no longer; he whirled his crutch high i' the air, shouting and hurraing, so that the white pigeon, frightened and displeased at her master's proceedings, again nestled in the bosom of the now happy Alice. As she passed, supported by her lover, into the open air, she turned to look at the half-profligate, half-foolish girl, whom she had once so much loved. She extended her hand towards her in token of for-

giveness—but sinners cannot forgive like those who are sinned against—though Ellen afterwards bitterly regretted the opportunity she had lost, when crossing the broad Atlantic with the runaway Mike, she counted over ten golden guineas which her generous foster sister had begged from "her fortune" to bestow upon her. Stiff Tom bestowed his Dublin pumps, when they arrived, on his new son-in-law; got a stout walking-stick, and took again to his old coat fastened as usual at his throat by a wooden skewer, a sure sign that his courting days were over; but I very much doubt if any of the party of whom I have written enjoyed more real happiness to the end of their days than the "wise man"—"the fairy man"—"*The Bocher of Red-Gap Lane.*"

THE HUNTING-HORN OF CHARLEMAGNE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

[In the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle we were shown (among other relics) the ivory hunting-horn of Charlemagne. It was massive and heavy; and our guide, who attempted to sound it, only succeeded in producing a faint, lugubrious sound, which was anything but cheering. On the belt to which the horn was suspended, the words "Mein! Ein!" are repeatedly engraved; and though an intelligent German assured me those words (taken *together*) had no meaning, I have persisted in the poetical license—of supposing they answer to our "mine own."]

Sound not the Horn!—the guarded relic keep:
A faithful sharer of its master's sleep,
His life it gladden'd—to his life belong'd,—
Pause—ere thy lip the royal dead hath wrong'd.
Its weary weight but mocks thy feeble hand;
Its desolate note, the shrine wherein we stand!
Not such the sound it gave in days of yore,
When that rich belt, a monarch's bosom wore,—
Not such the sound! Far over hill and dell
It waked the echoes with triumphant swell!
Heard midst the rushing of the torrent's fall,
From castled crag to roofless, ruin'd hall;—
Down the ravine's precipitous descent,
Through the wild forest's rustling boughs it went;—
Upon the lake's blue bosom linger'd, fond,
And faintly answer'd from the hills beyond.
Pause!—the free winds that joyous blast have borne—
Dead is the hunter!—silent be the horn!

Sound not the horn! Bethink thee of the day
When to the chase an *Emperor* led the way,
In all the pride of manhood's noblest prime,
Untamed by sorrow, and untired by time;
Life's pulses throbbing in his eager breast,—
Glad, active, vigorous,—who is now at rest!
He gazes round him with his eagle eye,
Leaps the dark rocks that frown against the sky;

Grasps his long spear, and curbs his panting steed
(Whose nerves still quiver with his headlong speed);
At the wild cry of danger smiles in scorn,
And firmly sounds the long re-echo'd horn!
Ah! let no touch the ivory tube profane
Which drank the breath of *living* Charlemagne!
Let not like blast by meaner lips be blown,
But by the hunter's side the horn lay down.

"Mein Ein!" The *words* endure. And dream we now,
Not of the hunter's strength or forest bough,
But woman's love! Her offering, this, perchance,—
This, granted to each stranger's casual glance,—
This, gazed upon with coldly curious eyes,
Was given with blushes, and received with sighs!
We see her not;—no mournful angel stands
To guard her love-gift from our careless hands;
But fancy brings a vision to our view—
A woman's form—the trusted and the true,—
The strong to suffer, and the weak to dare,—
Patient to watch, and careless of her care,—
Devoted, anxious, generous, void of guile,
And with her whole heart's welcome in her smile;—
Even such I see. Her maidens, too, are there,
And wake, with chorus sweet, some native air.
But though her proud heart holds her country dear,
And though she loves those happy songs to hear,
She bids the tale be hush'd, the harp be still,
For one faint blast that dies along the hill.
Up, up she springs, her young head backward thrown,—
"He comes! my hunter comes!—Mine own—mine own!"
She loves, and she is loved—her gift is worn!—
'Tis fancy, all;—and yet—lay down the horn!

Love—life—what are ye?—since to love and live
No surer record to our times can give!
Low lies the hero now, whose spoken name
Could fire with glory, or with love inflame;—
Low lies the arm of might, the form of pride,
And dim tradition dreameth by his side.
Desolate stand those painted palace-halls,
And gradual ruin mines the massy walls,
Where frank hearts greeted many a welcome guest,
And loudly rang the beaker and the jest;
While *here*, within this chapel's narrow bound,
Whose frozen silence startles to the sound
Of stranger voices ringing through the air,
Or faintly echoes superstition's prayer:—
Where, from the window, narrow-arch'd and high,
Whose jealous bars shut out the free blue sky,
There glimmers down, with various-painted ray,
A prison'd portion of God's glorious day;
Where never comes the breezy breath of morn,—
Here, mighty hunter, feebly wakes thy horn!

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Legislation against the Poor, and Sunday Travelling—Old Bailey Morality—The Decay of Beggars.

LEGISLATION AGAINST THE POOR.—In the course of a debate on Mr. Poulter's Sabbath Observance Bill, Sir Robert Peel, in a very intelligent manner, exposed the absurdity and vexatiousness of such attempts at legislation. We are anxious to record the opinion of the Right Honourable Baronet, because it was then expressed, we believe, for the first time; and the more, that it was expressed so effectively, taken up on so just a ground, and urged with such excellent spirit. We have no doubt of its checking very considerably the fanatical spirit which has of late secured on such questions more than one "liberal majority" in the House of Commons, and which, in various ways, has been productive there, as it is everywhere, of a great deal of folly and a great deal of selfishness. The fools, at all events, in such matters, are more to be respected, and are better off, we suspect, in every way; for the clever and selfish fanatics may find they have gone the wrong way to work in setting about to book themselves for a place in the next world as they would for a seat on a Gloucestershire coach. This is not religion: fanaticism never was so, from the earliest time till now. Bayle said one of his usual shrewd and piercing things when he said that fanatics were always unmasked in something relating to sensual pleasure. Viewing them, even at their very best, in the sincerest point of view they can ever claim for themselves, we can only feel, with Dean Swift, in one of the most perfect illustrations of human wit, how natural it is for a man who walks about, pertinaciously contemplating the heavens without a guide, to be betrayed by his lower parts into a ditch.

The course of Sir Robert Peel's argument was—admitting no one had a right to shock the public feeling by desecrating the Sabbath Day—that there were very serious doubts whether the object of prevention would be promoted by legislation, and whether it would not be better to trust to the influence of manners, the influence of public opinion, and the increase of morality. New laws for such a purpose would be most difficult of execution, and as they might, and would surely be perverted to purposes of individual vexation, would tend to bring the law itself into disrespect. Sir Robert then observed, in a truly humane and statesmanlike spirit, upon the vicious and unjust partiality of all the enactments which have been proposed to meet the purpose:—

"If it be wrong for the humbler classes to travel by steam to Richmond on Sunday, surely it must be equally wrong for us to be travelling in our carriages on the same day. I do believe that the rich are the greater offenders. Enactments of this kind tend only to create disunion between the richer and the lower classes, because the restrictions which they provide apply principally to the latter. To any law proceeding upon that principle I must decidedly object. If you legislate upon the subject at

all, it ought to be impartially; the restrictions you provide should apply equally to all classes."

Since the debate in which this well-applied speech of Sir Robert Peel occurred, another scheme has been attempted. On the passing of a Railway Bill, it was proposed to prohibit travelling on a railroad on Sundays. This, as the "Morning Chronicle" shrewdly remarks, crowns all the extravagancies of the same sort which have been attempted of late years. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the Agnew and Poulter projects. The professed object of all these projects has been the protection of people from toil, the diminution of human labour on the Sabbath—the vital principle of railways is the diminution of human labour at all times by the employment of machinery. Now, unless Sir Andrew Agnew and his friends think that machinery has a right to claim exemption of a Sunday, we certainly think they run in the teeth of their own professions, when they seek to prevent that mode of travelling in which the greatest number of persons can be conveyed with the smallest amount of labour, and with a total dispensing of all animal labour. For it is never, by the weakest of these fanatics, pretended that it is possible to do away with labour altogether: when they "run a muck" at the bakers for baking on the Sabbath, they do not conceal from themselves that they would impose instead the necessity upon the poor of cooking their dinners at their homes. These are the inconsistencies of people who argue for bad laws, and in their anxiety for admission to "that equal sky," are seen legislating against the poor.

A few words were spoken by a Scotch member, whose name we are unacquainted with, in the debate on the Railroad clause, which were so forcible and conclusive that we shall quote them.—

"Travelling on Sundays was completely prohibited in Scotland, either by mail-coach, stage-coach, omnibus, or any other species of public vehicle. The poor had therefore no means of recreation on a Sunday in Scotland. The consequence was, that on that day many of them went unshaven, and did not dress either themselves or their children. They lounged in idleness at home during church time, and as soon as church was over went off to the ale-house, to find amusement there, which was denied them elsewhere. He had represented the folly of this system over and over again to the magistrates of Scotland, in hopes of getting it altered. In his own neighbourhood he had done every thing in his power to render the poor free as air, and he had found his reward in their contented looks and smiling faces. The fact was, that the excess of severity led the people to desecrate, and not to keep holy, the Sabbath day."

Old Bailey Morality.—A doctrine of property was laid down the other day by Mr. Charles Phillips, which proves how sadly misapplied the learned gentleman's public services have been. He has evidently the aptest notion in the world of the duties and proprieties of a Chancellor of the Exchequer.

In urging that a lenient sentence should be passed upon a convicted thief, one Samuel Mitchell, who had been brought up in the service of the Treasury, and acquired an awkward habit there of stealing stationery, Mr. Phillips advanced two moving considerations. One was, that Mr. Mitchell had lost his situation of 150*l.* a year, and the other was an advance of the ingenious principle of property to which we have alluded. "My client," urged Mr. Phillips, "should not be punished as other

rogues are. He is no common thief; he is a Treasury purloiner. What is everybody's property is nobody's property. The public *only*, not an individual, has suffered by his roguery."

This is the exact sentiment, if not the exact words. It is ingenious, and would have been more successful, perhaps, some years ago than it proved in the case in question. The thief was transported. New-fashioned doctrines are, in fact, coming up, and we advise Mr. Phillips to get rid of such as these as soon as possible. The time is gone when they had "preferment" in them. The number of people now, in office and out of it, is fortunately not small, who think that in all matters the same security should be extended to the property of the State, to "public property," as is claimed for the property of every private person.

The Decay of Beggars.—One of Charles Lamb's finest and most deep-thoughted essays is a complaint that of late years beggars, sweepers of crossings, and so forth, have been, by the progress of "civilization" and parish beadles, "with sighing sent" from the corners of streets and the turnings of alleys. We have been forcibly reminded of it by a newspaper paragraph of a few days since:—

"Yesterday week, at the advanced age of 98, Wm. Evans, who has swept the crossing at Buckingham Gate for nearly 30 years. It is suspected that he has left a considerable sum of money behind him. The deceased enjoyed good health up to a few minutes of his death, and was on Saturday seen at the gate following his avocation."

His avocation! This is as it ought to be;—this is a case which would have delighted the heart of Elia;—not an undue disturbance for thirty years! No mention of houses of correction—no idle slavery in a withering poor-house—but free air and exercise, and always the sound of the cheerful and hope-stirring tread of the passenger. How many of us might envy the life of this beggar! He stood at Buckingham Gate before the palace was there, and after, clinging to habit and his long service. If he has left a considerable sum of money, no one has a right to envy it, for his rates have been uninvidious in their levy and most ungrudged in their assessment. We strongly incline to suspect that he has left this money—we have little doubt of it. If a beggar has a fortunate position for getting money in the street, his advantages in the way of saving his money are enormous. In the first place, as Mr. Lamb remarks, he is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearances;—then the ups and downs of the world concern him no longer. The price of stock or land affecteth him not. The fluctuations of agricultural or commercial prosperity touch him not, or at worst but change his customers;—besides he is not under the measure of property. "He *confessedly* hath none, any more than a dog or a sheep;" but so much the rather is it his. Then his safety from annoyance is amazing. "No wealthy neighbour seeketh to eject him from his tenement—no man sues him—no man goes to law with him. He is not expected to become bail or surety for any one. No man troubleth him with questioning his religion or his politics." We wonder who is the heir in this case;—we beg to congratulate him.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Wife, and Woman's Reward. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. 3 vols.

We will not suppose that the readers of the "New Monthly Magazine" can have forgotten "the vivid," "beautiful," "singularly-interesting," "deeply-pathetic," "spirit-stirring," "care-dispelling," "original," and "powerful" papers, which, as our contemporaries express it most kindly, have from time to time *graced* the pages of this publication, and which it is our duty and our pleasure to submit on magazine-days to the reading-world at large; but we will imagine it possible that now and then a page may be left uncut, or the publication may be laid by, the reader intending to resume it of course at some future day or hour, without having regularly, as is their custom, begun at the beginning, and concluded at the end!—this we can suppose possible, but only *possible;* and taking this into consideration, it is also barely to be imagined that some of our friends may not have read a story from the Hon. Mrs. Norton's pen, which we published some time ago, called "Campbell of Spernie's Three Wives;" if they have not read it, they will do well to do so; because it is by many degrees the most pathetic, the best-conceived, and the most perfectly wrought-out picture of human nature which as yet has been traced by that accomplished lady's pen. We are of course disposed to give due praise to Mrs. Norton's tales now before us; but we wish she had taken "Auld Campbell of Spernie," and making each wife work out a volume, had presented us with a genuine, and as it would also have been an original, Scottish novel, instead of taking the field, and "fleshing her maiden sword" in the worn-out wars of May-fair scandal and every-day intrigue. Wherever real genius exists, it has the power of, if not changing—as with a magic wand, things from what they really are to what it desires—certainly of brightening, and improving, and exalting whatever it touches. Mrs. Norton has done all that author could do to excite, in the finely-written story of "The Wife," the sympathies of her readers. Will she forgive us for saying that we are glad she did not succeed? We should be sorry that her talents, large and vigorous as they certainly are, possessed the desperate and dangerous power of making "the crooked *appear* straight."

Let us not be misunderstood: Mrs. Norton has laboured hard to make a moral tale out of an immoral subject; there can be but one opinion as to the purity of her intention, but the miracle was beyond her strength.

We do not know why "The Wife," which is the last and shortest tale of the two, should have given a name to the whole. "Woman's Reward" is both the longest and the best story; and the truth and purity, as well as the firmness and delicate energy of woman, has never been more truly depicted than in the character of the selfish hero's sister. There are many such sisters who perform their *sacrifices in silence and obscurity*, and the exquisite episode of Annie Morrison would draw tears from the most stony-hearted critic that ever wielded goose-quill.

Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey. By the Author of the "Sketch-Book."

During the past month this volume has been so copiously extracted from, and its circulation has been so great, that our notice comes too late to serve it as we desired to do; all that is left for us is to bestow unqualified praise on every page of one of the most delightful books it has ever been our good fortune to meet. There is a halo over both places, and a sadness too, particularly with all relating to Lord Byron; although the latter days of Scott were overcast by pecuniary misfortunes, there was something so noble, so benevolent, so exalted in his career, that he is remembered with the triumphant expression of "See what genius can

achieve!" The records of Byron and his ancient house are gloomy and magnificent, and the kindly and gentle pen of Washington Irving becomes paralyzed, in a degree, when writing the records of Newstead. But at Abbotsford it flows gaily and cheerfully on, and indeed we know of no two men in the world who could have better assimilated together than Scott and Irving. We do not enter into any comparison of their genius; it would be unseemly; we speak merely of their habits and feelings. Irving understood Scott perfectly, and appreciated him as well. He is one whose bosom overflows with kindly feelings, and whose senses answer the desire of his heart—a heart which teaches him to enjoy and sympathize with whatever is excellent upon earth! We shall look for the next volume which is to appear with increased pleasure. When a writer is an accurate observer of human nature, and possesses also a benevolent mind, he cannot fail to improve and interest his readers. How much, then, do we not already owe to the author of the "Sketch-Book!"

Sketches and Recollections. By the Author of "Paul Pry." 2 vols.

It is not our intention to review this work: it is, indeed, unnecessary so to do, inasmuch as our readers are already familiar with its contents,—the several papers having from time to time appeared in the "New Monthly Magazine." Still it would be unjust to Mr. Poole to omit all notice of his productions—collected, as they now are, into two very pleasant-looking and most inviting volumes. They are full of wit and humour—the quiet humour that *tells* upon all classes, because, though never ill-natured, never personal, and never coarse, its grand outline is human nature, and it illustrates the characters and peculiarities that are to be met with in every-day life.

Holman's Voyages and Travels. Vol. 3.

The third volume of this truly interesting work, commencing with the author's arrival at the island of Johanna, contains his subsequent visits to the Seychelle Islands, the Mauritius, Ceylon, Pondicherry, Madras, and Calcutta. Upon its general contents, we have only the same remarks to offer which were contained in our notice of the first and second volumes. There is the same fidelity of description—the same industry in rendering available every means of information—the same singular exhibition of unshaken enterprise—and the same successful opposition to difficulty, which render Mr. Holman's writings so fertile in interest, and we may add, in valuable instruction to the public. The present division of his labours abounds with incidents which display his courage and hardihood in a striking light. For example, we find him at one time pursuing his way with none but native attendants among the elephant paths of Ceylon, and shortly afterwards hazarding life and limb among the precipices of Adam's Peak—or encountering wild beasts in the midst of a band of venturous hunters—or ascending to the main-top-gallant-mast-head of a vessel ploughing her way through the waves, under the influence of a stiff tropical breeze. Nor is he less remarkable for the tact with which he seems to have turned every power to account, in searching for knowledge through the instrumentality of those about him. His statistical tables are remarkably comprehensive and ample, and appear to wear the stamp of great correctness, while he has even contrived, by the assistance of a friend, to furnish several beautiful views of the scenery through which he passed, and which, although unconscious of its attractions himself, he has thus been successful in preserving for the pleasure of others. His remarks upon men and manners will also be found to be far from uninteresting. A quiet, good-humoured, and impartial listener to the conversation of the various classes of men among whom he has been thrown, he has delineated them with a skill as striking as that by which he has been enabled to im-

press the minds of his readers with vivid pictures of local and physical peculiarities. Few we think can rise from the perusal of his works without feeling convinced that there is no need of the remarkable circumstances under which they have been written to recommend them to the public favour.

The Faust of Goethe; attempted in English Rhyme. By the Hon. R. Talbot.

We perfectly agree with the gentleman to whom we are indebted for the translation now upon our table, in thinking, that notwithstanding the translations of Faust already submitted to the public, "ample field is still left for further competition." We also consider with him that "the world in all probability will have to wait long before it sees a clear and undistorted image of this extraordinary poem." Since the first translation by Lord F. Egerton, several have come under our notice, and in none have we seen the real meaning of the poet so well embodied in our language as it is in some parts of the volume now before us. We are particularly struck by the fidelity with which the scene between Faust and Wagner is rendered. There is none of the *gène* generally to be perceived in translations from the German; but a quotation from this scene will speak better for itself than we can.

"FAUST.

"Oh! happy he, who might the hope enjoy,
From out this sea of error to arise!
Man evermore for what he knows not sighs,
Yet what he knows he never can employ!
But o'er the brightness of this scene
Suffer no gloomy thoughts a cloud to throw!
See yonder huts, embowered in tender green,
Tinged by the slanting sunbeams, how they glow!
That sun departs, the day's brief hours gone by,
Yet hies he hence, new regions to revive!
Oh! for a wing, that I might mount the sky,
And after him for ever, ever strive!
Then, an eternal evening would disclose,
Beneath my feet, the silent world below,
Each hill on fire, each vale in soft repose,
As to the golden stream the silver runnels flow!
Then, nothing should impede my godlike flight,
Not the wild Alps, with all its yawning caves!
Now ocean, with its countless waves,
Its sheltered creeks, bursts on my wond'ring sight—
Downwards, at last, the god appears to sink—
But my new impulse wakes with gathered might,
And I rush forth, his endless light to drink,
The day before me, after me the night,
The heavens above, and under me the main!
A beauteous dream! but he, the while, is gone!
Alas! corporeal wings must seek in vain
To mate with those that urge the spirit on!
Yet there's a power in every breast innate
That lifts the soul, and hurries it along;
When lost amid the clear, blue sky, elate,
The lark unfolds her trilling way—
When o'er the pine-clad mountain's giddy height,
On balanced wings, the eagle wars—
Or when the crane pursues her onward flight,
O'er lands and seas, to gain her native shores."

We wish we could praise the whole of the work as much as we have done this scene. We know that the translator had a difficult task, and upon the whole the translation is not worse than any we have seen; in

some parts it is better, and we can recommend it to our readers as a work from which they will perhaps be able to understand Faust as well as it is possible to do, through the medium of a translation.

The Pilgrims of Walsingham; or, Tales of the Middle Ages. An Historical Romance. By Miss Agnes Strickland. 3 vols.

The proper title of this work is certainly "Tales of the Middle Ages:" it has no pretension to the character of a legitimate romance, seeing that the pilgrimage is but the string upon which the fair author has chosen to hang her pearls. She resolved to furnish forth a pilgrimage to our Lady of Walsingham, on the model of Chaucer's one to Canterbury; and has affixed an appendix to the work, to prove that the historical facts and personages she introduces are correctly drawn, and that some of the incidents are founded on fact. The lady has aimed at right noble tale-tellers;—bluff Harry the Eighth, Cardinal Wolsey, the Abbot of Glastonbury, Queen Catherine, the Emperor Charles, and the Abbess of Ely, are the *raconteurs*. But we observe that she has reserved the tales which Mary of France, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, Anna Boleyn, Sir Thomas Wyatt, and others of the party are supposed to narrate for the completion of another series. Miss Strickland congratulates herself in her preface on having entered upon untrodden ground; "at least," she says, "no writer of later date than Geoffry Chaucer (the Sir Walter Scott of the thirteenth century) has founded a work of fiction on the plan of the ancient devotional pilgrimage." We differ from Miss Strickland. Had the romance grown out of the pilgrimage, and the stories and incidents been connected with it, the case would have been different; but his Majesty's story of "William Rufus and the Salmon Pasty," or the proud Cardinal's very beautiful tale of the "Saxon Widow's Vow," or, in fact, any of the others, might have been told by any one, or appeared in the pages of an Annual with as much propriety as where they are. The stories have nothing to do with the tellers; and the frame-work of the pilgrimage, though appropriate, is too slight to stamp any distinctive character upon Miss Strickland's production.

Having so far exercised our vocation, we are happy in being able to give due praise to the varied and highly-pleasing contents of the volumes. The stories are freely and carefully written; some gay—some grave—food for all palates,—with much that calls to mind the grave old legends which once we so delighted in; and the historical notes that Miss Strickland has appended to each volume considerably enhance their value. It is like a blessed dream, to go back to the venerable chronicles which fascinated our youth, and be with them again, as with old and valued friends.

Lodore. By the Author of "Frankenstein." 3 vols.

Some years ago it was matter of frequent debate, especially amongst the literary *élite* of small country towns, whether or not Mrs. Shelley wrote or did not write "Frankenstein." We remember being much delighted with the *naïve* and interesting manner in which (in the Preface to the small and last edition of that wild and singular tale) she describes the formation and progress of her plan; and we think, moreover, that even the aforementioned little blue-stocking coteries can no longer doubt Mrs. Shelley's power of producing "Frankenstein," or any other work of the highly imaginative class, after they peruse "Lodore."

We will not flatter Mrs. Shelley, nor deceive our readers, by saying that "Lodore" is a faithful portraiture of human nature. It is no such thing—it seldom trenches upon the every-day *feelings*, though it has much to do with the every-day *occurrences* of life. Mrs. Shelley's actors are creatures like herself, compounded of sentiment and feeling, and as such, they go on

their way for the most part (particularly towards the latter end of the beautiful story) rejoicing in the health and purity of their own intentions, buffeting the cold-hearted and misjudging world with the weapons of truth and uprightness, and finally making *themselves* and (from the impossibility of not identifying *ourselves* with the hero and heroine) making us perfectly happy. This is exquisite romance—the romance—as a friend of ours well expressed it—the romance of *sentiment*, not of *incident;* and in the highly-imaginative walk of literature Mrs. Shelley has few competitors. She creates a certain number of human beings after her own fashion—she educates and fosters them after her own fashion—she arrays them in bright clothing—she makes them talk, and talks of them, in eloquent, unstudied, and graceful language; and then presents them to the world a written group, whose poetry can only be likened to one of Howard's beautiful paintings—*with* us, but not *of* us. Had she lived in the olden time, or had her mind not been strongly cultivated, she would have invented mysteries, and murders, and bleeding nuns, and sent forth distressed damsels, and conquering knights!—but as the lady now is, we enjoy the benefits of a luxuriant yet *pruned* imagination, whose delicacy and taste are co-equal; and those who desire, as we often do, to forget how cold, and base, and unrewarding is our real world, cannot fail to be delighted and refreshed by what they read and remember of the graceful and well-told story of "Lodore"—it is perhaps the most *refreshing* book of the season.

Excursions in the Mediterranean, Algiers, and Tunis. By Major Sir Grenville Temple. 2 vols.

It is always pleasant to travel in one's easy chair—to read of Arabs, who would, if they dare, cut your throats with small ceremony, and then look up at the round obsequious face of your valet, who informs you that it is time to dress for dinner;—to hear how Sir Grenville Temple was called half-dressed upon the deck of his vessel, where the deep damp dew saturated his bare feet, and all because a pirate-boat threatened slavery to his crew; and then to think how luxuriously your own feet felt thrust into Turkey slippers upon your pliant ottoman; to read of tropical evenings—to have all your classic associations recalled to your memory by the information "that the African scenery of the Æneid is not imaginative"—to thank heaven that you encountered neither the desert nor the storm, and were perfectly satisfied, as you *ought* to be, with Sir Grenville's spirited account thereof—to think how much more fortunate you were the last time you gipsied under Richmond Hill than Sir Grenville in one of his favourite excursions, where "the wine was stupidly forgotten!" We are grateful, truly grateful, to travellers; and all who read these two volumes will be grateful also, for although they contain nothing strikingly new, they are very interesting, and written in a free, unaffected style. We only regret that the civil war which raged at the period of Sir Grenville Temple's excursion in the Beylek of Tripoli prevented his prosecuting his journey, as he had originally intended, into the interior; and we shall look forward with pleasure to the investigation, which he half promises in his Preface, of the ancient and modern geography of the country, by which investigation he hopes to correct many errors which are declared to exist in our books and maps.

Tales of the Wars of Montrose. By James Hogg, Esq., Author of the "Queen's Wake," &c. 3 vols.

"My foot's upon my native heath and my name's Mac Gregor," exclaimed Rob Roy in all the bursting earnestness of his nature, when he felt himself truly and proudly upon his own soil; and heartily do we congratulate the Shepherd of Ettrick upon *his* being again, like Rob Roy, upon

his native heath, where he is always fresh and vigorous as his own mountain breeze, which albeit, if the roughest—particularly to us southerns—is not the less healthful or the less pleasing either—when we get used to it. We never take up a work of Hogg's without feeling teased and annoyed during the perusal of the first hundred pages; there are a thousand little or rather great coarsenesses—an abruptness of expression—a want of what is commonly called style—a rudeness that offends, and irritates, and rises itself with all the obstinacy of a Highland thistle against our prejudices and our proprieties; and yet we cannot *lay* down the book; though we may throw it from us, we are sure to take it up and go on even to the end, by which time we have forgotten that we were either irritated or offended; and having got over our annoyances, we have leisure and temper to call to mind the earnestness—the energy—the literary zeal of our Scotch author.

He tells a story as if it really happened, and his heart is so truly with his narrative, that you are carried forward by the impetus; there is something very pleasing in this, and despite the faults we have noted, we hail Mr. Hogg's re-appearance amongst us as we would a bottle of Glenlivet, or a cask of Edinbro' ale. There is life and energy in him yet, we hope, to write many more books. The stories are of various degrees of interest, but they are all Scotch, and our Shepherd is at home in them all; some of them have little to do with the "Wars of Montrose," while some are devoted to the wars of "Dan Cupid;" but there are escapes by flood and field—battles, and plots, and marches—all spirited and all interesting. We cordially wish the volumes success, and bid them God speed with right good will.

Specimens of the Early Poetry of France, from the Time of the Troubadours to the Reign of Henri Quatre. By Louisa Stuart Costello.

Few subjects could be indicated of greater interest than this to minds of taste and refinement. There is, in all early poetry, a native freshness and simplicity, very much akin to what we observe with so much delight in human childhood; and we read a pristine pastoral, legendary lay, madrigal, rondeau, ballad, or any other form of being assumed by the elementary muse, with somewhat of the same serenity and gentle pleasure wherewith we contemplate the movements and sports of a happy infant, glowing with health, and radiant with the "lumen purpureum juventæ." In these days, the world (out of France) is apt to regard French poetry with very little indulgence: and reasonably so; for the French poetry of our own and several preceding generations has exhibited, with few exceptions, all the artifice and the coldness of a corrupt (and perhaps a premature) old age; but in its earlier state, to which we naturally turn in quest of relief from the impressions created by its dotage, we find it a sweeter and purer thing. We hail, therefore, with cordial satisfaction the presence of Miss Costello's charming little volume, into which she has collected some of the brightest emanations from the poetic spirit of "La Jeune France" of other days. Such a volume makes a far more agreeable appeal to our sympathies than a whole library of modern musings, from light "vers de société" to heavy odes or epics. In the list of names which occur in this collection, that of Charles, Duke of Orleans, most recommends itself by the grace and beauty of the effusions with which it is associated. We must extract one of them, which is interestingly connected with the historical fact of the Duke's twenty-five years' captivity in England:—

"I stood upon the wild sea-shore,
And mark'd the wide expanse;
My straining eyes were turn'd once more
To long-loved, distant France!

I saw the sea-bird hurry by
Along the waters blue;
I saw her wheel amid the sky,
And mock my tearful, eager eye,
That would her flight pursue.

"Onward she darts, secure and free,
And wings her rapid course to thee!
Oh, that her wing were mine to soar,
And reach thy lovely land once more!
Oh, heaven! it were enough to die
In my own, my native home.
One hour of blessed liberty
Were worth whole years to come!"

A beautiful little composition by Pierre Rogiers likewise invites us to transfer it to our pages; and, indeed, we could do the same with a willing hand to many others in the book: but our arrangements of space forbid this; and we will therefore only add, that the fair translator has very happily caught the feeling of her winningly wild and romantic originals; that she has added explanatory notes and biographical sketches, together with several graphic embellishments, coloured in the early *illuminated* fashion; and that the whole collection is so attractive as to occasion us to wish it were more extensive than she has ventured to make it.

Hyacinthe; or, The Contrast. By the Authoress of "Alice Seymour."

This elegant and pleasing little volume has been upon our table for many weeks, amongst a *mélange* of small books which it is impossible for us to notice as they arrive. Lately, as we looked over (not *overlooked*) the pile, we discovered some whose merits were only exceeded by their modesty, and foremost came the pretty "Hyacinthe." Although we doubt not the volume is already in the possession of some of our fair readers, we feel it a duty to award our meed of praise to so worthy a production, even at the eleventh hour.

"Hyacinthe" offers no strong "excitement," creates no powerful "sensations;"—pure and benign, it records the simplest and sweetest of stories, working its own excellent moral unto the end; every page teems with instruction, clothed in so agreeable a form, that we do not know we have been *instructed:* we only feel that we are better for what we read, and that we shall be glad to read again whatever the same lady writes. Although we have said that the story offers no strong "*excitement*," we do not intend to convey an idea of its being deficient in interest. The interest is well sustained throughout, and carries you on to the termination, which is exactly what it should be. "Alice Seymour" we have never seen.

Arboretum Britannicum; or the Hardy Trees of Britain, Native and Foreign, pictorially and botanically delineated, and scientifically and popularly described. By J. C. Loudon, F.L. H.G. and Z.S., &c. Publishing in Monthly Nos. Nos. II. to V.

We have already, in our notice of the first number of this work, given our opinion of its plan, and we have only to add, that the numbers before us are in no way inferior to their predecessor. Some of the plates are extremely beautiful, and we were particularly pleased with the *Gleditchia triacanthos*, the American honey locust, in No. 5; there is a lightness and elegance about this tree very rarely to be met with among the trees of Britain, and the author has succeeded in giving this expression with the greatest judgment and taste. The letter-press contains such a mass of information respecting the introduction of foreign trees and shrubs into Great Britain, and especially Ireland, as we think no one but Mr. Loudon could have accumulated. The following enumeration of all the foreign

trees and shrubs which were grown in Ireland in the seventeenth century is extracted from a curious work, entitled "Botanologia Universalis Hibernica," by J. K'Eogh, A.B., Chaplain to Lord Kingston, published in 1375:—

"*Abele* (white poplar), about mansion-houses, for shelter; arbutus, wild in Kerry, and is manured in gardens; great bay; box; chestnut, frequently planted in gardens and parks: cypress tree, in gardens, for its pleasant verdure; fig tree; jasminum, planted in gardens; lemon tree, to be seen in the gardens of Mitchelstown, belonging to the Right Hon. Lord Kingston; medlar tree, in gardens; myrtle tree, it grows in my Lord Kingston's green-house, Mitchelstown, and there are also hedges of it in the Lord Inchiquin's gardens at Rostillon; mulberry tree, in gardens; orange trees, of late years they had been transplanted here, which now, by the industry and cultivation of curious gentlemen, are in some gardens brought to perfection. I have seen about seventy or eighty oranges taken off one tree in the Right Hon. the Lord Kingston's garden at Mitchelstown, as good as any I have seen brought hither from Spain or the West Indies: so you see what a prolific and fertile soil we live in, where the most exotic plants might, by a little care and industry, flourish."

As an example of the present state of arboriculture in Ireland, we extract from the list of large trees on the estates of Lord Viscount Ferrard, an account of a remarkable specimen of that singularly picturesque, and yet elegant tree, the cedar of Goa *(Cuprèssus lusitánica)*, which at Oriel Temple, one of the seats of Lord Ferrard, has become "thirty-two feet high, the branches covering a space of thirty-five feet in diameter, in twenty-four years. This cedar was originally brought from the Portuguese settlement at Goa, in the East Indies, to Portugal; and the seeds were brought from that country to Ireland by Lord Ferrard in 1809, and, being sown, produced abundantly. The plants were first kept in a green-house; but on some of them being transplanted into the open air from want of room, they were found to grow so vigorously, that in three seasons any one branch surpassed in size the entire plant contained in the green-house."

We suppose this must be the largest tree of the kind in the United Kingdom; and in the list of trees on the estates of the Earl of Roden, we find a notice of a magnificent silver fir, which at sixty years old is eighty-four feet high, and is beautifully and evenly clothed with branches, the lower tier of which touches the ground, and covers a space 160 feet in circumference!

Stories of a Sea-port Town. 3 vols. Bentley.

It is quite impossible not to rise in good temper, and with many pleasurable feelings, from the perusal of these amiable volumes; the stories are all carefully written, and present the changing and varied subjects of interest which a resident in a sea-port town cannot fail to observe. Wherever an opportunity occurs of making a useful observation, or enforcing a valuable precept, the author has availed himself of it, and has given words to many feelings and opinions which do credit to his heart and "its imaginings." Mr. Chorley is one of a family known in the literary world as possessing taste and genius; and his first three-volume work well bears out the reputation he has already acquired. We say *bears out*, because we have read many stories of his before, scattered through the Annuals, fully equal to those he has printed in his present publication. To judge of his *real power*, we would "ring his metal" on a *long connected* tale, which, when he gives us opportunity, we shall be happy to report has surpassed —as it doubtless will—his former productions. One thing we particularly admire in this gentleman's writings—his freedom from personalities, and his desire to illustrate and encourage the better feelings of our nature.

LITERARY REPORT.

A work calculated to afford very extensive amusement and gratification, is about to issue from the press, under the title of "The Comic Essayists." It will comprise, in volumes appearing every alternate month, and printed uniformly with "Colburn's Novelists," "Byron," "Scott," &c., a collection of some of the best prose papers of the light and humourous species that have emanated from the pens of the principal wits and men of social talent during the last fifteen years. The work will be under the superintendence of John Poole, Esq., author of "Paul Pry," "Sketches and Recollections," &c., and it is expected will be comprised in eight or ten volumes.

COLBURN'S MODERN NOVELISTS.—The vol. for June of this new, cheap, and elegant collection of celebrated modern works of fiction, publishing monthly, printed, embellished, and bound similarly to Mr. Murray's beautiful edition of Lord Byron's Works, consists of Horace Smith's *chef-d'œuvre*, "Brambletye House." It is to be completed in two volumes, and embellished with a portrait of the author, frontispiece, and vignettes. The sixth number (completing the work) of the new and cheaper edition of Sir Jonah Barrington's "Memoirs of Ireland and the Union," is now ready for publication. This work, containing all the forty portraits and other illustrations of the former edition, published at 5*l.* 5*s.*, is now presented to the public, complete, for 2*l.* 8*s.*

A most important paper on the "Mortality of British Officers in all Parts of the World" appears in the June number of the "United Service Journal."

The new and cheaper edition of the Life and Correspondence of Garrick contains upwards of 2000 letters from the most eminent persons of his time. This work, in two thick 4to. vols., originally published at 5*l.* 5*s.*, and containing as much matter as six octavos, now costs only 2*l.* 10*s.*

Mrs. Joanna Baillie has in the press three new volumes of Dramas, on the Passions, and Miscellaneous Dramas.

The Autobiography of an Irish Traveller, in 3 vols. is shortly expected.

The Life and Times of William III., King of England, and Stadtholder of Holland, by the Honorable Arthur Trevor, M.P. M.A., &c., will speedily appear.

Memoirs of the Life, Works, and Correspondence of Sir William Temple, by the Right Hon. T. P. Courtenay, nearly ready.

The Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon, by T. H. Lister, Esq., author of "Granby," &c. is announced as in preparation.

The Life of Edward the Black Prince, by G. P. R. James, Esq., author of "Darnley," "Richelieu," "The Gipsey," &c., is likewise announced.

The late Baron Von Humboldt has left as posthumous works, and very nearly finished, a Treatise on the Languages of the Indian Archipelago, as derived from the Sanscrit; and another on the Origin and Philosophy of Languages in general.

Mr. Stanfield is preparing for publication a series of views in the British Channel, and on the coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, and other picturesque portions of the European continent.

Lady Raffles is preparing for publication an octavo edition of the Memoir of Sir T. S. Raffles.

The following works are likewise announced:—

The Fossil Fruits and Seeds of the London Clay, by J. S. Bowerbank; with numerous plates, by J. D. C. Sowerby.—The Prime Minister, a political and heroical poem, dedicated to Sir Robert Peel, by a Peer.—The Mechanics of Law-Making, by Arthur Symonds, Esq.—Travels in the West Indies, and some Notice of a short Residence in North America, by Dr. Madden.—Ernest Campbell; a new historical novel, by John Ainslie, Esq.—Twenty Years' Retirement, by Captain Blackiston, author of "Twelve Years' Military Adventure."—The Young Queen—Sketches of Bermuda, by a Lady.—Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan, with Sketches of Anglo-Indian Society, by Emma Roberts.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Chateaubriand's Travels to Jerusalem and the Holy Land, 3rd edition, 2 vols. post 8vo. 16*s.*

Journal of a Visit to Constantinople and some of the Greek Islands in 1833, by J. Auldjo, Esq., F.G.S. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Practical Treatise on the Cultivation of the Grape-vine on Open Walls, by C. Hoare, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Sketches and Recollections, by John Poole, Esq., author of "Paul Pry," 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*

The Lady's Own Cookery Book, and New Dinner-Table Director for 1835. Second edition. 1 vol. post 8vo. bound, 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Life of Mungo Park, 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Dissertations on the Eumenides of Æschylus, with the Greek Text, from the German of C. O. Müller, 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.*

Miscellanies, by the author of the "Sketch-Book," No. II.: Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey, 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Student, a Series of Papers, by the author of "Pelham," 2 vols. 21*s.*

Narrative of a Visit to the American Churches, by the Deputation from the Congregational Union of England and Wales, by A. Reed and J. Matheson, 2 vols. 24*s.*

Belford Regis, by Miss Mitford, 3 vols. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Journal of the Heart, edited by the authoress of "Flirtation," 2nd Series, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Journal of a Residence in China and the Neighbouring Countries, from 1830 to 1833, by David Abeel, 12mo. 6*s.*

Memoirs of Lord Bolingbroke and his Times, by G. W. Cooke, Esq. 2 vols. 28*s.*

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

It appears to be almost universally admitted that the present exhibition at the Royal Academy is of a superior kind to any of late preceding years. Not but there is the usual supply of many positively bad pictures, but the preponderance is decidedly in favour of those of a better order. To none does more interest attach than to that of Mr. Wilkie, numbered 64 in the catalogue. The subject is Christopher Columbus seated at a table explaining the project of his intended voyage for the discovery of the New World in the convent of La Rabida. The story is taken from Washington Irving's life of the discoverer. "A stranger travelling on foot," says the memoir by Washington Irving, "accompanied by a young boy, stopped one day at the gate of a convent of Franciscan friars, dedicated to Santa Maria Rabida, and asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child; while receiving this humble refreshment, the guardian of the convent, Friar Juan Perez Marchena, happening to pass by, was struck with the appearance of the stranger, and observing, from his air and accent, that he was a foreigner, entered into conversation with him. The stranger was Columbus. The conference which followed, remarkable for opening a brighter prospect in the fortunes of Columbus, forms the subject of the picture, in which he is represented seated at the convent table, with the prior to his right, to whom he is explaining, on a chart, the theory upon which his long contemplated discovery is founded. At his left is his son Diego, with a small Italian greyhound at his feet, supposed to have accompanied them in their voyage from Genoa." Such is the foundation for the picture, which is, in our estimation, Mr. Wilkie's noblest work. The finest portion of it, as far as mere painting is concerned, is the head of the prior, who is intently gazing upon the chart, while Columbus demonstrates the practicability of his plan. He looks half aghast at the wonderful relation, which he appears not entirely to comprehend. Its vastness has half bewildered him, yet he dares not disbelieve. But the grand merit of the picture is in the conception of the character of Columbus as depicted in his countenance. On his brow is seated everything that is lofty in thought and grand in design, while his countenance bespeaks a disposition "learned in all humanities." To afford it its just share of praise is scarcely possible,—it is worthy the wonderful original. Garcia Fernandez, the physician of Palos, whose scientific acquirements enabled him to appreciate the projection of Columbus, is resting on the table listening to the amazing story. Behind Fernandez is Martin Alonzo Pinzon, a great navigator, and who became the comrade of Columbus in his first expedition, but subsequently deserted him. This head is also very fine. Pinzon is adjusting a telescope, and, with his eyes half averted from his task, he greedily devours the details of the plan. The expression of this face is envy, of a jealousy that will not accord the due share of praise, but of an understanding that appreciates the excellence of the scheme. The whole of the picture is invested with an air of originality. It is grand in conception, and powerful in execution. The effect of breadth given by the light coming across the picture is managed in a most masterly manner.

No. 88 is also by Mr. Wilkie, and is called the First Ear-ring. It is full of humour; the little victim of the trinket bears the pain with all the fortitude of childish vanity. A lap-dog in the room appears to suffer some of the torture inflicted by sympathy, and is screwed up most ridiculously.

There are also No. 113, a portrait of his Grace the Duke of Wellington; No. 127, Sancho Panza in the days of his youth; No. 137, a portrait of Sir James M'Grigor, Bart.; and No. 299, portrait of the late Rev. Edward Irving. Of these Sancho Panza is admirable, the portraits not the

best, and that of the Rev. Edward Irving we think, is decidedly bad. It is not a likeness, nor is it a superior painting.

Mr. Etty has several pictures, most of them calculated to maintain his very high and deserved reputation.

We must be content for the present to direct attention to No. 310, "Phædria and Cymocles on the Idle Lake." This is a splendid production illustrating a passage in "Spencer's Fairy Queen;" full of colour, beauty of form, and harmony of composition. The deepest dies that ever reflected their tints upon water, or afforded their brilliancy to the plumage of birds, have been brought into this picture for one rich and gorgeous display. Some captious critics have recently given vent to their anger and their ignorance by abusing Mr. Etty for his love of Nature. They object to every Venus but their own Venus. They have attacked him with all their puny power for doing what all his predecessors who have been great in art have done invariably,—namely, paint the naked figure. To the impure all things are impure; none but those of vitiated minds could object to the beautiful productions of Mr. Etty.

No. 315 is a "Fisherman's abode at Mazzorto; Torcello in the distance." C. Stanfield, R.A. This picture represents the interior of a fisherman's hut, looking through an arch to the open water and distant country. The exquisite finish of the figures and objects in the foreground, and the depth and beauty of the distant scene, are alike objects to excite the highest possible admiration. Perhaps No. 8, a scene near Livenza, in the Gulf of Venice, by the same artist, is a picture deserving of even greater attention. The country in itself is truly picturesque, and it has lost nothing by the poet's eye with which it was observed, and the painter's pencil which transferred that poetic impression to canvas. The loveliest sky, the bluest water, the curling smoke, and the "azure hue" of the distant mountain, are all faithfully and enchantingly pourtrayed. No. 363 is a beautiful scene on the coast of Normandy, also by Mr. Stanfield.

No. 167. "A Scene in the Grampians; the Drovers' Departure." E. Landseer, R.A. This picture represents the departure of drovers from the Grampians, accompanied by their flocks and herds, their travelling ponies and companions. Some portions of this painting are executed in the most superb style. Such are the heads of cattle, and, indeed, the greater part of the animals with which the picture abounds. The composition is a little confused, and there is a thinness in some portions of the colouring. The air of sentiment about the men and women is not in good keeping with the subject. Had more time and care been bestowed upon its execution it would have been as nearly perfect as it well could be; but, as it is, it is only an indication of the great power of the artist, and how noble a picture he has left incomplete. No. 303. "Favourites, the property of H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge," is also by Mr. Landseer; and a more careful or finished piece of painting we have rarely seen. It is in all respects beautiful.

No. 131, "Gulliver's Introduction to the Queen of Brobdignag," C. R. Leslie, R.A. "This picture," says a critic in a morning newspaper, "represents the point of time when the little Gulliver is presented to the gigantic Queen of the Brobdignagians, surrounded by her maids of honour. The captain in the back-ground is receiving the money which the Queen pays for the purchase of the diminutive curiosity. Gulliver is on the table, embracing with fervent devotion the tip of her Majesty's *little* finger. We think the whole of this picture is a misconception. The artist has not conquered the difficulty with which the subject evidently labours, namely, to make the women Brobdignagians without making a Lilliputian of Gulliver. Most of the women are but of the 'fair, fat, and forty' size, and the only indication that is given of their being creatures of a different stature and nature to those we ordinarily meet is in their terrible eyes; poor Gulliver seems likely to die of being gazed at, so ardently do they contemplate the

wondrous mite. But still no notion is given of Gulliver's real size; he looks like one of the puppets in the fantoccini, or a Thomas Thumb the Less. We have with him no sympathies—we shudder not at the idea of his falling from the perilous height of the table on which he is placed, or breaking his neck over the rugged ridges of the table-cover—we fear not the next hurricane of wind, should the princess chance to sneeze, sending him lifeless to the distant confines of her spacious boudoir—no pendant ear-ring of the maids of honour while inspecting him appears like a rock, about to fall and deprive him of existence—no mighty caul, or ponderous plaything, carelessly swung by Brobdignagian baby, threatens to dash him to atoms—he is neither man, nor boy, nor child, 'fish, flesh, or good red-herring;' and they are neither ogresses, nor Titans' wives, nor the beautiful and stupendous princesses of the great island of Brobdignag, so famous for its peculiar latitude and longitude that the ancients did not know it, and the moderns are still ignorant of its existence. But the wit of Swift and the pencil of Leslie we must not expect to find in combination; and that the picture is a failure we must attribute to the insurmountable difficulties the subject presented. As a painting, it is in the usual superior style of Mr. Leslie." We entirely concur with the opinion here expressed, except that no praise is given where it is richly due, namely, to the painting of a young Brobdignagian child, or dwarf; if all else in the picture were a failure, this portion of it must be acknowledged to be the work of a master.

No. 292. "Honfleur Fishing-boats becalmed, Havre in the distance." E. W. Cooke. A beautiful sea-piece in Mr. Cooke's best style.

No. 295. "The intercepted Letter." J. Webster. Carefully painted, humourously yet interestingly conceived, and losing none of its force from its being a common domestic tale. A busy-looking fellow of a postman, a displeased father, and a maiden detected in holding a secret correspondence, are the materials of the picture.

No. 283. "Festa della Madonna del Arco." T. Uwins, R.A. This is gaudily but tastefully painted, harmoniously composed, and breathes the very air of sincere but refined festivity.

No. 226. "A Ferry on the River Mirfa, Sermoneta in the distance—a scene in the Pontine Marshes near Rome." P. Williams. One of the most clever and spirited works of this artist.

No. 326. "The Comedy of the Honey-Moon." G. Clint, A. Were not Mr. Clint's reputation already firmly established as a first-rate painter of dramatic scenes, the picture before us would place it beyond question. It is conceived in a happy vein of elegant humour, and the painting is highly finished.

No. 395. "King Richard I. of England, surnamed Cœur de Lion, and the Soldan Saladin." S. A. Hart. This scene represents Richard feeling the pulse of the Soldan Saladin, who has entered into his camp and obtained admission into his tent in the disguise of a physician, and on the pretence of assisting in the cure of a fever under which the King was then labouring. The story, it will be remembered, is related in Sir Walter Scott's novel of the Talisman. This is a picture of considerable power, but we think it deficient in refinement. It is theatrical, and not well chosen for an historical painting. We much prefer Mr. Hart's picture, of last year, of Cardinal Wolsey and Buckingham. Had we not seen that picture, all we should have said would have been in the language of praise, which Mr. Hart well deserves. We cannot however avoid comparing an artist with himself.

No. 270. "The Chivalric Vow of the Ladies and the Peacock." D. M'Clise. The public is well acquainted with the powers of this artist. From the "Mokanna" to the "Installation of Captain Rock," his work of last year, he has produced a succession of most astonishing works. The present, if it possesses all the beauties, has some of the faults of his former

productions. If he is prolific in invention and prodigal in fancy, he is not the most diligent in studying the arts of composition. To be a great painter,—and Mr. M'Clise has in him the elements of the greatest,—it is not only necessary to indulge the bent of a superior genius, but to attend to every minor portion of detail, from the mechanical work of the pencil to the much more arduous task of composing and arranging a picture. A laughing face, conceived in humour, and dashed off in a masterly style upon the canvas, will not, however good it may be, atone for defects that nothing but diligence is required to avoid. In the Chivalric Vow of the Ladies and the Peacock, the figure of the knight is beautifully painted, but it does not harmonize with the surrounding parts. The same fondness for perpendicular lines is evinced as has been so often seen in the pictures of this artist, and which, be it remembered, is peculiar not to style, but to manner. Moreover, the picture is one of episodes, and lacks the interest of a connected story. There is sufficient invention in it for six such pictures, but not enough of composition for one. The painting of some of the heads is perfect, and there are parts replete with fancy, fun, and merriment. Such is the group surrounding the fool with the bauble. Indeed, wherever we look there are bits of the highest order—exquisite touches of feeling and character. If we have said anything to detract from Mr. M'Clise, we have done it, we trust, in the spirit of those who ardently admire him.

No. 96. "The Pet Bird." J. G. Middleton. A very superior picture, with all the strength and less of the hardness occasionally to be observed in Mr. Middleton's painting.

Mr. Turner has several pictures. Two more particularly beyond the rest demand attention. No. 24, "Keelmen heaving in Coals, by Night," is one, and No. 155, "Venice from the Porch of Madonna della Salute," is the other. The first of these is a moonlight scene, and admirably adapted for displaying the masterly pencil of Mr. Turner. The picture is as light as day, and the only thing that prevents the impression on the mind of the spectator that it is day, is the positive coldness peculiar to moonlight. It is a most extraordinary piece of effect. The other picture is equally extraordinary, but in another way. The mid-day sun shining upon the white walls of Venice, innumerable vessels with the flags of all nations, the black gondola and the gay flitting pennon, are all brought into powerful contrast. It is altogether brilliant, dazzling, and original.

No. 136. "Nymph and Cupid." W. Hilton, R.A. This is a fine painting, in the grand historical style. The Cupid is as powerfully conceived as it is beautifully painted.

No. 145. "The Valley Farm." J. Constable, R.A. This picture is full of beauty and feeling, but we must be permitted to think that its effect is a little exaggerated—no landscape ever looked so spotty, after the most violent shower; had the spots been made patches, it would have made a snow-piece. But in spite of this, there is a depth and richness that no artist of the present day can surpass.

No. 114. "Italian Scene, in the Year of the Jubilee—Peasants on a Pilgrimage to Rome, first coming in sight of the Holy City." C. L. Eastlake, R.A. This is a picture in Mr. Eastlake's best style; the scene is picturesque, and the finish bestowed upon all portions of it is of the highest kind.

No. 107. "Children Launching a Boat." W. Collins, R.A. This is one of many beautiful pictures Mr. Collins has this year contributed. Children by the sea-shore is a favourite subject with him, and it appears to be in his hands exhaustless. Repetition does not cloy us, for the looks of innocence and joy can never have such effect, and his children are the personification of both.

No. 30. "Genoese Coast, near Ricco." A. W. Calcott, R.A. This is a powerful piece of colouring, showing the effect of an Italian sun. There

are other pictures in the exhibition this year by Mr. Calcott, but the one before us is perhaps the best; they are all, however, exceedingly fine, and worthy the best attention.

Mr. Mulready unfortunately contributes but one picture—it is No. 105, "The Last In." "The Last In" is no less a person than the boy who, "with satchel on his back," crawled "like a snail unwillingly to school." As he enters, he bows to the schoolmaster, who, with meek gravity, profoundly returns the obeisance, while in his looks lurks a flogging for the urchin who is "last in." It is humourously conceived, though a little confined in grouping, and admirably painted.

In the lower room, known by the name of the Antique Academy, are some very beautiful productions. Among them are the works of Chalon, Rochard, G. R. Ward and Mrs. G. R. Ward, Miss F. Corbeaux, Miss M. Chalon, and a variety of others. But why is a picture in every respect fitted to maintain a place among the best of those of the Royal Academicians, full of beauty of all sorts, of all artist-like effects, placed among miniatures and flowers? Not that we mean to assert any thing in any way tending to deteriorate those elegant branches of art. But for superior oil-paintings the Academicians themselves, consulting their own interests as well as propriety, have assigned the better lights of the Great Room, the Painting Academy, and the Anti-Room. Why, then, is the beautiful picture of Little Red Riding Hood and Wolf of Mr. Inskipp placed in so unworthy a situation as it holds in the Antique Academy? We are not among the captious critics who are ready upon all occasions to assail so honourable and meritorious a body as the Royal Academy. We know their difficulties in dealing with conflicting interests and jealous persons, and should be sorry to aggravate those difficulties. But without encountering the charge of being invidious, we think ourselves entitled to ask why is this superb painting placed here? It is in all respects perfectly beautiful. The back ground alone is a landscape of the highest order. The subject itself is full of feeling, and exquisitely painted. Mr. Inskipp has had great injustice done him; and without bringing any charge against the gentlemen who have this year been entrusted with the hanging, we must affirm our belief in there having been great and culpable carelessness, though we will not say gross and intentional partiality.

In the Model Academy there is less of interest than usual; but particularly deserving of notice is 1045, Devotion, a statue in marble, R. Westmacott, R.A.; also 1048, a sleeping Shepherd Boy, a statue in marble, J. Gibson, A. There are also some good busts by W. Behnes, by E. Ryley, especially that of the Rev. J. Tate, M.A., Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's; by S. Clint, by W. Weeks, T. Butler, and others.

Many excellent pictures, and no doubt good works of other kind, must, in the limits of a short notice, be necessarily omitted. Should there be another opportunity of continuing this criticism, we shall make atonement in the best way we can.

PUBLICATIONS.

Stanfield's Coast Scenery.

We have before us the first number of a work intended to comprise the most picturesque scenes on the coasts of Great Britain as well as of foreign shores. It is to be published in parts, at two shillings and sixpence each part, consisting of four plates, with twelve pages of typographical illustration, embodying much information useful to the tourist. The drawings from which the engravings are made are the latest productions of Mr. Stanfield, who has made excursions to different sea-scenes for the purposes of the work. The first engravers are engaged upon it, and the present number, containing a view of Mount St. Michael, in Normandy—Mount St.

Michael, in Cornwall—the Botallock Tin and Copper Mine, Land's End, and a view of Falmouth Harbour, with a receiving ship in the foreground. They are engraved in the most superb style by Cousen, Miller, and Brandrard.

We have seen other drawings which have been expressly made for the work, of the most superior kind, and calculated, we consider, to increase even the high reputation of Mr. Stanfield. He has evidently bestowed upon them the greatest care, while in his happiest vein. The undertaking deserves the success which we have no doubt it will receive, for, in addition to its claims upon the public as a collection of art, it has claims as "Sea-coast Scenery" upon the national feeling.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

THIS theatre has been "re-opened" after the premature close of the winter season, for what is called an "after season." This, we believe, to be unprecedented. It is, besides, something more serious.—It is a flagrant violation of the right of every actor with whose services Mr. Bunn has thought fit to dispense, in forming his arrangements for his "after season." These gentlemen, it would appear, if such a course is admitted to be legal, have no certainty from day to day of the continuance to them of the means of existence. In October last their services were engaged by Mr. Bunn, for the whole of what is termed the winter season, that is, for two hundred nights. Such being, though not stipulated in their agreements, yet according to the invariable custom of their profession, the duration of that season. It will be recollected, at the same time, that in thus joining Mr. Bunn's theatre, these gentlemen shut themselves out from chance of engagement elsewhere; for the managers of the country theatres, and of the acknowledged summer theatres, cannot alter their arrangements to suit Mr. Bunn's caprice, or to save the most deserving of actors from starving. But it is now declared in the teeth of all this, well known and understood from the earliest time of these theatres till now, that the duration of any season is a matter for the decision of the lessee, and that he may turn off every one of his actors, and determine their engagements at the end of the fiftieth night, or the fifth, if it so pleases him. Such has been the conduct of Mr. Bunn, on finding that his system of managing the *two* theatres had utterly failed, and that it was necessary to his convenience to reduce his "two companies" into one. We can conceive nothing more unjust or base.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Captain Low read an interesting account of the Manners, Customs, &c., of the inhabitants of Tannan and Mergui. So little is known of the Burmese Empire, and our relations with that power are daily becoming so intimate, that we deem it of the highest importance to supply our readers with a condensed view of the most recent and authentic information acquired on the subject. Tannan and Mergui form part of the cessions made to the British at the termination of the late Burmese war, since which time the population has been greatly increased by Burmese and Chinese anxious to enjoy the blessings of good government; but unfortunately, the very name of these new subjects of Britain is unknown in Britain; the ceded territory remains unprotected by a single work, and the tyrant of "the golden foot" may without much difficulty cross the intervening river, drive away our slender garrisons, and massacre those whose love of British justice led them to depend upon British protection.

Captain Low stated, that the inhabitants of these provinces, unlike the Hindús and Siamese, who consider the wearing of clothes above the waist an incumbrance, are fond of rich and expensive dresses. They delight in trinkets, but the workmanship of their jewellery is below the average even of oriental manufactures. The females enjoy great personal freedom, and do not therefore manacle themselves with such heavy necklaces, bracelets, and anklets as the ladies of India; silk is their favourite wear, but fine cottons and muslins are in much request. They never wash their silk dresses, but wear them until they drop in tatters from their bodies. Karean cloth is worn by the lower orders; it is very narrow, seldom exceeding a foot in breadth. During the rains, umbrella-hats are worn by the men, some of which are four and a half feet in diameter. They are very light, and require much management when the wind is high. Superior officers wear gilded or lacquered leather caps, similar to those used by our firemen. All ranks wear sandals, which they take off on entering a respectable house.

The Tenasserims tattoo themselves like the Burmans of Ava and the Laos; the Siamese regard the practice as barbarous, probably because it is the national custom of their ancient and inveterate enemies. Tattooing on the arm is deemed the essential mark of entering on manhood; the operation, rather a painful one, is performed with a gold stylus; the colouring matters are "lamp-black, produced by burning Sesamé oil under an old pot, which a priest has used in collecting his daily provisions," and vermillion. When charms "to render the person invulnerable" are tattooed, the operation takes place in the *Thein*, or Place of Idols*.

Though subjected to the most crushing despotism, the lower ranks are brave, hospitable, and open in their manners. There is none of that affected modesty which distinguishes the less virtuous females of Hindústan. Burmese children are uniformly respectful and affectionate to their parents. Their mode of salutation is singular; instead of kissing, they apply the nose to the cheek and draw in a strong inhalation. Captain Low thinks, that this remarkable custom, of which traces are found among all the Indo-Chinese nations, the Malays, the Chinese, and the islanders of the Indian Archipelago, establishes a remote connexion between tribes that now appear very different†.

Burmese marriages are mere civil contracts, and the ceremonies are very simple; a feast is always given on this, and indeed on every occasion, where business of importance is transacted. Divorces are obtained with great facility, but this has not produced the licentiousness of manners which might have been anticipated.

The Burmans and Peguers generally burn their dead, but the bodies of all who die under fifteen are buried. If a woman dies in childbed, her body is burned on the banks of a river; hence when ladies quarrel, they frequently exclaim, "may you be burned on the banks of a river!" The body of the high priest who died at Martaban, shortly after its capture, was burned with extraordinary solemnity; a wire was stretched from the bier to a considerable distance, and along this a rocket was discharged, which set fire to the pile. So much oil and petroleum were used for this ceremony, that the ground, which was mossy, continued burning for a week afterwards.

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* The barbarous customs of cutting the flesh in time of mourning, and tattooing charms on the body, seem to have been practised in Western Asia, for they are expressly forbidden by Moses. "Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you; I am the Lord." Lev. xix. 28.

Have we not some trace of this custom among the Hebrews, in the blessing that Isaac bestowed on his son Jacob? "And he smelled the smell of his raiment, and blessed him, and said, see the smell of my son is as the smell of a field, which the Lord hath blessed." Gen. xxvii. 27.—*Athenæum.*

Chess, draughts, and a peculiar kind of foot-ball, are the chief amusements of this people. The foot-ball is made of wicker, and is kicked into the air by men who stand in a circle, twelve or fifteen yards in diameter. Wrestling matches and pugilistic contests are exhibited at all the great festivals; the combatants are only allowed to fight a certain number of rounds, so that they are seldom hurt. They fight cocks with artificial spurs, and what will probably surprise our readers, they keep fish for mutual encounters. These fighting fish are of the species called by the Siamese *plakat;* they are small, and found only in fresh water; they are kept in jars apart from each other, and when the terms of contest are arranged, each party lets out a fish in a basin of water, where they fight most furiously. Large bets are laid by the owners and spectators on these battles. Buffalo fights are occasionally exhibited. The buffaloes are baited against each other by pairs, in the middle of a circle formed by the crowd. They are directed by men on their backs, who dexterously slip off when the horns of the animals threaten them with an assault in flank. Few of the buffaloes will continue the fight after the second or third round, and as they attempt to escape through the crowd, many persons are severely hurt.

At one of their festivals, the Burmese squirt water on passengers; the ladies are especially fond of this amusement, which Captain Low thinks to be "a cool way of bringing on a conversation with some favoured swain."

The Burmese rulers affect much state; the liberty of bearing umbrellas is the recognised mark of official dignity. White silk umbrellas can be used by the king only; the number appropriated to him in a solemn procession is seven; one of these is much larger than the rest, and is called the *Kyein*, or state umbrella of seven tiers. Another appendage of regal state is the *Bo-theegee*, or royal drum, which is prohibited to every other person in the empire, under the penalties of high treason. Drums, indeed, like umbrellas, are strictly regulated according to the gradations of rank.

We understand that Captain Low has prepared a political and statistical account of the present state of Siam and Birmah. The specimen we have been enabled to give of the interest and value of its contents will probably induce our readers to join with us in the hope that its publication will not be long delayed.

VARIETIES.

Increase of National Wealth.—A highly valuable and interesting paper has been read before the London Statistical Society, by its Vice-President, Lieutenant-Colonel Sykes, "on the increase of wealth and expenditure in the various classes of society, as indicated by the returns made to the tax-office, by exports, imports, and savings banks." By this paper it appears that the estimate of capital employed in 1832, 1833, and 1834, in articles of luxury—(which comprise only saddle and carriage horses, four-wheeled private carriages, male domestic servants, armorial bearings, game certificates, dogs, and race-horses, including keep as well as duty)—is 406,953,000*l.*, being an increased capital of 61,667,000*l.* since 1820. The increased capital in trade Colonel Sykes estimates at 87,837,997*l.*, the total capital thus employed in the three last years being estimated at 330,390,430*l.* He takes the rental of 443,990 houses in Great Britain to be 12,629,980*l.*, and the capital thus invested at 300,000,000*l.*, being an increased rental of 2,368,646*l.*, and capital of 59,200,000*l.* The total capital employed in the articles of luxury above enumerated, in buildings, in trade, viz., in the cotton, wool, silk, linen, iron, trade, 105,128 shopmen, clerks, warehousemen, &c., horses, &c. &c., he estimates at 1,037,343,430*l.*, being an increase of 208,704,977*l.*, between the years 1820

and 1832. With such indications of wealth in the condition of the higher classes, observes Colonel Sykes, it becomes an important and interesting inquiry how far it is shared by that portion of the community of a lower grade in the social scale. In the prosecution of this inquiry, the Colonel finds that from November, 1831, to November, 1833, the number of depositors in savings banks in the United Kingdom had increased 45,755, and that the additional amount of money deposited was 1,403,464*l.* The increase in England, in the above period, amounted to 8 per cent., and in Ireland to 25 per cent. The absolute increased individual pressure of the poor-rates from 1821 to 1831, amounts to 7 per cent. The increase in crime, it is to be regretted, appears to be beyond that either of population or of pauperism. From 1821 to 1825, and from 1825 to 1832, the increase of commitments has been 44·3 per cent. In 1821 the commitments were, in regard to the population, as 1 in 866; in 1831, as 1 in 686 persons.

Malt.—The following shows the number of bushels of malt consumed in the United Kingdom, by common brewers, in each of the three years ending in January, 1832, 1833, and 1834. In 1832, 16,487,909 bushels: in 1833, 16,261,154 bushels; in 1834, 17,061,066 bushels. The quantities consumed in England, Scotland, and Ireland, separately, are—England, 1832, 14,176,309 bushels; 1833, 13,832,851 bushels; 1834, 14,443,391 bushels. In Scotland, 1832, 818,208 bushels; 1833, 885,038 bushels: 1834, 934,390 bushels. In Ireland, 1832, 1,493,392 bushels; 1833, 1,543,265 bushels; 1834, 1,683,285 bushels.

Window Taxes.—The twelve towns which contribute the largest amount of taxes on windows are the following:—Liverpool, 19,722*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*; Bath, 18,029*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; Bristol, 11,197*l.* 2*s.* 7*d.*; Brighton, 10,644*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; Manchester, 11,055*l.* 5*s.* 9*d.*; Birmingham, 6,290*l.* 0*s.* 2½*d.*; Cheltenham, 4873*l.* 8*s.* 3*d.*; Norwich, 4863*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.*; Clifton, 4491*l.* 14*s.* 1*d.*; Leeds, 4190*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.*; Portsmouth, 3830*l.* 18*s.* 5*d.*; Cambridge, 3749*l.* 14*s.* 0¾*d.*

Public Departments.—By a parliamentary return of the increase and diminution which have taken place during the year 1834 in the number of persons employed, in the salaries, and in the expense of the public departments, it appears that there has been in some departments an increase in the number of persons of 110, while in others there has been a diminution of 155. Of salaries—increase, 19,041*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*; diminution, 42,783*l.* 8*s.* 9½*d.* Of emoluments—increase, 655*l.* 5*s.* 4½*d.*; diminution, 253*l.* 13*s.* 11*d.* Of retired allowances—increase, 7598*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.*; diminution, 20,157*l.* 2*s.* 10*d.* Of expenses—increase, 5387*l.* 14*s.* 3¾*d.*; diminution, 11,879*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* Total amount of increase, 32,683*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.*; total amount of diminution, 75,074*l.*

Imprisonment for Debt.—By the return to the House of Commons, in 1833, of persons imprisoned for debt in England and Wales, in 1832, it appears that—

The gross number was	16,470
Of whom maintained themselves	4,093
	12,377

So that three-fourths of the whole were too poor to provide themselves with bread! By the fourth report of the Common Law Commissisners, dated March 1, 1832, it appears that of persons in *execution* for debt in 1831, more than 25 per cent. of that number were for debts under 20*l.*, and more than 43 per cent. were under 30*l.*

The increase of members of the Temperance Society, in England and Wales, from 1st Feb. 1834, to 1st Feb. 1835, is upwards of 37,000; the total being 110,525. Last year, the members of the Bristol Society amounted to 1500; this year they are 2562; being an increase of 962.

The American Temperance Societies now consist of nearly 1,500,000 members.

By a return made from the city and liberty of Westminster, it appears that during the last year no less than about 100 children have been burnt to death, chiefly owing to their parents leaving them alone in a room with a fire in it. Of this number about four-fifths were girls, and the remainder boys. This arises from the difference of the clothing between boys and girls. When the boys have been burnt to death, it has been chiefly owing to wearing pinafores. In a great many of the cases the accidents have occurred from the children getting on a chair to reach something off the mantel-piece, when their clothes easily ignite.

Friendly Societies.—The Lords of the Treasury have very properly had printed for gratuitous distribution, "Instructions for the formation of Friendly Societies, with Rules and Tables applicable thereto," in order to assist in the establishment of these valuable institutions upon sound and legal principles.

Tolls.—It is now the law that no toll shall be paid for cattle and other beasts going to or from water or pasture, or to or from being shod or farried, or passing on any turnpike-road, provided they do not pass more than two miles on such turnpike-road. All horses and beasts drawing carts with materials for the repairs of roads, although the wheels of such carts shall be less than four inches and a half, are also to be exempt from toll. Lastly, all horses or carriages, cattle or other beasts, crossing any turnpike-road, or not going above one hundred yards thereon, are exempt from toll.

Population Returns.—For the first time, a return was made in the last census of the number of *illegitimate* births occurring in Great Britain. There were 20,039 of them in the year 1830, in the proportion of 41 males to 40 females; as compared with *legitimate* births, they are reckoned as one in 18 for the whole of England and Wales. The minimum of illegitimate births is in Middlesex, and the maximum in Wales!—*Medical Gazette.*

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

The Cretan Sarcophagus.—A magnificent Sarcophagus was discovered last year in Crete, by Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who patriotically brought it to England, and proposes, we hear, to present it to the University of Cambridge. It is of Parian marble, and more than seven feet long, and in fine preservation. It was found in a small plain, near a village called Ayo Vasile, seven or eight miles from Viano, and though broken into many pieces, the whole has been ingeniously united under the direction of Chantrey, in whose studio it may be seen by all who are curious in antique sculpture.

The ends, as well as front of the sarcophagus, including the cover or lid, are entirely sculptured. The subject is the triumphant return of Bacchus from India, and though this seems to have little connexion with death and the grave, it must be borne in mind that the god was born in the isle, and that the Cretans invented the orgies in his honour. The figures are in high relief: a naked youth, stooping under a wine-skin, accompanied by a musician, leads the procession; an elephant follows, with three girls on its back, playing on the double pipe and cymbals; Silenus, sufficiently intoxicated, is borne after by two youths, who seem not unconscious of the weight; while a satyr follows, striking a tambourine, and actually leaping into the air with delight. A male and female centaur succeed; "one seems woman to the waist, and fair, but ending foul;" the other has his

brows bound in vine-leaves, and seems in a passion, which his female companion tries to soothe, by throwing her arm round his neck; an empty cup, depending from her fingers, intimates that wine has something to do with the wrath which agitates him; this is more distinctly intimated by the action of the closing group. Bacchus appears—all youth and beauty—grave rather than joyous—in a splendid car, on a panel of which a youth and satyr are contending; the right hand of the god elevates a trophy, while the left hand protects a trembling faun, his companion in the car, at whom the angry centaur seems in the act of throwing a wine-cup. The fear of the one, and the surly wrath of the other, are well expressed. Two men, on one end of the sarcophagus, seem disputing about a child, which they are bearing away in a basket; while on the other end two cupids are engaged in an attempt to put a tipsy satyr to bed; drapery is suspended between two trees; the urchins have their friend on their shoulders, and are striving on tiptoe, to heave him up, while a quiet smile is playing over the brows and in the corners of his mouth, at their fruitless endeavours. All this seems more akin to luxurious painting than to the simplicity and gravity of sculpture. The relief wrought on the lid is of a still more joyous character.—*Athenæum.*

The *Odessa Journal* contains the following:—"The archaiological researches prosecuted in the tumuli on the line of the new quarantine, towards the north-east of the city, are rarely profitable in consequence of their having long since been rifled by some of the people who anciently possessed the Crimea. The director of the Museum at Kertch, after opening eleven successively, without meeting with any relics but fragments of the tombs, was, however, recompensed for his pains when he came to the twelfth, which he found to inclose a tomb of freestone, without cement, and filled with earth. In this tomb were contained the following objects:—1. A large urn with two handles, covered with black varnish, and ornamented with garlands, on which some traces of gilding are to be discerned. This urn was placed at the feet of the deceased, and contained some bones resembling those of a sheep. 2. A large fluted vase, finely shaped, covered with a gilt garland, also placed at the feet of the deceased. 3. A ring of a superior construction, with a signet representing a lion couchant, in cornelian. On the plain side are engraved a buckler, a casque, and a sword. 4. A bunch of five ears of corn, with the leaves in amber, found on the head of the skeleton. 5. Three golden rings set with Syrian granite. 6. Two small gold buckles representing couching cupids. No medals were found in the tomb, so that the precise epoch to which it belongs cannot be ascertained.

Sicily.—It is stated, by some of the French papers, that an extraordinary phenomenon has taken place at Marsala, in Sicily. After the dreadful hurricane, during the night of the 16th of December, which was accompanied by rain, hail, thunder, and violent agitation of the sea, it was discovered that the roofs of the houses were covered with aërolites, the size of a common walnut, round and extremely hard. The learned chemists of Sicily are busy analyzing these aërial productions. Others of the French papers pretend that nothing more has happened at Marsala than a violent hurricane.

At the last meeting of the Medico-Botanical Society, Dr. Hancock read a paper on a plant called coomi-paru by the natives of Guiana. It is used to intoxicate fish so as to enable the fisher to catch them with the hand. It flowers at all seasons of the year, and is constantly covered with leaves of a purple colour; the flowers are small and white. The fluid circulating in the plant is latescent, nearly as thick as cream, and is so abundant as to trickle down in a small stream if the bush be wounded. A seed of this plant taken inwardly is of great use in dropsy.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE most important fact that has occurred in relation to our subject is the depression of the price of wheat to a lower rate than it has borne for the last fifty years. The aggregate average for the last six weeks (ending May 8) gives 38*s.* 11*d.*; but if this average be reduced to Winchester measure, in order to bring it into fair comparison with former times, and the higher averages struck out, arising from the smaller districts, it will stand some shillings lower. This depreciation has led to some slight appearance of speculation; but so long as the vast amount of capital lies buried in the foreign stocks in warehouse, and so long as a very natural doubt as to the extent and power of the causes exist, this spirit of adventure will go little or no way towards enhancing price. It is indeed all but impossible in the present state of our knowledge to ascertain with any thing like precision whether a succession of good harvests, a large importation from Ireland and Canada, or a decrease of our consumption from the substitution of other articles of food, or whether one or all of these causes, are the efficient reasons for the apparent large surplus of the supply. The stocks in the hands of the farmer are admitted to be great. Traverse the country in what direction you will, corn-stacks are still visible almost beyond precedent at this advanced period of the season; and when the increased quantity necessarily brought to market to compensate lowness of price be taken into the computation, it should seem that the supply exceeds to a ratio not readily or safely to be calculated the actual demand. We conceive, therefore, that notwithstanding the present appearance of a deficient crop in the coming harvest, there will be small temptation to purchase on speculation, and little money stirring amongst the merchants to induce them to bring.

Yet it is perfectly true that the plant on the ground looks thin and cold; whether from the wireworm or the weather—probably from both—and, we must venture to add, in many districts from thin sowing, the prospect is not auspicious. The little warm weather, together with the late rains, have in a degree restored the colour, but the vegetation is very universally what we have described—thin. The barley, on the contrary, has been got in under most favourable circumstances, and comes up very promisingly. The grasses will probably be more abundant than for some years, though a little late; but even this will depend on the temperature, which has been kept down in an extraordinary manner by the north, north-east, and north-westerly winds, that have prevailed with the intermission of a few hours only, during the whole of the present month, anticipated always as the most genial. The malting season being now almost come to its close, the interest in barley ceases. Oats are the chief article of speculation, and it seems to be a general belief that the stocks in hand are barely sufficient to meet the occasion, especially should the harvest be late or protracted by wet. Scotland is stated to be so much exhausted, that purchases have been already made in Ireland on Scotch account. Here, however, owing to a growth deficient in quality and also in quantity, from the increased cultivation of wheat, the stock of this grain is thought to be short. Something too is attributed to the rapid and early sales effected by the Irish growers and holders. One fact is certain, namely, that the quantity imported into London this year was, from England, decreased to one-third or less of the amount of the previous five years; whilst, on the contrary, the importations from Scotland and Ireland were doubled and trebled in relation to some of those years, *e. g.* In 1830-31, the English was 188,371; in 1834-35, no more than 50,657. The Scotch, at the same dates, 102,834, 227,728: the Irish, 170,544, 547,610. These discrepancies are such as almost to defy argument or computation.

The wool trade alone appears to promise the flock-farmers some recompense. The activity in the manufacturing districts continues, and the con-

sumption more than keeps pace with the production. Scarcely anything exhibits a more curious and unexpected turn than the trade in the article. It should almost seem that nature was determined to contradict the researches and conclusions of our parliamentary committees. No longer ago than the year 1828, a committee of the House of Lords, which had been appointed on account of the depressed price of the English commodity, and the large introduction of foreign wools, made a report containing matter of deep interest, not to the agriculturist alone, but to the manufacturer and the country at large. It appeared that the grower of the short wool from pure Southdown flocks had on hand from one to three years' clips, notwithstanding the stocks had been decreased in some degree within the previous nine months, and that the price had fallen since 1809 from 1*s.* 10½*d.*, being the average of ten years, to 9*d.* per lb., being the average of three years to 1827, inclusive. This estimate, by an average of years, appeared to be the fairest mode; but taking extremes, the clips of the same flockmasters had fetched 2*s.* 6*d.* per lb. and 9*d.* per lb. in the course of thirteen years. Perhaps, however, 1*s.* 6*d.* (which the farmer considered to be a remunerating price, and upon a par with wheat at 60*s.* per quarter) presented a still nearer general average till the last three years, when the demand had been so much diminished, causes which had produced effects apparently so fatal to the British wool-grower; and the plain story maintained by all the witnesses (who were cloth-factors, wool-staplers, and manufacturers) was this:—For the last thirteen or more years, the quality of English wool has gradually become coarser, from the endeavour made by the farmer to increase the size of his sheep, which it appears is universally attended by the fact that the wool becomes longer and coarser. During this period, the manufacturer was encouraged by the high price of the English commodity to try the foreign, the Spanish and German especially; and the result had been, that the German wool was found to work so much better, and to produce articles of such superior softness and fineness, that in goods above the value of five shillings per yard the English wools were almost absolutely disused, and replaced by Spanish, and more especially German. Experiments had been also tried to improve the breed of sheep in New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land, where the climate operates so bountifully upon the fleece, and there appeared little doubt of the colonists being able, within fifteen or twenty years, to supply England with as much wool as she now imports from Germany and Spain, and on better terms. During the period of its continuance, the foreign manufacturers, particularly the Germans, were induced by the glut and low price of the raw material to use their utmost endeavours to perfect their manufacturing processes. They succeeded in a very great degree, and were positively driving us out of the markets of Europe and South America by bringing in their goods, very nearly, indeed equally, in quality, at from twenty to twenty-five per cent. less in price. Thus the total extinction of the foreign trade seemed to be at hand when the duty was taken off. The consequences have been, an immense importation of foreign wool, and its substitution in all the finer qualities for British. The manufacturers and merchants concurred in averring that it will now be impossible to return to the use of British wools, and that the imposition of a duty would only ruin the foreign trade, and thus, by throwing so vast a number of manufacturers out of employment, bring further destruction upon the agriculturist, by precluding the possibility of their continuing to consume corn and meat—the greater articles of his production. They further contend, that the only chance for the British grower is to permit the import of foreign wool as freely as possible, in order to afford the demand which would arise from mixing the two commodities, and a facility of increasing the exportation of our wrought goods. The long wool being used for worsted goods had not fluctuated to the same extent, though it had fallen considerably. To recapitulate the causes of the depression of the price of British wool: they

were as follows (combing wool is not depreciated so much as clothing wool)—deterioration in quality—not being adapted to the present taste—the competition of foreign wool and of cotton—and lastly, of foreign manufactures. That wool should ever again rise to its former elevation seemed to be perfectly hopeless, and indeed, the only chance of its retaining even its past rate, is the extension of our foreign trade by the removal of all impediments, which may, by creating a wider demand for low goods (chiefly duffils, druggets, calmucks, and blankets), with second cloths, take off the growth in these and mixed articles. All other means appeared hopeless. Against these facts it ought to be stated, that notwithstanding the large precautionary importation (so to speak), amounting to 24,749,570lbs. of foreign wool in the year 1818, which took place in consequence of the expectation of the high duty, the importation even during the imposition of the high duty greatly exceeded the importation of former years. It has of late also been enormously increased, as must be expected. The quantity of short wool grown in England was estimated by one of the witnesses at fifty-five millions of pounds; the entire growth of wool at ninety-two millions, grown by twenty-six millions of sheep on thirty-two millions of acres. It stands not within our limits to go at length into the facts which have nullified, and indeed stultified, the prophetic portion of this report. We rejoice at the frustration.

We lament to perceive that the steps taken to carry into effect the New Poor-Law Bill have been attended with riots of a somewhat serious character in Kent and Bedfordshire. We are fully persuaded that it cannot be acted upon to any beneficial extent without an alternative addition of some plan of employment. There is a long, amusing, and admirably-written article in the last "Quarterly Review" upon the administration of the bill, said to be from the pen of Sir Francis Head. Nothing can better describe the details of workhouses—nothing speak more highly for the temper and discretion of the assistant-commissioner who perambulated and investigated this portion of Kent. The principle he endeavoured to establish was to reduce the food of the paupers in workhouses—to relieve the poor in kind where it was deemed unnecessary to send them to the house—and, in a word, to make the workhouses a sort of pauper-house of correction. This would be no doubt an active stimulant to the pauper to obtain employment, and a preventive for a too easy determination to transfer himself to "the mansion," as it seems to be called amongst the poor. But how will this act on the honest labourer who cannot obtain employment? and is it consistent with justice so to afflict the involuntarily idle man? will it not drive him to crime? We are of opinion that such will be the result. The first consequences of the unions formed by the assistant-commissioner are these riots.

They *must be put down*; but then is the evil remedied? We shall probably soon have further opportunity to return to the subject.

RURAL ECONOMY.

How to thicken Thorn-hedges, and produce Branches on Trees.—The object of the experiments related in the following paper, (which we have gathered from the Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland) was to procure lateral branches from the bare stems of thorns and other ligneous vegetables; and the result being stated as satisfactory, it is only necessary to explain the manner in which it has been effected. The sap, in circulating or ascending, naturally moves along the bark of a bare stem of an even surface, without any tendency to develope lateral shoots; but the temporary interruption of the course of the sap in thorns, as it is known to do in other plants, seems to give an impulse to inactive germs, by which

lateral branches are produced; and therefore, in point of beauty and utility, the discovery is important.

A thorn-hedge, when properly managed, surpasses in appearance and durability any ordinary field fence. But they never succeed in situations where they are exposed to too much moisture, or where the soil is arid; and in cold exposed situations their stems become covered with grey lichens, indicative of an unhealthy condition. When such cold soils are not trenched previously to planting, hedges and trees make slow progress, especially where the ground is stiff, and opposes the shooting of the roots. Very light gravelly soils are also unfavourable to the growth of thorns. But the greatest error usually committed in rearing thorn-hedges is the neglect of keeping them clean and properly trimmed when young, so that at last the hedge becomes as broad as it is high, or looks like a canopy supported by bare sticks, on account of being choked at the roots by weeds. No hedge looks so neat or lasts so long as one kept nearly in the form of a stone wall, the proper dimensions being from three to four and a half feet in height, from one to two feet in breadth or thickness at the base, inclining upwards, until at the top its diameter is only a few inches.

But when neglected, as already said, it has hitherto been considered an irreparable evil attendant on thorn-hedges, as respects their bushiness at the root, that they are scanty and bare, and not to be remedied but by cutting the whole close to the ground, and training it anew, which, though efficient, is a slow style of amendment. On a farm near Stirling a farmer tried a new method of renovating his hedges, where many of the thorn-stems were almost entirely destitute of lateral branches within two feet of the ground. This he accomplished by making horizontal and semicircular incisions in the bark, by which from a quarter to half an inch in breadth of both layers of the bark was removed fully half-way round the stem. In a few weeks after, buds appeared and shot forth, usually close under, but sometimes over, the incisions. This simple operation, performed by a hedge-bill or a pocket-knife, early in spring, does not seem to injure in the least the thorns; for the cut being clean and not deep, no canker ensues, and it soon closes up again, leaving only a slight scar in the place; care must be taken, however, that no shred of the inner bark remain to continue the circulation. The partial interruption merely causes a lateral exertion in the sap-vessels to overcome the obstruction, and the sap thus accumulated gives rise to the new branches, so that the stem may be cut at two or three places if necessary. The artificial branches seldom failed to appear where the stems were healthy, and have sometimes attained a length of two feet the first season. But as such tender twigs are apt to be hurt by frost if cut too young, they were not touched till the first or sometimes the second spring after, when such as required it were cut off a few inches from the stem, which caused an immediate subdivision of each branch. Thus the ragged ill-filled hedges of this gentleman have been continued at the regular height, and at the same time trained into a uniform breadth and thickness, not attainable by any other method in the same space of time.

Having succeeded so well with the thorns, he tried afterwards an experiment on a few forest trees, about six inches in diameter. The incisions were made about six feet from the ground, and, in some instances, immediately above slight swellings, which indicated a tendency to shoot forth branches. The consequence was, that a new branch sprang forth the same season from almost every one of the trees. In the thorns, however, no search was made for these eyes, and few or none were observed. The object in these last experiments was to ascertain whether a tree, intended to be ornamental, but which had been forced up by close planting to a long pole, might be made to assume a luxuriant appearance; and so far as this gentleman has proceeded, it appears that his attempt has been followed by the desired effect.

USEFUL ARTS.

Application of Gas to Economical and Domestic Purposes.—It generally happens that as the progress of discovery is slow, we are long in developing the full advantages arising from improvements in science or its application to useful purposes. We are led to remark this from the very successful application of gas to a variety of purposes for which it has not hitherto been employed, in heating buildings, and performing every description of culinary operation, and which, by the very ingenious plans adopted by Mr. Ricketts, has been brought into full and successful practice. The great heat eliminated in the combustion of the common street gas is a matter of every-day notice, and it appears that Frederic Winsor, its first introducer, was aware of its availability for all the purposes of heat, as in his first prospectus he issued proposals for a gas light and heat company; but, with the exception of the cooking apparatus recently patented by Mr. Hicks, and exhibited at the National Gallery of Practical Science, and some prior attempts by Mr. Mallet of Dublin, this is, we believe, the first time that in addition to its purposes of illumination its application to other useful purposes has been shown on any commensurate scale. The plan of heating buildings, patented by Mr. Ricketts, is perfectly novel, and from the most cursory description of its principles, it will be easy to understand its full merits and advantages.

In a stove similar in shape and construction to a common German stove, and with a very considerable radiating surface, a series of jets of gas are consumed, the size of the flame and the supply of gas being proportioned to the diameter of the stove. An orifice at the bottom admits a supply of air for the support of combustion, and one at the top in form of a chimney carries off the gaseous products of combustion. By this simple and equally efficacious arrangement a great quantity of heat is produced and radiated, an air chamber likewise over the surface of the flame distributing a large quantity of heated air. In confirmation of the advantages of this plan, we can refer to the church of St. Michael's, at Burleigh-street in the Strand, where a stove of twenty-two inches in diameter is found amply sufficient to produce a temperature of fifty-seven degrees in all parts of the building. Objections on the score of danger are readily obviated, by the apertures being made nearly air-tight, the escaped gas, if such should occur, readily finding a vent through the chimney. In the case we have instanced, the total consumption of gas is but at the rate of fifteen to twenty cubic feet, or an expense of between five and six shillings per diem, whilst the attention is confined simply to lighting the gas over-night, when in the morning the church throughout is found warmed to the most genial temperature.

The arrangement for culinary purposes is on a plan equally simple and ingenious, different compartments being arranged in a neatly-constructed chamber for performing the different operations of boiling, baking, stewing, roasting, &c., by different jets of gas being placed on an adapting and transferring axis. It is sufficient to state that whilst by this plan the heat is more uniform than by any other mode of procuring it, when any substance, as in roasting, is exposed to the direct action of the flame, instead of any injurious effects being produced, the meat may be better cooked by it, being subjected to a well-regulated and uniform heat.

Amongst the various inventions and discoveries of the day, this cannot be considered the least important. In many cases it is desirable to obtain and employ heat without subjecting to the formation and consequent noxious influence of smoke; and we perceive the ingenious inventor has suggested the employment of his stoves within the arches under the viaduct of the Greenwich rail-road, and thus render available, by their con-

version into dwelling-houses, an extensive property of that company which without them would be valueless. The power of large companies in providing a supply of the means and comforts of life at a great reduction of expenditure is apparent, when the cost of the supply is taken into consideration, and the gas companies at large cannot fail to appreciate an application which will render their commodity more greatly and beneficially available to the public at large.

The following is given as the indefatigable Landolina's mode of performing anew the ancient process of paper-making from the papyrus; it is given on the authority of a recent German traveller in Sicily and Malta; the discoverer resides at Syracuse:—"He softened the lower part of the stalk in water, loosened the external skin, and cut out the soft white pith in the thinnest slices possible. These were laid upon each other crosswise, pressed, carefully dried, sized, and after many failures at length produced a perfectly usable dazzlingly-white writing paper."

Candles.—A new substance has been discovered, by M. Lecanu, by exposing tallow to five or six times its weight of boiling ether or turpentine, which completely dissolves it, and which, in evaporating, deposits stearine, a substance which is as inodorous, but does not burn so quickly, as spermaceti.

NEW PATENTS.

Francis Humphrys, of York-road, Surrey, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in marine steam-engines, which improvements are also applicable to steam-engines for other purposes.

Philip Augustus de Chapeaurouge, of Fenchurch-street, London, Gentleman, for a machine engine, or apparatus for producing motive power, which he denominates a self-acting motive power, and is called in France, by the inventor, Voland Moteur Perpetual.

John Fenton, of Sydenham, Gentleman, for a composition or material to be used as, or as a substitute for, soap.

Henry William Nunn, of Newport, Isle of Wight, Lace Manufacturer, for improvements in manufacturing the ornamental parts of lace, and producing ornamented or embroidered lace.

Robert Gillespie, of Piccadilly, in the county of Middlesex, Merchant, for certain improvements on trusses or instruments for the cure of hernia or rupture.

Donisthorpe, of Leicester, Worstead Spinner, and Henry Rawson, of the same place, Hosier, for certain improvements in the combing of wool and other fibrous substances.

James Hardy, of Wednesbury, Stafford, Gentleman, for a certain improvement, or certain improvements, in the making or manufacturing of axletrees for carriages, and other cylindrical or conical shafts.

Miles Berry, of Chancery-lane, Middlesex, Civil Engineer and Mechanical Draftsmen, for certain improvements in the construction of rotary steam-engines; and, also, for certain improvements in the construction of printing machinery or presses.

Hugh Ford Bacon, of Christ's College, Cambridge, Gentleman, for an improved apparatus for regulating the flow of gas through pipes to gas-burners, with a view to uniformity of supply.

Samuel Parker, of Argyle-place, Regent-street, Middlesex, Bronzist, for an improved metallic air and water stop and stopper.

John Ingledew, of Brighton, Sussex, Engineer, for an improved metallic safety-wheel and revolving axle.

Joseph Whitworth, of Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for spinning and doubling cotton, flax, wool, silk, and other fibrous substances.

Henry Booth, of Liverpool, Gentleman, for compositions or combinations of materials applicable for the greasing of the axle-bearings of carriages, and the axle-spindles and bearing parts of machinery in general, which he intends to denominate the patent axle-grease and lubricating fluid.

James Boydel, jun., of Dee Cottage, Chester, Esq., for improvements in machinery or apparatus for tracking or towing boats and other vessels.

Alexander Stocker, of Yeovil, Somerset, Gentleman, for improvement in machinery for manufacturing horse-shoes and certain other articles.

Godwin Embrey, of Lane Delph, Stoke-

upon-Trent, Stafford, Potter, for certain improvements in the ornamenting of china, glass, and earthenware.

Sir John Byerley, of Whitehead's Grove, St. Luke, Chelsea, Middlesex, Knight, for a composition which will effect a considerable saving in oil and soap used in the woollen manufactories. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

John McCurdy, of Southampton-row, Middlesex, Esq., for an improvement or improvements in generating steam.

Wm. Kemp, of Burslem, Stafford, Teacher, for a machine for raising sunken vessels.

Ruben Earnshaw, of Huddersfield, York, Dyer and Chemist, for a certain improvement in preparing and working wool for making or manufacturing various fabrics.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM APRIL 28, TO MAY 22, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

April 28.—J. CROSBY, Nottingham, dyer. A. WEBSTER, St. Michael's-alley, Cornhill, victualler. J. WILLIS, High-street, Poplar, victualler. C. R. BELL, Leeds, cloth merchant. B. PROCTOR, Radford, Nottinghamshire, lace maker. T. F. CHAPMAN, Littleham and Exmouth, hotel keeper. T. DANIELL, late of Michaelchurch-court, Herefordshire, copper smelter. M. DUNN, Preston, wine merchant. T. RICHARDSON, Norwich, coal merchant. W. BODIN, Cheetham, Manchester.

May 1.—W. CHEETHAM, Austin-friars, gunpowder merchant. C. M. ULLITHORNE, Red Lion-square, broker. J. CALDWELL, New-crane, Shadwell, licensed victualler. F. HENNELL, Air-street, St. James's, tailor. I. RAMAS, Brighton, clothes dealer. C. JARMAN, West Smithfield, woollen draper. J. PENRICE and M. ANDREW, Old Change, City, warehousemen. S. LOCK and H. BINNEY, Berner's-street, dyers. T. KIRKBY, sen., Harbour Flatt, Westmoreland, and T. KIRKBY, jun., Smelt-house Mills, Yorkshire, flax dressers. J. and E. BROWNE, Bath, stationers. T. JAMES, Llangam-march, Breconshire, flannel manufacturer.

May 5.—G. W. TURNER and H. DAVEY, Bermondsey, paper manufacturers. W. A. ARCHIBALD, Ratcliff-cross, sugar refiner. J. FORD, Fieldgate-street, Whitechapel, ironfounder. E. THORNTON, Oxford-street, ironmonger. R. VAUGHAN, Freeman's-court, Cheapside, coffee-house keeper. W. D. STROUD, Woolhampton, Berkshire, linen draper. J. ADAMS, Bridge-foot, Vauxhall, corn dealer. T. WESTLEY, Coleshill street, Eton-square, baker. T. SEAMAN, Manchester, common brewer. W. CHURCH, Birmingham, civil engineer. E. D. CARLE, Norwich, grocer. R. TODD, Cheltenham, builder. J. S. TROUTBECK, Darcey Lever, Lancashire, manufacturing chemist. J. DOWNS, West Retford, Nottinghamshire, grocer. J. P. MORTIMORE, Devonport, upholsterer.

May 8.—J. P. BANNISTER, Harley-mews, Marylebone, hackneyman. W. THOMSON, Cross-lane, Tower-street, wine merchant. J. EVANS, Bridge-street, Lambeth, grocer. J. ROWLEY, sen., Watney-street, Commercial-road, baker. R. ELLIOTT, Princes-street, Coventry-street, licensed victualler. J. SCOTT, Wakefield, Yorkshire, grocer. J. BISHTON, E. KEMPSON, W. J. JELLICORSE, and W. CALLUM, Wolverhampton, ironmasters. W. HICKSON, Lincoln, grocer. J. SHERRY, Southampton, innkeeper. G. BADENACK and T. JENKINSON, Liverpool, brokers.

May 12.—T. GRIFFITHS, jun. Wellington-street, Strand, bookseller. W. B. GUNNING, Egham, bricklayer. G. RIX, Albany Wharf, Camberwell, potter. W. HOULDER, Paignton, Devonshire, tea dealer. R. HALL, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, hatter. W. MASON, Watford, Hertfordshire, timber dealer. F. C. SPENCER, Halifax, Yorkshire, wine and spirit merchant. R. DYMOCK, Oxford, saddler. M. MORRIS, jun., South Shields, ship owner. E. MARSTON, North Elmham, Norfolk, general shopkeeper. W. J. COOPER and J. BEATTIE, North Shields, drapers.

May 15.—B. BOAST, County-terrace, New Kent-road, surgeon. J. HACKETT, Leicester, printer. W. WATTS, Lutterworth, Leicestershire, cattle dealer. T. WOODWARD, Piccadilly, tea dealer. J. PASK, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, leather cutter. J. TONKS, Birmingham, wire worker.

May 19.—L. P. GOLDSMID, Birchin-lane, bill broker. W. JOHNSON, Gracechurch-street, auctioneer. W. TAYLOR, Hitchin, Herefordshire, cow dealer. C. BASS, Kingston-upon-Hull, innkeeper. J. GLASS, White Hart-street, Drury-lane, victualler. A. BAZZMI, High Holborn, wax and composition doll manufacturer. H. MAWHOOD, High Holborn, lace dealer. T. LAURENCE, Farnham, Surrey, fellmonger. W. THOMPSON, Brassington, Derbyshire, cattle jobber. J. HALL, Edgworth, Lancashire, and J. WAGER, Wirksworth, Derbyshire, calico printers. S. C. HANCOCK, Newbury, Berkshire, cheese and bacon factor. C. MURGATROD, Shelf, Yorkshire, stuff merchant. M. KIRKLAND and G. ROBINSON, Manchester, muslin manufacturers. W. HAYNES, Coln Saint Aldwyns, Gloucestershire, miller. W. BROWN, Gloucester, victualler.

May 22.—P. MOTTRAM, Oxford-street, dealer in lace. H. WILLIS, Blackman-street, carpet warehouseman. E. HOBSON, late of Liverpool, grocer. W. CARSWELL and T. R. FRENCH, Manchester, linen merchants. G. DOWNES, Tickhill, Yorkshire, dealer. J. R. HENDERSON, Leicester, wine merchant. J. PALMER, Worcester, hop merchant. T. KEMP, Birmingham, gold and silver beater.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

THE state of the staple manufactures of the kingdom continues much the same as during the last month; that of cotton is still in full activity, and extensive orders are continually coming in for Germany and for South America.

Owing to the late arrival of the crop of West India Sugar, and an increasing apprehension that the quantity will fall considerably short of a fair average, the Market has recently shown great activity, and considerable transactions have taken place at increased prices. The present quotations are for Jamaica, brown, 51*s.* 6*d.* to 52*s.*; middling to good, 53*s.* to 58*s.*; fine, 59*s.* to 61*s.*; Demerara and St. Kitt's, brown, 49*s.* 6*d.* to 51*s.* 6*d.*; middling, 51*s.* to 55*s.*; good to fine, 56*s.* to 58*s.*; Barbadoes, 55*s.* 6*d.* to 61*s.* 6*d.* Mauritius Sugars, and particularly the better qualities, have gone off pretty freely of late, at rather better prices: good brown, 51*s.* 6*d.* to 52*s.*; low to fine yellow, 52*s.* 6*d.* to 59*s.* Of the East India Sugars, brown Manilla has brought 25*s.* 6*d.*, and brown to good grey Java, 24*s.* 6*d.* to 27*s.* In the Foreign Market, Havannah is still largely in demand, and two cargoes are reported as lately purchased for Antwerp at 29*s.*, for fine white 35*s.* is refused; a cargo of Brazil white for a Mediterranean port realized 28*s.* 6*d.*, and a small parcel of Pernams brought 27*s.*

Much business is doing in the Refined Market, and the stock on hand is reduced to a very low ebb; under these circumstances prices are firmly maintained; a large parcel has lately been contracted for at 75*s.* 6*d.* long price, and further contracts at the same rate declined.

In British Plantation Coffee, the prices of the new crop may be now considered as determined: Jamaica, ordinary, sells at 85*s.* to 88*s.*; good and fine ordinary, 90*s.* to 100*s.*; middling, 100*s.* to 105*s.*; good, 107*s.* to 115*s.*; and fine, 116*s.* to 118*s.*; good to fine ordinary Demarara is at 91*s.* to 96*s.*; middling, 98*s.* to 100*s.*; good middling Berbice, 106*s.* to 109*s.* In East India and Foreign Coffee some advance has taken place; good ordinary Ceylon brings 58*s.* 6*d.* to 59*s.*; good ordinary yellow Batavia, 58*s.* to 60*s.* 6*d.*; fair greenish Mocha, 73*s.* 6*d.* to 74*s.* A small parcel of fine ordinary Havannah has lately brought 62*s.* 6*d.*; and good ordinary coloury Brazil, 53*s.* Cocoa is improving in price. Trinidad is worth 50*s.* to 53*s.* 6*d.*, and Brazil 29*s.* to 30*s.*

Considerable shipping orders have lately been executed in Leeward Islands Rum, and the prices were well maintained; they were, for proofs, 2*s.* 1*d.* per gallon; 8 over proof, 2*s.* 3*d.*; 11 over, 2*s.* 4*d.*; and 16 over, 2*s.* 5*d.* Jamaica, 34 over, at 3*s.* 1*d.* The finer qualities of Brandy, for home consumption, are in some demand; Geneva presents little for observation; pale Hollands about 2*s.* per gallon; German, 1*s.* 7*d.*

In Cotton, Wool, and Indigo, there is nothing to remark beyond the fact of a steady demand at even prices.

The late public sales of Tea have been made up of the cargoes of the "Bengal," "Berwickshire," and "Charles Grant;" the prices realized or reserved are as follow:—

Bohea, Congou chests, 1*s.* 5½*d.* to 1*s.* 5¾*d.*, all sold.
Do. Do. low quality, 1*s.* 2½*d.* to 1*s.* 4*d.*, all sold.
Do. large and half chests, 1*s.* 2*d.*, bought in.
Congou, fair common, 1*s.* 2*d.*, part bought in.
Do. but middling blackish leaf to rather strong, 1*s.* 7¼*d.* to 1*s.* 8*d.*
Campai, common, 1*s.* 2*d.*, bought in.
Orange Pekoe, 1*s.* 5¾*d.* to 2*s.* 0½*d.*, part bought in.
Twankay, good to fine, 1*s.* 8½*d.* to 1*s.* 10*d.*, nearly all bought in.
Hyson, common, 2*s.* 3*d.*, to 2*s.* 4½*d.*, nearly all bought in.
Do. good to fine, 2*s.* 6½*d.* to 3*s.* 4*d.*, nearly all bought in.

Spices are, generally speaking, firm in price; good ordinary Pimento, 4½*d.* to 4¾*d.*; good heavy Malabar Pepper, 4⅞*d.* to 5*d.*; Cassia Lignea, 60*s.* to 64*s.* 6*d.*

Towards the close of last month the Foreign Stock Market presented a scene such as is happily but of rare occurrence even in that theatre of reckless speculation. It will be recollected that the rise which had been steadily going on for a considerable time in Spanish Securities brought the quotation of Cortes Bonds in the latter part of April to 72, and the premium on Scrip to nearly 11. Early in the month of May, the bonds representing the passive and deferred portions of the debt were announced as being to be issued, and thus a real character was at once given to transactions

which had previously had no substantial foundation; based upon this consideration, a special day was appointed by the Committee of the Stock Exchange for the settlement of all transactions in Spanish Stock. This necessary measure had the effect of imposing limits to the almost boundless confidence with which transactions in those Funds had been entered into, and occurring, as it did, at a time when there was a complaint of a scarcity of money, it led to difficulties in the arrangement of the Account in the middle of the month, which in many instances were only overcome by extravagant sacrifices in order to obtain temporary accommodation. But a short time brought round the necessity for the like expedients under still more unfavourable circumstances; the security was no longer considered to be of the same validity; they who had made advances upon it were urgent for repayment; sales were forced upon whatever terms, and in the end a panic ensued that has not a parallel in the recollection of any man acquainted with the Stock Exchange. Cortes Bonds went rapidly down to 49, and Scrip was at 6 discount; Portuguese Bonds, which had probably tended in no slight degree to carry up the quotations of Spanish, now, in turn, suffered by the depreciation of the latter; and the 5 per cents., which had been at 102, fell for a short time to 92. At this period the fever of alarm seems to have abated, and with a short interval of tranquillity a gradual but slow course of reaction appears to have commenced; but the Foreign Funds, in the descriptions above adverted to, have received a shock which it will probably require a long time to enable them fully to recover from.

The closing quotations of the principal Securities, on the 25th, are subjoined:—

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, 213, 14—Three per Cent. Reduced, 90⅞ ⅜—Three per Cent. Consols, 91⅛ ⅜—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 98⅝ ⅛—Three and a Half per Cent. New, 99⅞ 100—Long Annuities, expire Jan., 1860, 16⅞ ⅛⅜—India Stock, 257 8—Ditto Bonds, 5 7—Exchequer Bills, 23 5—Consols for Account, 91⅛ ⅜.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican, 7, 8—Bolanos, 130 40—Brazilian, Imperial, 36 7—Ditto D'El Rey, 6½ 7½—Canada, 39 41—Colombian, 12 14—Real Del Monte, 24 6—United Mexican, 5 6.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent. 100 ½—Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent. 85 6—Chilian, 6 per cent. 52 4—Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent. 41 ½—Danish, 3 per cent. 76 ½—Dutch, 2½ per cent. 56¼—Ditto, 5 per cent. 101¼—Mexican, 6 per cent. 41 ½—Peruvian, 6 per cent. 31½ 2½—Portuguese, 3 per cent. 66¾ 7¼—Ditto Regency, 5 per cent. 96¾ 7¼—Russian 0*l.* sterling, 5 per cent. 109 ¼—Spanish, 1821, 5 per cent. 52½ 3—Ditto, 1835, Scrip, 5 per cent. 3½ 3 dis.—Ditto, passive, 5 per cent. 13 14—Ditto, deferred, 5 per cent. 21 2.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF LORDS.

May 12.—Lord Denman took his seat on the woolsack, and sat as Speaker.—The Duke of Richmond presented the first report of the committee appointed to inquire into prison discipline. The committee recommended that one uniform system of prison discipline should be adopted in every gaol throughout England and Wales; and that inspectors should be appointed under the control of the Secretary of State. The Noble Duke said, when the report and evidence were printed, he should take an early opportunity of bringing forward a motion on the subject.—In answer to a question asked by Lord Brougham, the Marquess of Lansdowne said, he could assure his Noble Friend and the House that no unnecessary delay should take place in bringing the subject of granting a charter to the London University again before the Privy Council. It was necessary that the subject should again be referred to the Privy Council, as a petition had been presented from King's College.

May 14.—Lord Brougham presented a petition from Edinburgh against any public grants for additional church accommodation in Scotland.—The Duke of Buccleuch maintained that, however the fact might be with respect to Edinburgh, he was prepared to prove that in other parts of Scotland additional church accommodation was wanted.

May 15.—The Earl of Wicklow, alluding to the late entry of the Lord Lieutenant into Dublin, to take possession of the vice-regal office, expressed his opinion that the procession organised to receive his Lordship on that occasion was an illegal one, and, by giving his sanction to such a proceeding, Lord Mulgrave had rendered himself incapable of holding the sword of justice even-handed. The questions he now wished to ask were, first, had Ministers received any authentic information that Lord Mulgrave had entered Ireland in the manner described; and secondly, if so, what steps had been taken by Government to show its disapprobation of such proceedings?—Viscount Melbourne had received no official information on the subject, nor had he heard of any illegal procession; and the Noble Lord now at the head of the Irish Government was so entirely possessed of the spirit of impartiality, that no doubt could be entertained of his conducting the Government with even-handed justice.—Lord Brougham presented a petition from the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Councilmen of the City of London, praying for the repeal of the stamp duty, against which he argued at great length, as a most injurious monopoly.

May 20.—The Marquess of Londonderry gave notice that on Tuesday he would present a petition from 50,000 Protestants of the North of Ireland, respecting the danger of the Established Church. His Lordship alluded also to the procession which accompanied the Lord Lieutenant, and hoped that the parties engaged in it would be proceeded against according to law.—Viscount Melbourne expressed himself ready to enter into the subject of the petition whenever it was presented, but thought it extraordinary that, having been signed six months ago, it should never have been presented until now. As to the procession in Dublin he could distinctly state that nothing contrary to the Act of Parliament had taken place.—Lord Brougham brought on his motion on the subject of national education. After a lengthened speech his Lordship moved fourteen resolutions to carry his views into effect, which were ordered to be printed.

May 21.—The Earl of Roden alluded to the recent procession on Lord Mulgrave's arrival in Dublin, and expressed a hope that the same indulgence would be shown to the Orange processions.—Viscount Melbourne considered that the recent occasion afforded no precedent for what might take place in future.—A long discussion on the subject ensued, in the course of which some allusion was made to the Marquess of Wellesley's resignation, to which his Lordship replied that he did not feel at liberty to state the causes of his resignation; but if their Lordships thought it a matter for inquiry in the regular way, he would give all the explanations that might be required. He, however, reserved to himself his own opinion, which at the proper time he would declare in that open, independent manner, which he was able to do, being now entirely unconnected with any connexion that could trammel him.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

May 12.—The House met pursuant to adjournment.—Mr. Cobbett gave notice that on Thursday the 2nd of July he should move for the repeal of the Poor Law Amendment Bill. The Hon. Member also gave notice that on Thursday the 9th of July he should move for the repeal of the Act which imposes a duty on malt not made for sale, thus placing the land as it was before the 23rd Geo. III. Also, that on the 14th of July he should move for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the law relating to stamps.

Also, that on the 16th of July he would submit a proposition for the equitable adjustment of the national debt.—In answer to a question from Mr. Hume, Sir G. Grey stated that Lord Aylmer would be recalled from the government of Canada, and said that Lord Amherst had declined to proceed to that colony, as the journey would occupy more time than was convenient to him. The Government had reason to hope that there would be a satisfactory arrangement of the differences with that colony.

May 13.—On the motion of Mr. Labouchere, a Select Committee was appointed to inquire into the present state of the harbours of Leith and Newhaven, and the best situation for constructing a harbour in the vicinity of the City of Edinburgh, due regard being had to vested interests and the rights of the public.

May 14.—Mr. Hume moved for a return of the ex-Lord Chancellors of England and Ireland, and the amount of their pensions. The Hon. Gentleman wished to know by what Act of Parliament persons who only in some instances gave a few months' service were to be saddled on the country, and pensioned for life.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer said there could be no objection to the return being granted.—Mr. Pease said it was an extraordinary fact, at a time when the country was crying out against the weight of taxation, that the people are paying a gross sum of 50,000*l.* to ex-Lord Chancellors: to Lord Eldon, 4000*l.*; Lord Lyndhurst, 5000*l.*; Master of the Rolls, 7000*l.*; Vice-Chancellor, 5000*l.*; Puisne Judge, 5000*l.*; Lord Brougham, 5000*l.*; Commissioners of the Great Seal, 5000*l.*; Lord Chief Justice, 8000*l.*; Speaker of the House of Lords, 4000*l.*

May 15.—The House having gone into a Committee of Supply, and agreed to a portion of the miscellaneous estimates, on the motion for granting a sum similar to that taken last year for the yeomanry corps, Mr. Hume proposed to reduce it by 30,000*l.*, upon which proposition the Committee divided, and the amendment was lost by a majority of 77 to 17.—The Attorney-General moved the order of the day for the re-committal of the Imprisonment for Debt Bill, and, on the motion of the Honourable and Learned Gentleman, the House agreed that the Bill should be referred to a Select Committee.

May 18.—The new writ for the borough of Stafford, in the room of Sir F. Goodricke, who has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, was ordered to be suspended until the 22nd of June.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply to Mr. Hume, said that it was the intention of the Government to renew the Commission appointed by Lord Grey's Administration, with a view to the consolidation of the military and civil departments of the Ordnance.

May 19.—Mr. Wyse obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the promotion of general education in Ireland.—Mr. F. Buxton postponed his motion respecting the treatment of aborigines in British settlements.—A motion of the same Hon. Member, for the presentation of an address to the Throne for the suppression of the African slave trade, was acceded to.

THE COLONIES.

WEST INDIES.

The accounts from Jamaica are gloomy. No actual violence has been committed, but the system of passive resistance continues in full operation. Great complaints are made of the mistaken lenity of the stipendiary magistrates; and to this cause is attributed the mischievous indolence of the negroes, and the consequent alarming falling-off in the actual productiveness of crops, in themselves most abundant.

CANADA.

Accounts from Canada state that in the Lower Provinces the excitement produced by the disagreements between the Colonial Assembly and the Executive Government had proved injurious to trade, and a fervent hope is expressed in the communications that some strong measures will be adopted by the Government at home, to place the representative system in the colony in a situation more beneficial to the colonists of British origin.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Accounts from the Cape of Good Hope confirm the information of the successful operations of the military and the burgher forces in expelling the Caffres from the colony. It is stated that some time since the Chiefs of the tribes beyond the frontier complained to the Colonial Government that hundreds of the colonists had invaded their country, and were laying it desolate. The reply was, that the Colonial Government did not approve of such conduct, but could not prevent it, as the jurisdiction of the Court did not extend beyond the boundary. This, it is asserted, was one of the principal causes which have led to the incursions of the savages. The efforts of the troops in driving the Caffres into their own territory had been most successful, and with comparatively little loss of life. A party of troops and burghers had pursued the chief Eno and his followers, and completely destroyed them, Eno himself only escaping death by disguising himself in his daughter's dress, while she put on her father's. Kaross received three shot wounds before her sex was discovered. The war was, in fact, at an end.

Emigration.—Mr. Buchanan, the British Consul at New York, has published a notice, stating that henceforward the baggage of persons emigrating to Canada, by way of New York, will be subject to inspection; and when containing articles subject to duty will be charged accordingly. He also states that articles suited to new settlers can be obtained in Upper Canada on better terms than they can be brought out; and he strongly urges the advantage of going out in a vessel from which spirituous liquors are totally excluded, and recommends passengers to have their agreements signed by the captain of the vessel, which they should keep in their possession.

FOREIGN STATES.

FRANCE.

The Report of the Committee of the War Budget for 1836 states the effective force of the army as fixed at 309,112 men, and 57,612 horses. The total expense of maintenance is 230,000,000f.; to which is to be added a sum of 398,000f. for the reserve service; the amount of both showing an increase of expense of 269,400f. over the budget of 1835. The number of Lieutenant-Generals for 1836 is 66, Brigadier-Generals, 103; being seven Lieutenant-Generals more, and one Brigadier-General less, than in 1835. The Committee proposes to reduce the military establishment at Algiers to 21,000 men, and to refuse all grants for colonizing that country. The Report concludes by proposing a reduction upon the home military service of 1,352,790f., and upon that of Algiers of 4,272,000f.; total, 5,624,790f.

SPAIN.

The rights of humanity and the interests of civilization have at length been recognized by the belligerent parties in Spain. The mission of Lord Eliot has succeeded so far as to induce both the Queenites and Carlists to respect the rules of civilized war, by agreeing upon an exchange of prisoners, instead of persisting in the brutal and barbarous practice of massacring their captives.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

MRS. HEMANS.

We are indebted to the "Athenæum" for the following memoir of this most excellent and accomplished lady. We have been for some time prepared to receive the melancholy intelligence of her death. A note from her sister informed us several weeks ago that her friends had no hope that she would be permitted to remain long with them. The loss is, however, not to her family alone—but to the world. We hope next month to present to our readers an engraved portrait of this admirable woman, and to accompany it with our own thoughts of her character and writings.

Felicia Dorothea Brown was born in Liverpool, in a small, quaint-looking house in St. Anne-street, now standing, old-fashioned and desolate, in the midst of the newer buildings by which it is surrounded. Her father was a native of Ireland, her mother a German lady—a Miss Wagner—but descended from, or connected with, some Venetian family: a circumstance which she would playfully mention, as accounting for the strong tinge of romance and poetry which pervaded her character from her earliest childhood. Our abstaining from any attempt minutely to trace her history, requires no apology—it is enough to say, that when she was very young, her family removed from Liverpool to the neighbourhood of St. Asaph, in North Wales—that she married at a very early age—that her married life, after the birth of five sons, was clouded by the estrangement of her husband—that, on the death of her mother, with whom she had resided, she broke up her establishment in Wales, and removed to Wavertree, in the neighbourhood of Liverpool—from whence, after a residence of about three years, she again removed to Dublin—her last resting-place.

But though respect for the memory of the dead, and delicacy towards the living, enjoin us to be brief in alluding to the events of her life, we may speak freely, and at length, of the history of her mind, and the circumstances of her literary career, in the course of which she deserved and acquired a European reputation as the first of our poetesses living, and still before the public. Few have written so much, or written so well as Mrs. Hemans; few have entwined the genuine fresh thoughts and impressions of their own minds, so intimately with their poetical fancies, as she did; few have undergone more arduous and reverential preparation for the service of song; for, from childhood, her thirst for knowledge was extreme, and her reading great and varied. Those who, while admitting the high-toned beauty of her poetry, accused it of monotony of style and subject, (they could not deny to it the praise of originality, seeing that it founded a school of imitators in England, and a yet larger in America,) little knew to what historical research she had applied herself—how far and wide she had sought for food with which to fill her eager mind. It is true that she only used a part of the mass of information which she had collected—for she never wrote on calculation, but from the strong impulse of the moment, and it was her nature intimately to take home to herself and appropriate only what was high-hearted, imaginative, and refined; but the writer of this hasty notice has seen manuscript collections of extracts made in the course of these youthful studies, sufficient of themselves to justify his assertion; if her poems (like those of every genuine poet) did not contain a still better record of the progress of her mind. Her knowledge of classic literature may be distinctly traced in her "Sceptic," her "Modern Greece," and a hundred later lyrics based upon what Bulwer so happily calls "the Graceful Superstition." Her study and admiration of the works of ancient Greek and Roman art, strengthened into an abiding love of the beautiful, which breathes both in the sentiment and structure of every line she wrote

(for there are few of our poets more faultlessly musical in their versification); and when, subsequently, she opened for herself the treasuries of Spanish and German legend and literature, how thoroughly she had imbued herself with their spirit may be seen in her "Siege of Valencia," in her glorious and chivalresque "Songs of the Cid," and in her "Lays of Many Lands," the idea of which was suggested by Herder's "Stimmen der Völker in Liedern."

But though her mind was enriched by her wide acquaintance with the poetical and historical literature of other countries, it possessed a strong and decidedly marked character of its own, which coloured all her productions—a character which, though anything but feeble or sentimental, was essentially feminine. An eloquent modern critic (Mrs. Jameson) has rightly said, "that Mrs. Hemans' poems could not have been written by a man:" their love is without selfishness, their passion without a stain of this world's coarseness, their high heroism (and to illustrate this assertion we would mention "Clotilda, the Lady of Provence," and the "Switzer's Wife,") unsullied by any grosser alloy of mean ambition. Her religion, too, is essentially womanly, fervent, clinging to belief, and, "hoping on, hoping ever," in spite of the peculiar trials appointed to her sex, so exquisitely described in the "Evening Prayer in a Girls' School:"

> ——"Silent tears to weep,
> And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
> And sumless riches from affection's deep
> To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!
> And to make idols, and to find them clay,
> To bewail that worship——"

If such was the *mind* of her works, the manner in which she wrought out her conceptions was equally individual and excellent. Her imagination was rich, chaste, and glowing; those who saw only its published fruits, little guessed at the extent of its variety. But it is possible that we may recur to the subject again, and this is not the time for deliberate and cold criticism.

It is difficult to enumerate the titles of her principal works. Her first childish efforts were published when she was only thirteen, and we can only speak of her subsequent poems—"Wallace," "Dartmoor," "The Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy," and her "Dramatic Scenes,"—from memory. These were, probably, written in the happiest period of her life, when her mind was rapidly developing itself, and its progress was aided by judicious and intelligent counsellors, among whom may be mentioned Bishop Heber. A favourable notice of one of these poems will be found in Lord Byron's Letters; and the fame of her opening talent had reached Shelley, who addressed a very singular correspondence to her. With respect to the world in general, her name began to be known by the publication of her "Welsh Melodies," of her "Siege of Valencia," and the scattered lyrics which appeared in the "New Monthly Magazine," then under the direction of Campbell. She had previously contributed a series of prose papers, on Foreign Literature, to "Constable's Edinburgh Magazine," which, with little exception, are the only specimens of that style of writing ever attempted by her*. To the "Siege of Valencia," succeeded rapidly, her "Forest Sanctuary," her "Records of Woman," (the most successful of her works,) her "Songs of the Affections," (containing, perhaps, her finest poem, "The Spirit's Return,") her "National Lyrics and Songs for Music," (most of which have been set to music by her sister, and become popular,) and her "Scenes and Hymns of Life." We have no need to speak critically of any of these; the progress of mind and change of

* She had, as our readers are aware, commenced a series of German prose studies in the "New Monthly Magazine," the continuation of which her ill-health compelled her to postpone.

manner which they register have already been adverted to in our columns. Nor need we do more than repeat our conviction that she had not as yet reached the full strength of her powers. A few words with respect to their direction in later days, may be worthily extracted from a letter of hers which lies before us. She had been urged by a friend to undertake a prose work, and a series of "Artistic Novels," something after the manner of Tieck, and Goethe's "Kunst-Romanen," as likely to be congenial to her own tastes and habits of mind, and to prove most acceptable to the public.

"I have now," she says, "passed through the feverish and somewhat *visionary* state of mind often connected with the passionate study of art in early life; deep affections and deep sorrows seem to have solemnized my whole being, and I now feel as if bound to higher and holier tasks, which, though I may occasionally lay aside, I could not long wander from without some sense of dereliction. I hope it is no self-delusion, but I cannot help sometimes feeling as if it were my true task to enlarge the sphere of sacred poetry, and extend its influence. When you receive my volume of 'Scenes and Hymns,' you will see what I mean by enlarging its sphere, though my plan as yet is very imperfectly developed."

Besides the works here enumerated, we should mention her tragedy, "The Vespers of Palermo," which, though containing many fine thoughts and magnificent bursts of poetry, was hardly fitted for the stage, and the songs which she contributed to Col. Hodges' "Peninsular Melodies." And we cannot but once more call the attention of our readers to her last lyric, 'Despondency and Aspiration," published in "Blackwood's Magazine" for this month; it is the song of the swan—its sweetest and its last* !

In private life, Mrs. Hemans had attached to herself many sincere and steadfast friends. She was remarkable for shrinking from the vulgar honours of *lionism*, with all the quiet delicacy of a gentlewoman; and at a time when she was courted by offers of friendship and service, and homages sent to her from every corner of Great Britain and America, to an extent which it is necessary to have seen to believe, she was never so happy as when she could draw her own small circle round her, and, secure in the honest sympathy of its members, give full scope to the powers of conversation which were rarely exerted in general society, and their existence, therefore, hardly suspected. It will surprise many to be told that she might, at any moment, have gained herself a brilliant reputation as a wit, for her use of illustration and language was as happy and quaint, as her fancy was quick and excursive; but she was, wisely for her own peace of mind, anxious rather to conceal, than to display her talent. It was this sensitiveness of mind which prevented her ever visiting London after her name had become celebrated: and, in fact, she was not seldom reproached by her zealous friends for under-valuing, and refusing to enjoy the honours which were the deserved reward of her high talents, and for shutting herself up, as it were, in a corner, when she ought to have taken her place in the world of society as a leading star. The few who knew her will long remember her eager child-like affection, and the sincere kindliness with which, while she threw herself fully and frankly on their good offices, she adopted their interests as her own for the time being.

One or two traits may be further added to this imperfect sketch, though, as some further reminiscences of our friend may possibly be attempted by the writer of this notice, many things which remain to be said will be deferred to a more fitting time. It may be told, that when young she was remarkable for personal attractions; that her talents for music and drawing (merely another form of the spirit which was the living principle of her life) were of no common order. Her health had for many years been pre-

* We have reason to believe that the writer is in error; and that the last productions of her pen were the series of Sonnets which so recently appeared in the "New Monthly Magazine."

carious and delicate: the illness of which she died was long and complicated, but, from the first, its close was foreseen; and we know from those in close connexion with her, that her spirit was placid and resigned, and that she looked forward to the approach of the last struggle without a fear. It is consolatory to add, that her dying moments were cheered by the kind offices of zealous and faithful friends: for herself, her departure from this world could only be a happy exchange. There is no fear of her being forgotten; we shall long think of her—

"Kindly and gently, but as of one
For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone;
As of a bird from a chain unbound,
As of a wanderer whose home is found;—
So let it be!"

SIR GEORGE TUTHILL.

This accomplished physician was for many years attached in his medical capacity to Bethlem and the Westminster Hospitals, and was highly esteemed by his professional brethren for his extensive professional acquirements and general erudition. Sir G. Tuthill's entrance upon his professional career was considerably protracted, owing to an untoward circumstance, from which he was somewhat romantically delivered. After graduating at Cambridge, where he obtained first honours, and was subsequently selected to present a University address to the King, he proceeded to Paris previous to the war with France, and was, with his lady, included among the numerous *détenus* at that period; here he continued in captivity for some years. Lady Tuthill was at length recommended to appeal to the generosity of the First Consul, and being provided with a petition she encountered Napoleon and his suite on their return from hunting, and respectfully presented her memorial. The result was propitious, and in a few days they were on their road to England. His friend Mr. Manning, joined with Mr. Montagu in the executorship, had previously been released, after an interview with Bonaparte, in which he explained that his destination, when stopped, was for scientific purposes to the interior of China; Bonaparte, in acceding to his wish, said, "What want you in China? You will have your head taken off; however, you are an Englishman, and you may go." Mr. Manning was thrice brought from the interior in a cage, and eventually returning to England, stopped at St. Helena, and encountered Napoleon in his exile. He instantly remembered the circumstance, and expressed his surprise that the head and shoulders had not parted company. Sir George was for many years a lecturer on the practice of physic, &c., and at one time boasted the largest class in London; of late, his practice had been chiefly devoted to diseases of the brain, and his name had usually been included among the evidences in the commissions *de lunatico inquirendo*. Sir George was appointed to deliver the Hanoverian oration at the College of Physicians, and with his friends, Sir Henry Halford and lately deceased colleague, Dr. Maton, was actively engaged in effecting such wholesome reforms in the college as he deemed the improvement in the present state of medical science had rendered necessary.

RICHARD SHARP, ESQ.

Richard Sharp, Esq., of Park-lane, died on the 30th of March, at Dorchester. This gentleman was highly esteemed in a numerous circle of friends and acquaintance, who will deeply lament his loss. Though a great part of his life had been spent in the superintendence of extensive commercial concerns, of which the responsibility rested on himself alone, he made such good use of his leisure as to merit and receive the title of a man of letters among those of the last and of the present generation the most distinguished for their literature. The small volume of "Letters and Essays in prose and verse," which he published lately, shows that if he

had more exclusively devoted himself to study and composition, he might have taken a high station among our moral philosophers and moral poets. His taste and judgment were so correct that Sir James Mackintosh, who was well acquainted with him, said more than once, Mr. Sharp was the best critic he had ever known. His advice, which was equally valuable in matters of speculation and of practice, was always at the service of his friends, in whose reputation and success in life he never failed to take a lively and a generous interest. He was not less distinguished by his benevolence and kindness of heart, than by his powers of conversation, which occasioned his society to be sought for more perhaps than that of any other man of his time. In politics he was on principle a steady and consistent Whig. Though he had long retired from Parliament, no man was more watchful of political events, or more anxious for the extension of civil and religious liberty, and for the improvement of the moral condition and of the happiness of society.

MR. DOUGLAS, THE BOTANIST.

[We copy from the "Taunton Courier" the following interesting memoir of this gentleman, whose unhappy fate has been recently noticed by the public journals.]

The intelligence of the death of this enterprising traveller and botanist will be read with feelings of the deepest regret by every one acquainted with the eminent services he has rendered to botany and other branches of natural history, in the course of the last twelve years. His name, in fact, is associated with all the rare and beautiful plants lately introduced from North-West America, which, by means of the Horticultural Society of London, have been extensively distributed not only in Britain, but over Europe. To him we are indebted for the elegant *Clarkia*, the different species of *Pentstemons*, *Lupines*, *Œnotheras*, *Ribeses*, and a host of other ornamental plants which have formed the great attraction of the several botanical publications wherein they have been figured and described.

Mr. Douglas was born at Scones, near Perth, and served his apprenticeship as a gardener, in the gardens of the Earl of Mansfield. About the year 1817 he removed to Valleyfield, the seat of Sir Robert Preston, Bart., then celebrated for a choice collection of exotics, and shortly afterwards went to the Botanic Garden of Glasgow. Here his fondness for plants attracted the notice of Dr. Hooker, Professor of Botany, whom he accompanied in his excursions through the Western Highlands, and assisted in collecting materials for the "Flora Scotica" with which Dr. H. was then engaged. This gentleman recommended him to the late secretary of the Horticultural Society, Joseph Sabine, Esq., as a botanical collector; and in 1823 he was despatched to the United States, where he procured many fine plants, and greatly increased the Society's collection of fruit-trees. He returned in the autumn of the same year; and in 1824, an opportunity having offered through the Hudson's Bay Company, of sending him to explore the botanical riches of the country adjoining the Columbia river, and southwards towards California, he sailed in July for the purpose of prosecuting his mission. In one of his letters now before us, he thus speaks on leaving England:—"I had a fine passage down the Channel, and cleared the Land's End on the 1st of August. The day was warm, with a clear sky; the evening cool and pleasant. I stood on deck looking on the rocky shores of Cornwall, burnished with the splendour of a setting sun, a noble scene. By degrees the goddess of night threw her veil over it, and my delightful view of happy England closed, probably closed for ever!"

While the vessel touched at Rio de Janeiro, he collected many rare orchideous plants and bulbs. Among the latter was a new species of *Gesneria*, which Mr. Sabine named in honour of its discoverer *G. Douglasii*. He was enraptured with the rich vegetation of a tropical country. He stopped at Rio longer than he anticipated, and left it with regret. In the course of his voyage round Cape Horn, he shot many curious birds peculiar to the

southern hemisphere, and prepared them for sending home. On Christmas day he reached the celebrated island of Juan Fernandez, which he describes as "an enchanting spot, very fertile and delightfully wooded. I sowed a large collection of garden seeds, and expressed a wish they might prosper, and add to the comfort of a second edition of 'Robinson Crusoe,' should one appear."—He arrived at Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia, on 7th of April, 1825. Here an extensive field presented itself to him, and the excellent manner in which he performed his duty to the Horticultural Society cannot be better exemplified than by referring to the vast collections of seeds which from time to time he transmitted home, along with dried specimens, beautifully preserved, and now forming part of the Herbarium in the garden of the society at Chiswick. Of the genus *Pinus* he discovered several species, some of which attained to an enormous size, the *Pinus Lambertiana*, which he named in compliment to Aylmer Bourke Lambert, Esq., Vice-President of the Linnæan Society, is perhaps the largest of the whole. One of these, which had been blown down, measured 215 feet in length, and 57 feet 9 inches in circumference, at three feet from the ground. The cones of it, which Mr. Douglas sent home, and which we have seen, were sixteen inches long, and eleven inches in circumference. The kernel of the seed is sweet and pleasant to the taste, and is eaten by the Indians, either roasted or pounded into coarse cakes for winter store. The resin which exudes from the trees when they are partly burned, loses its usual flavour and acquires a sweet taste, in which state it is used by the natives as sugar. Another species, named by Mr. Sabine *Pinus Douglasii*, attains nearly the size of the above.

In the spring of 1827, Mr. Douglas traversed the country from Fort Vancouver, across the rocky mountains to Hudson's Bay, where he met Capt. (now Sir) John Franklin, Dr. Richardson, and Capt. Back, returning from their second overland Arctic expedition. With these gentlemen he came to England in the autumn, bringing with him a variety of seeds, as well as specimens of plants and other subjects of natural history. Through the kindness of his friend and patron, Mr. Sabine, he was introduced to the notice of many of the leading literary and scientific characters in London; and shortly afterwards he was honoured by being elected, free of expense, a Fellow of the Linnæan, Geological, and Zoological Societies, to each of which he contributed several papers, since published in their "Transactions," evincing much research and acuteness as a naturalist. A handsome offer was made to him by Mr. Murray, of Albemarle-street, for an account of his travels, which he commenced preparing for the press, but which, we grieve to say, he never completed. Some entertaining extracts from his letters to Dr. Hooker were published in Brewster's "Edinburgh Journal" for January, 1827; and a genus of plants belonging to the natural order *Primulaceæ* was dedicated to him by Professor Lindley, and defined in "Brande's Journal" for January, 1828; but it will scarcely be credited in this enlightened age, when there are so many channels open for communicating information, that the interesting journal of his travels, which we have seen and read, has been allowed to slumber unregarded in the archives of the Horticultural Society in Regent-street.

After being in London for two years, Mr. Douglas again sailed for Columbia in the autumn of 1829, where he has since been enjoying his favorite pursuit, and adding largely to his former discoveries. We were in expectation of his return by the very ship which has brought us the tidings of his horrible death—an event the more to be regretted from having been occasioned by circumstances which we shudder to contemplate—that of falling into a pit made by the natives of the Sandwich Islands for catching wild bulls, one of the latter being in it at the time.

Such we understand has been the unfortunate destiny of our intrepid friend and countryman, at the early age of thirty-six. Having known him intimately from a boy, we feel a mournful pleasure in looking back to the many hours spent in his society, and deeply deplore his untimely fate.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.] — At Wotton-under-Edge, the Rev. Kenelm Henry Digby, second son of Vice-Admiral Sir H. Digby, and the Dowager Viscountess Andover, of Minterne, Dorset, to Caroline, fifth daughter of E. Sheppard, Esq., of The Ridge, Gloucestershire.

At Kells Church, Ireland, John Young, Esq., M.P. for the county of Cavan, to Adelaide Anabella Tuite Dalton, step-daughter of the Marquis of Hertford.

At Donhead St. Mary, Wilts, the Rev. William Bleunerhassett, Rector of Twerne, Dorset, to Emma Sophia, daughter of the late F. H. Du Boulay, Esq., of Walthamstow, Essex.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Colonel Edward Boscawen Frederick, of Berkeley-square, to Caroline Mowbray, third daughter of the late George Smith, Esq.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Sir Robert A. Douglas, Bart., Captain in his Majesty's 12th Regiment of Foot, to Martha Elizabeth, eldest daughter of J. Rouse, Esq., of Blenheim House, Southampton.

At Ipplepen, Devon, Capt. George William Buller, son of the late James Buller, Esq., of the Council Office, to Charlotte, second daughter of the late George Drake, Esq., of the Rectory, Ipplepen.

At Kingston House, Hedworth Lambton, Esq., M.P., youngest brother of the Earl of Durham, to Anna, eldest daughter of the late Gervase Parker Bushe, of the county of Kilkenny, Esq., and niece to the Countess of Listowell.

Capt. Henry Coningham, 4th Madras Cavalry, to Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Brigadier Bowen, Colonel Commandant of the Eastern Frontier Bengal Army.

The Hon. and Rev. Thomas Cavendish, son of the late, and brother to the present Lord Waterpark, to Sophia Robinson, daughter of the late Sir John Robinson, Bart.

At the Abbey Church, Great Malvern, Andrew Morison, Esq., Surgeon, R.N., to Margaret Wallace, eldest daughter of the late Col. Hugh Honiston, Inspecting Field Officer of the Forces in the counties of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford.

William Tayleur, Esq., son of C. Tayleur, Esq., of Toxteth Park, Liverpool, to Emma Elizabeth, second daughter of John Heathcote, Esq., of Bank-house, Staffordshire.

Died.]—At Blackheath, the Hon. Sir Arthur Kaye Legge, K.C.B., Admiral of the Blue, in his 69th year.

At Haylands, Ryde, Isle of Wight, Walter Lock, Esq., Vice-Admiral of the White, in his 79th year.

At Bury St. Edmunds, John Le Grice, Esq., in his 91st year.

At her House in Clarges-street, the Right Hon. Lady Graves.

Thomas Wood, Esq., of Littleton, Middlesex, aged 87, father of Colonel Wood, of Littleton, M.P. for Breconshire since 1806, and grandfather to Captain Wood, the unsuccessful candidate for Middlesex.

At Patna, Bengal, Sir James Harrington, Bart., in his 47th year.

At East Cowes Castle, John Nash, Esq., the celebrated architect, in his 83rd year.

In Paris, Major-General Sir James Campbell, Colonel of the 74th Foot.

At Bellevue, Clifton, aged 73, Lieut.-Colonel Alexander Laurence, Governor of Upnor Castle.

In the workhouse in St. Margaret's, Westminster, Catherine Crow, aged 106.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

A singular and important discovery to antiquaries has been made in the parish of Tinwell, near Stamford, of a large subterranean cavern, supported in the centre by a stone pillar. The labourers of Mr. Edward Pawlett were ploughing in one of his fields, abutting on the road from Tinwell to Casterton, when one of the hores feet sank into the earth, by which the discovery was made. A more minute investigation having taken place, it was found to be an oblong square, extending in length to between thirty and forty yards, and in breadth to about eight feet. The sides are of stone, the ceiling is flat, and at one end are two door-ways bricked up.

SUSSEX.

A few weeks ago, the tumulus known by the appellation of "Peppering Burgh," about three miles from Arundel, was opened under the direction of Geo. Augustus Coombe, Esq. A cyst was discovered two feet six inches below the original surface of the ground, which contained a male skeleton, in good preservation, six feet one inch in length. Below the hand on the left side were the remains of an iron sword, and above the head on the right a piece of the same metal, conjectured to have been the point of a spear. The resting place of this warrior of a distinct age is not far from the ancient camp of Burgham, or as now called Burpham, a work at-

tributed, by antiquarians, to the Belgic Britons. Other tumuli in this neighbourhood are about to be opened by the above-named gentleman.

YORKSHIRE.

Remains of a Roman Bath.—As the workmen were excavating the ground in the New Market, York, for the foundation of the York County Bank, they came to a thick and strongly cemented wall, evidently Roman, and passing in a direction of East to West. On the side near Jubbergate, there was a floor or pavement, formed with large stones or flags; and at one corner was a fine and beautiful spring of clear water, which, on further progress in excavating, flowed abundantly upon the pavement. This was no less than sixteen feet from the surface of the ground—and since the first discovery, other remains of buildings have been come to, nearer Jubbergate, which point to a tale of other times, enveloped in mystery, and which conjecture alone can approach. It, however, seems probable, that there has been a Roman Bath, and annexed to it, other conveniences which circumstances might then require. This is rendered more certain, by the fact, that the Romans were so partial to bathing, as to attach to almost every residence of a respectable family, the healthful appendage of a bath. Should this have been the case, conjecture must point to a very early period, when the bath shall have been overwhelmed in ruin, and a place of religious sacrifice, where other relics have lately been found, was based upon the remains of those earlier ages.

Roman Remains.—The workmen, in excavating for the drain now making near Bootham Bar, York, have found at a short space below the surface, a considerable hindrance to their labours, in a solid wall, composed of small stone firmly grouted together, and which by age has acquired the hardness of flint. This wall extends about a dozen yards from the Bar up Petergate, directly across the line of the drain, and through this strongly cemented mass the workmen have to make their way. Conjecture may assign this relic of the labour of other times to many different buildings, the present nature of which can hardly be ascertained. It will be recollected, however, that a few weeks ago, in the immediate vicinity of the work, at the termination of the new street, other remains of some very extensive building were turned up, one of the stones of which displayed some ancient sculpture, so that it is not improbable but that the present discovery may have some connection with it; but the intervention of the houses in Petergate would prevent the ruins being traced out, even were other facilities for carrying on the investigation afforded.

IRELAND.

The Irish Church Revenues.—The return to an order issued by the House of Commons, on the 25th of March, relative to the receipts and expenditure of the Commissioners under the Church Temporalities Act, is now printed. It appears from this document that the present income received by the Commissioners from the suppression of bishoprics, the tax on livings, and other services, is 29,127*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.* The future income is expected to amount to 83,440*l.* 3*s.* 3*d.*, of which 50,730*l.* 3*s.* 3*d.* will arise from suppressed sees, and 22,000*l.* from the tax on livings. It is also estimated that about 22,000*l.* per annum will be received from the abolition of sinecure dignities, prebends, &c. The average annual charge for the repairs of churches, and other expenses formerly defrayed by the vestry cess, but now paid by the Commissioners, is expected to amount to 69,412*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.* Of the 100,000*l.* which the Commissioners were empowered to borrow until their receipts equalled their expenditure, 46,000*l.* have been expended, and the remaining 54,000*l.* are required by them. If the future income of 83,440*l.* 3*s.* 3*d.* is considered as the only one to be depended on, it is calculated that the funds of the Commissioners will never equal their expenditure; but if the contingent income of 22,000*l.* estimated to arise from the suppression of prebends and sinecures, be included, the income of the Commissioners will equal their expenditure in 1853, and the fund would be at its maximum in 1873, when it would amount to 105,440*l.* per annum, which would leave a surplus over the estimated expenditure of 36,027*l.* 14*s.* per annum. The debt on the fund likely to be created until the income equal the expenditure is 412,382*l.* 9*s.* Independently of the foregoing sources, 52,285*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.* have been received from the purchasers of bishops' leases, and 88,623*l.* 14*s.* 7*d.* more, it was expected would be received up to the close of this year. If the whole of those leases were purchased by the tenants, the total produce would be 1,507,050*l.*